

*What Shall We Do with Mother?* BY ELIZABETH JANEWAY

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**F**EW PEOPLE who see the glamorous Powers model, Connie Joannes Dickman, would suspect that this famous Cover Girl is the mother of two robust youngsters.

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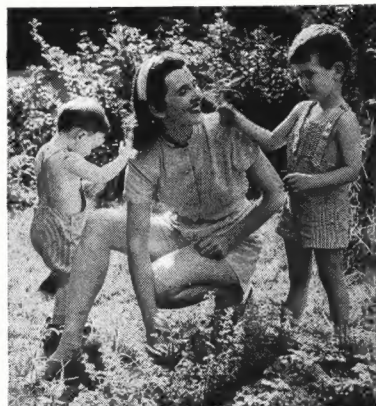
Many children know more than adults about gum massage. For its importance is taught in thousands of classrooms today. Actually, 7 in 10 dentists recommend gum massage, national survey shows (and prefer Ipana 2 to 1 for their own use.) But let your dentist decide whether and how to massage your gums.



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# Picture of the Month

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**"UNDERCURRENT"**

Screenplay by Edward Chodorov  
Based on a story by Thelma Strabel

Produced by.....PANDRO S. BERMAN  
Directed by.....VINCENTE MINNELLI



We spent last night seeing M-G-M's new film, "Undercurrent". And we haven't shaken off its spell even yet. We spent the greater part of this morning poring over our well-thumbed dictionary trying to find words to tell you how fascinating it is. We made notes of a flock of fancy words; but, all in all, we failed to find anything that would convey the complete idea of the moods, of the lights and shadows that make "Undercurrent" such a rare and exciting motion picture.

Katharine Hepburn plays a girl of innocent and haunting beauty—her acting is dramatic quicksilver; one moment completely gay, the next serene in her love; then filled with terror at the unknown threat that hovers over her life. In the midst of attempting to describe the strangeness and beauty of this breath-taking romance, it is perhaps superficial to mention Katharine Hepburn's wardrobe, but she wears such attractive clothes with such wonderful grace, that we predict untold millions of sighs of envy.

As for Robert Taylor, most anything in the nature of words about his personality turns out to be understatement. However, we feel it is safe to say that "Undercurrent" not only brings him back to the screen with the finest acting of his career, but produces one of the most sensational male roles in film history. We would be tempering the suspense if we told why we think so. But we feel sure that, having seen him as brilliant young Alan Garroway whose life is haunted by a strange dread, you'll agree that he turns in a very startling and remarkable performance.

Seldom has a cast been chosen with such unerring dramatic judgment as that which brings "Undercurrent" to life upon the screen. And because the story is so exceptional, the dialogue so incisive, we wish to offer a special commendation to Edward Chodorov for his powerful and imaginative script. And to Pandro S. Berman, who produced it, and Vincente Minnelli, who directed it, go our thanks for a truly amazing and memorable film.

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**october 1946**

**VOL. 121 NO. 4**

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# What's ? Going On

**Edmund Gilligan**, author of this month's Blue Ribbon story, "The Miracle of Sable Island," is a Boston Irishman with vigorous opinions, who gave up a successful career as a journalist several years ago to retire to the country and write novels about the sea. He has been very happy ever since and strongly advises all those newspapermen who are always yearning to quit and follow literature to stop talking about it and to do so tomorrow. "They'll never regret it," Gilligan says.

Gilligan became interested in the sea—especially that part of the sea along the coast of Northern Maine, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia where the scene of his Blue Ribbon story is laid—when he was serving in the North Atlantic as a sailor in World War I. Afterwards he went to Harvard, did newspaper work in Boston and on the New York Sun and wound up as a staff man on Time and Fortune magazines. Then he saw the light and resigned. Now, at the age of forty-six, he lives on a farm near Woodstock, New York, with his second wife and their three, small children. The farm has two houses: one is the home and the other is Gilligan's workshop.

About once a year he ships out from Gloucester on a fishing boat for a trip to the Grand Banks. "I'm too much of a greenhorn to do any important work on the ship," he says modestly. "But I keep the decks washed down and try to make myself useful." His novel about the Gloucester fishermen, "Voyage of the Golden Hind" was published last year. Scribner's is bringing out this month another Gilligan novel, "I Name Thee Mara," a story of Nova Scotia and St. Pierre Miquelon.

Gilligan can't understand why more writers don't turn to the North Atlantic coast country in their search for fiction material. The seafolk of Nova Scotia with their unchanging traditions, their strong religious beliefs and their rugged physical life fascinate him. He tells, for example, of visiting Lunenburg recently and inquiring about a well-known sea captain. "He's delivering milk," said a fisherman with scorn and contempt. "He's lost his ship and he lives ashore delivering milk, and that's what he deserves. None of us will have anything to do with him." Why, Gilligan asked, did this misfortune come upon the captain. "Why?" said the fisherman with rising indignation. "For a very good reason. Because he cursed the Lord, that's why!" It seems that the captain took his schooner, a famous racing ship, on tour through the Great Lakes. In Chicago a girl sight-seer happened to touch the schooner's wheel with her hand, and the captain was so enraged at this violation that he called a curse upon God for permitting it. The people of Lunenburg will never forgive him. They think it only just that he is no longer a prosperous sea captain.



Edmund Gilligan



Incidentally, **Austin Briggs** had himself a time trying to make that illustration for the Gilligan story on Page 46, the one showing the man carrying the colt. Briggs carefully selected the right model, a big strapping, powerful fellow who stands six feet five in his stocking feet. He took him to a stock farm and located the right type of colt, nice and frisky and spindle-legged. When Briggs explained the pose he wanted, the model quit cold. He wasn't picking up any young horses, he said. In fact young horses terrified him. So it ended up with Briggs himself being photographed with the colt in his own arms, and then making the painting from the photograph.

**Bud Hutton** and **Andy Rooney** wrote their report on Germany through ex-GI eyes (Page 64) just after spending several months in Hollywood, writing a screen play for Metro-Goldwyn Mayer. Before that they spent three very hectic years as sergeants on the editorial staff of the Stars and Stripes in Europe. (Continued on page 14)



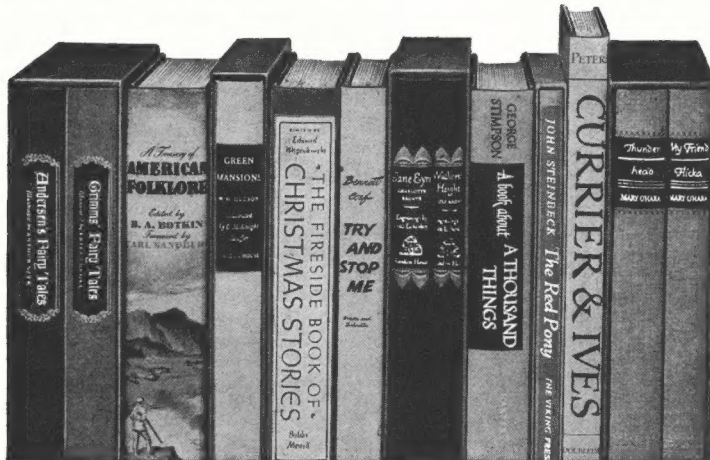
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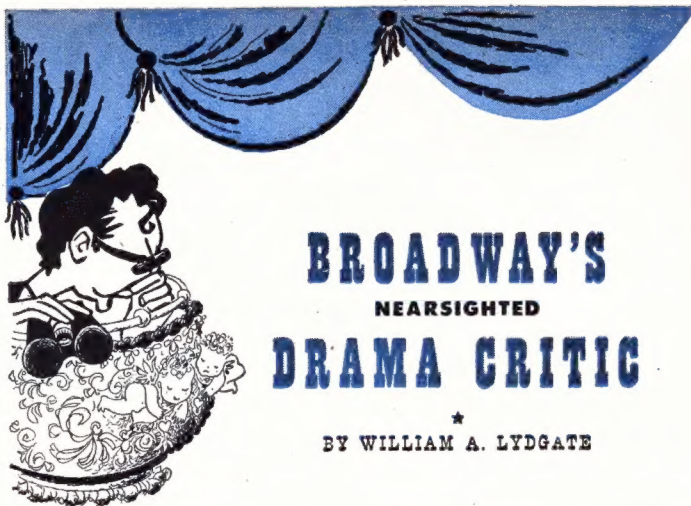
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# BROADWAY'S NEARSIGHTED DRAMA CRITIC

BY WILLIAM A. LYDGATE

*Irving Hoffman can't see very well, but his sense of smell is acute*

Irving Hoffman, Broadway play reviewer for the influential "Hollywood Reporter," is literally the world's most nearly blind drama critic, but his opinions are held in highest esteem by movie producers.

He is so nearsighted that he has to sit in the first row of a theater to make out what the actors are doing. His pungent comments on first-nighters stem from notes he has scrawled in huge letters with red crayon on the pages of his notebook. Yet, more often than not, Hollywood bidding on a play goes up if his review is favorable and down if he pans it.

Inevitably Hoffman's nearsightedness—the result of a structural defect of the eyeball known as conical cornea—has started legends along Broadway. One is that at lunch one day a friend carefully and mysteriously unrolled a small wad of tissue paper which had absolutely nothing in it, and then held up his thumb and forefinger, between which there was blank space.

"Irving," he said, "what do you think of this diamond?"

"Beautiful," said Hoffman, squinting. "Where did you get it?"

When not covering plays, Hoffman spends a great deal of time in night clubs. In one very dark night spot he ordered peaches and cream. When their curious flavor puzzled him, he discovered that instead of pouring on the cream he had poured on a whole bowl of sugar. "Well," he explained, "they were both white."

Hoffman started doing play reviews for the "Hollywood Reporter" ten years ago, after beginning his career as a caricaturist. The "Hollywood Reporter" has a small page size, so Hoffman has trained himself to turn out short, compact reviews, making his points in epigram style. He pulls no punches. Tunes he doesn't like are tagged "smelodies," and he has a "best smeller list." One performance he criticized as "rotten to the encore." Of the lyrics of a recent Broadway musical he

wrote: "Instead of being put to music they should have been put to death."

The Broadway production of "Sadie Thompson" (Rain) stirred Hoffman to write: "There's more frizzle than there is drizzle in this production. . . It never rains but it bores."

His critical judgment in calling hits or spotting lemons has been pretty well borne out by subsequent box-office records.

Hoffman sometimes walks out on a play but always admits it in print, preferably in some such barbed manner as this: "I will say this for the play, I saw nothing wrong with the third act. Possibly that's because I left in the middle of the second."

So far the only threats of bodily harm Hoffman has received have come from women. June Havoc, furious about his criticism of the production "Sadie Thompson," threatened to punch his nose one day in a restaurant, but the feud was patched up by friends. Hoffman kept on the lookout for months, however, for a haymaker from Pauline Lord after writing: "The best we can say for Miss Lord is that she forgot some of her lines which seemed to us like a good idea."

Often called a "cruel critic," Hoffman is basically tenderhearted and sentimental about people, and in conversation he is affable, lively, frequently witty. His friends tell him that some of his reviews are too smart-alecky, but this Hoffman denies. "I believe that I manage to inform the reader in a line or two what's wrong with the performance," he contends.

Hoffman's frank criticisms have often infuriated Broadway producers. When he panned "Ethan Frome," Max Gordon protested to Hoffman's paper for permitting a man with bad eyesight to review plays.

"I may not see very well," Hoffman retorted, "but there's nothing wrong with my nose."



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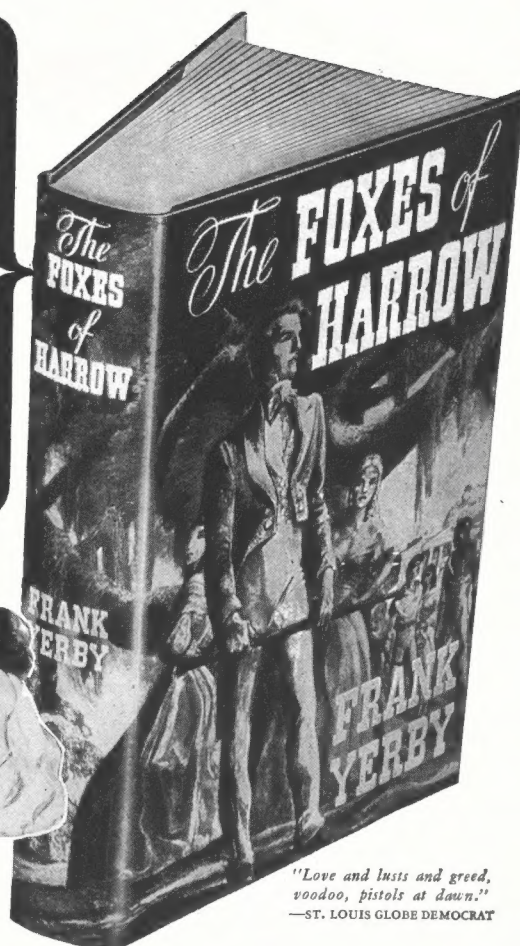
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For every two monthly selections I accept, I will receive, free, a **BONUS BOOK**. However, I do **NOT** have to accept each month's new selection, only six of *my own choice* during the year to fulfill my membership requirement. Each month I will receive the Club's "Review" describing a number of other popular best-sellers; so that if I prefer one of these to the *regular Selection*, I may choose it instead. There are no membership dues for me to pay; no further cost or obligation.

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MRS. \_\_\_\_\_  
MISS \_\_\_\_\_  
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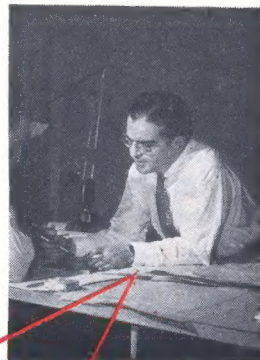
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*Slightly higher in Canada. Address 105 Bond St., Toronto 2, Canada*



*The Cosmopolite of the Month*

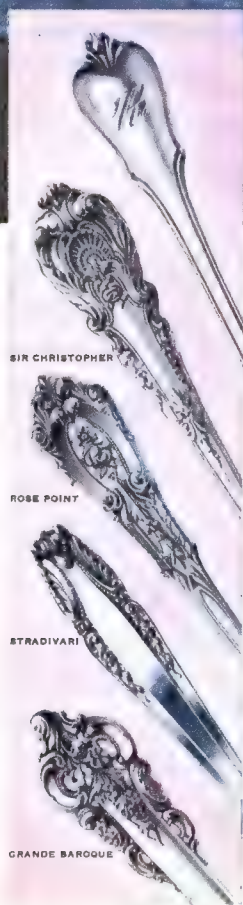
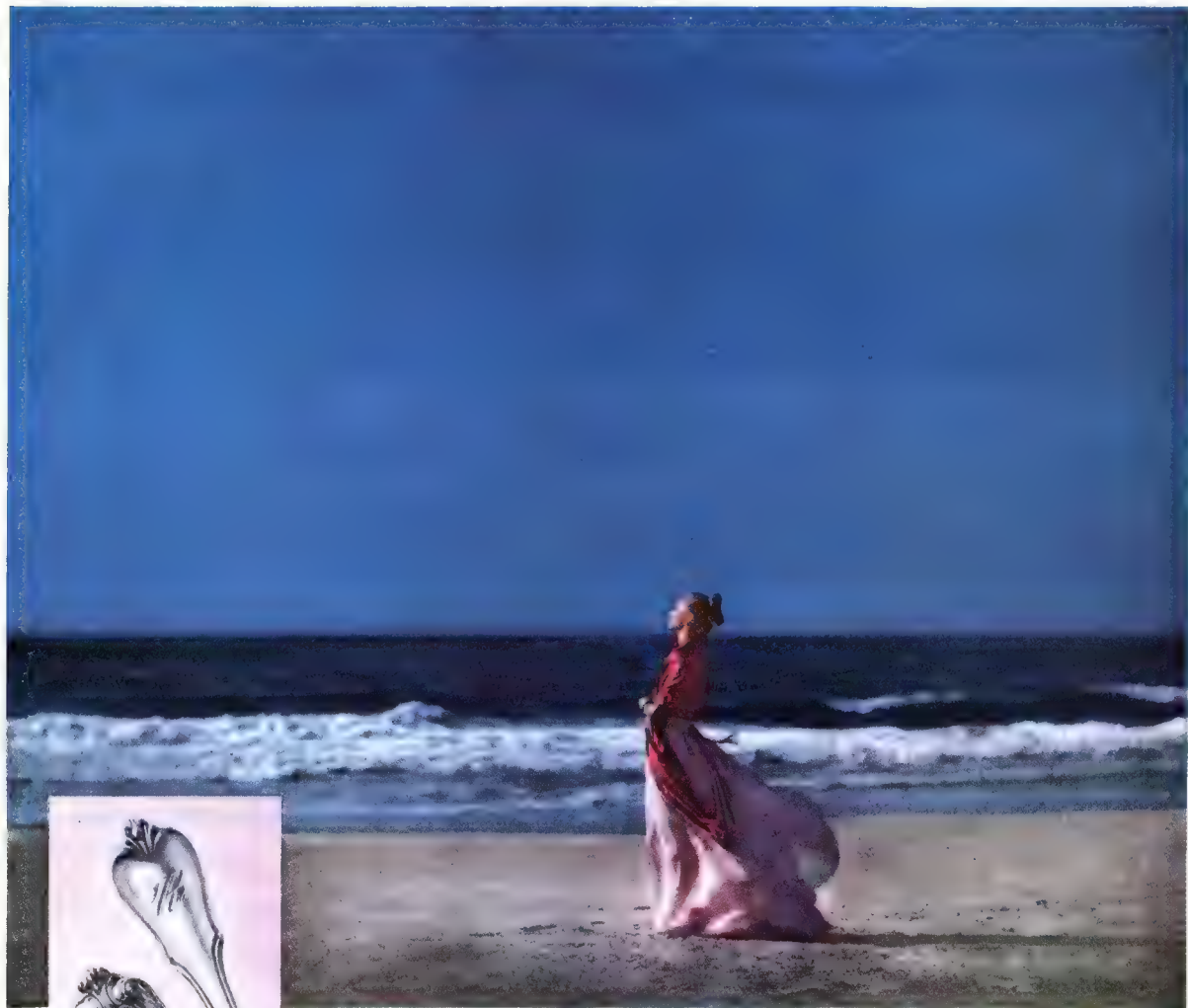
A man who exerts as great a material influence on American life today as any other one individual is Henry Dreyfuss, forty-two-year-old industrial designer. From his drawing board and model shops have come such products as alarm clocks, modern bathrooms, fly swatters, kitchen utensils, hotel rooms, hand-set telephones, Diesel engines, typewriters, magazine formats, refrigerators, pianos, trains and anti-aircraft weapons. A native New Yorker, Mr. Dreyfuss's designing skill was first applied on a business basis to stage sets and theater interiors, but he turned exclusively to industrial work in 1936. A roll of his clients soon read like a hand-picked Stock Exchange listing. Although his major recent projects include designing three ocean liners and the interior of a new 204-passenger airplane, Mr. Dreyfuss prefers to be recognized for his efforts to make everyday living more pleasant for the average American. His theory of industrial design is based on "convenience of use, ease of maintenance, and ease of manufacture"—in that order.



henry dreyfuss



*Grand Colonial* MOOD OF TRANQUILITY, A PICTURIZATION



*Only* **WALLACE  
STERLING** *has all Aspects of Beauty*

If it matches the mood of your home, your entertaining... then this lovely sterling pattern belongs to you. The source of its inspiration, the Grand Colonial traditions of our own Virginia, is revealed in every warm flowing line. Here is the easy grace of hospitality, simplicity born of dignified living—incomparably recreated in Wallace exclusive third-dimension beauty. For Wallace Sterling is completely sculptured—each subtle facet of design being carried over from front, to sides and back. See it, handle it... you'll know no other sterling can be such a thrilling possession.

*Wallace Third Dimension Patterns: Grand Colonial, Sir Christopher, Grande Baroque, Rose Point, Stradivari.*



"King-sized  
brakes"

"The liveliest performer in  
the low-priced  
field"



"Rest-Ride  
springs!"

"That best-dressed look!"



"Extra large trunk...  
that's no joke, son!"



# Ford's out Front WITH EVERYBODY!

"Wide-angle  
vision!"



"Lifeguard body!"



"Aye,  
and thrifty, too!"



"A roomy, two-tone  
interior!"

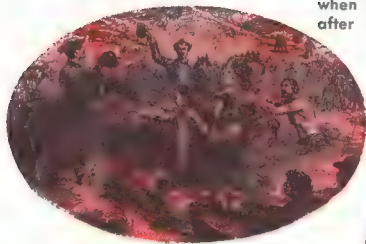


There's a *Ford*  
in your future

"A wise  
buy!"







Captain Webb was cheered wildly when he reached the French coast after his English Channel swim.



He was swept to his death trying to swim through this treacherous whirlpool in the Niagara River.

# The TRIUMPH and TRAGEDY



## CAPT. MATTHEW WEBB



**T**HE nearest thing to a human fish produced in the nineteenth century was Captain Matthew Webb, barrel-chested Englishman, who lived—and died—by his swimming. His career was brought to a triumphant climax when he became the first to swim across the English Channel, and to an untimely end when he perished in an attempt to swim the whirlpool and rapids at the foot of Niagara Falls.

Born at Irongate in Shropshire, England, in 1848, Webb learned to swim before he was seven and was later trained as a sailor. Soon after he was made captain of a merchant ship however, he gave up his seafaring career to become a swimming professional.

Still in his middle twenties, Captain Webb became famous for his long-distance swims off the English Channel coast. Plunges of eleven, eighteen, then nineteen miles had become his regular exhibition program when, in

August of 1875, he decided to try a crossing from England to France. His success, in the words of a contemporary newspaper report, "rendered his name famous all over the English-speaking world." Starting from Dover, he reached France at Calais after being in the water for twenty-one hours and forty-four minutes. He had swum over thirty-nine miles.

Several years later, Captain Webb came to the United States. On the afternoon of July 24, 1883, he dived into the Niagara River for his final swim. His head and hands bobbed in the treacherous rapids as he passed beneath the Suspension Bridge, and he was swept along at a breath-taking pace through the narrow stretch of the river into the neck of the whirlpool. Rising on the crest of a high wave, he lifted his hands and disappeared in the swirling waters. His body was found a few days later, four miles below the rapids.



by Hans Schoenfeld

## To People who want to write but can't get started

Do you have that constant urge to write, but the fear that a beginner hasn't a chance? Then listen to what the former editor of Liberty said on this subject:

"There is more room for newcomers in the writing field today than ever before. Some of the greatest of writing men and women have passed from the scene in recent years. Who will take their places? Who will be the new Robert W. Chambers, Edgar Wallace, Rudyard Kipling? Fame, riches and the happiness of achievement await the new men and women of power."



### BECOMES CORRESPONDENT FOR TWO NEWSPAPERS—

"After graduation from N.I.A., I became news correspondent for two New Orleans papers. I received top space rates from both. I have already netted \$175.57. N.I.A. instruction is astoundingly efficient in charting the course of aspiring writers."—Mrs. D. B. Turnbull, 1914 Esplanade Ave., New Orleans, La.

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**N**EWSPAPER Institute of America offers a free Writing Aptitude Test. Its object is to discover new recruits for the army of men and women who add to their income by fiction and article writing. The Writing Aptitude Test is a simple but expert analysis of your latent ability, your powers of imagination, logic, etc. Not all applicants pass this test. Those who do are qualified to take the famous N. I. A. course based on the practical training given by big metropolitan dailies. This is the New York Copy Desk Method which teaches you to write by writing! You develop your individual style instead of trying to copy that of others. You "cover" actual assignments such as metropolitan reporters get. Although you work at home, on your own time, you are constantly guided by experienced writers. It is really fascinating work. Each week you see new progress. In a matter of months you can acquire the coveted "professional" touch. Then you're ready for market with greatly improved chances of making sales.

### Mail the Coupon Now

But the first step is to take the Writing Aptitude Test. It requires but a few minutes and costs nothing. So mail the coupon now. Make the first move toward the most enjoyable and profitable occupation — writing for publication! Newspaper Institute of America, One Park Ave., New York 16, N. Y. (Founded 1925).

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(All correspondence confidential. No salesman will call on you.)

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**Vera Maxwell**



**Brittany**

**Stoltz-Block**





*Cosmopolitan's male-tested fashions . . .*



Judges Madison, Castle, Wheeler, Brundidge, Foy and Arnaz relax between showings of Travel Coats.

## TOPPERS TAKE TO TRAVEL

Now that distance is as outmoded as "Twenty Three Skidoo" and the "Black Bottom," people can think calmly of dinner in New York and breakfast in California. Thus, fashions are required which serve with equal aplomb during blustering winds and under balmy blue skies. Designers, quick to react to the demands of our period, are turning their talents in the direction of one-world wardrobes. The first fashion in line for adjustment to meet the requirements of all-weather, all-purpose activities would naturally be travel coats.

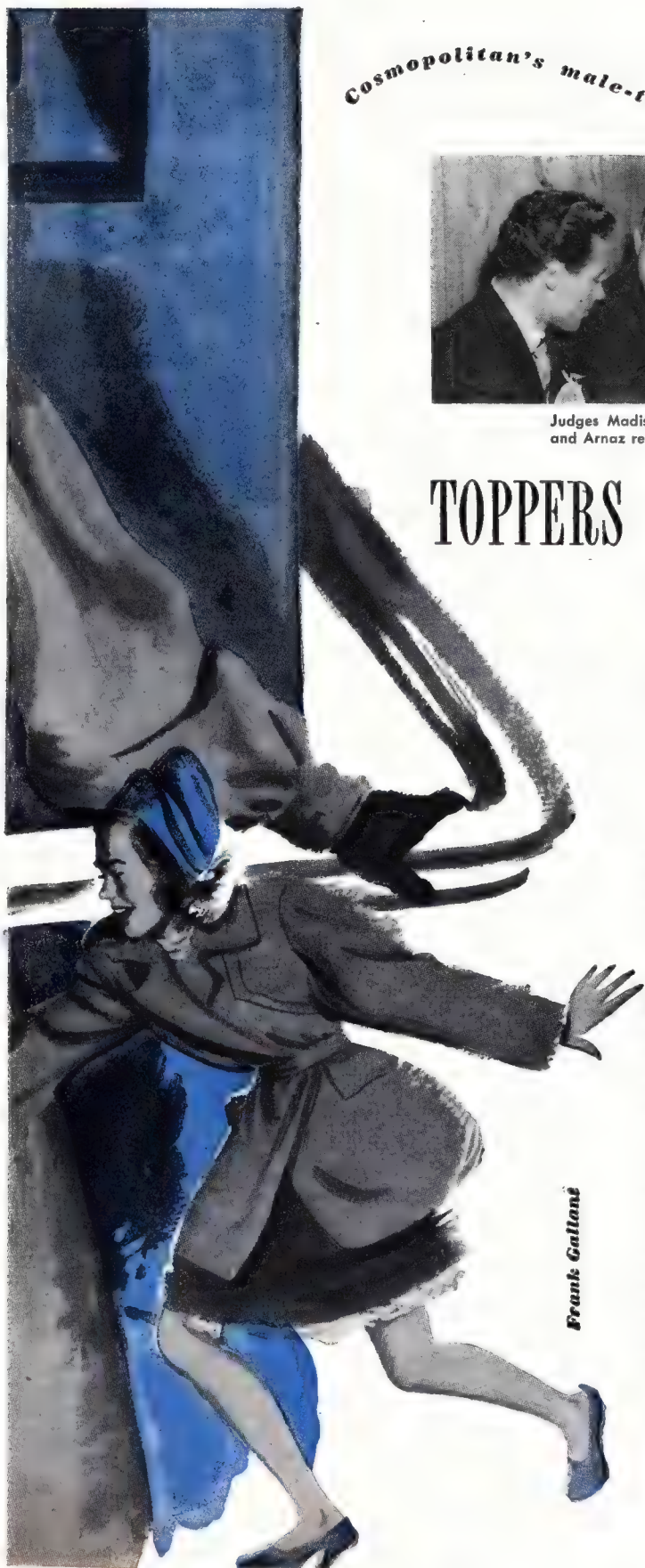
You leave LaGuardia Field and sometimes it's beastly—even the staunchest New Yorker doesn't boast about the city's weather! You arrive in Los Angeles and frequently it's balmy. The answer then is a topper, light in weight but warm—a topper well cut with deep armholes and broad-shouldered to do service over suits, and to look well with all other casual clothes.

With interstate commerce in mind, a porter borrowed from the rails brought our luggage to the Blessed Event Room of the Stork Club where our all-male panel of judges sat with marked interest and jocular anticipation while we unpacked Travel Coats for them to see and vote on. Here is our artist's conception of their choices, presented, not only for Cosmopolitan travel-conscious readers but for all clothes-conscious women who live in "changeable climes."

Our judges this month were Desj Arnaz, orchestra leader and actor, and husband of movie star Lucille Ball; Eddie Foy, Jr., featured in the hit revival of "The Red Mill"; Harry T. Brundidge, Cosmopolitan associate editor; Bert Wheeler, noted movie comedian who played the leading rôle in the Broadway hit "Hagvey," while Frank Fay was on summer vacation; William Castle, who directed the "Whistler" and "Crime Doctor" movie series, and Guy Madison, David O. Selznick's recent film discovery.

"How definite are the reactions of your judges?" is a question frequently (Continued on page 224)

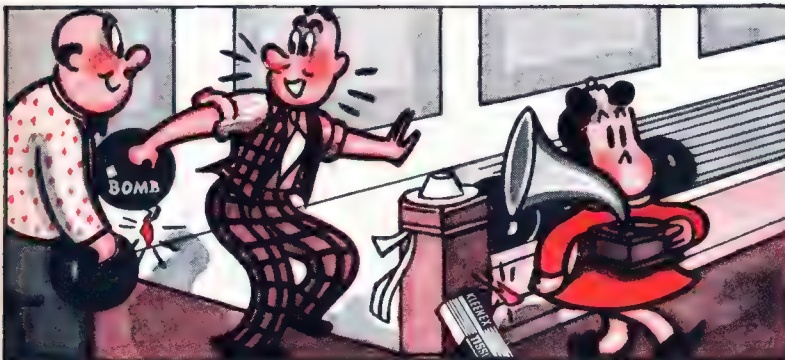
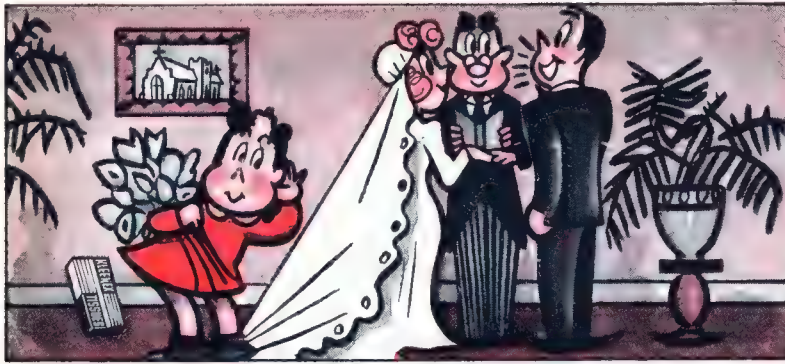
By Hinda Gould





# LITTLE LULU Is All Ears

by Marge



Copyright 1946, International Cellulocotton Products Co.

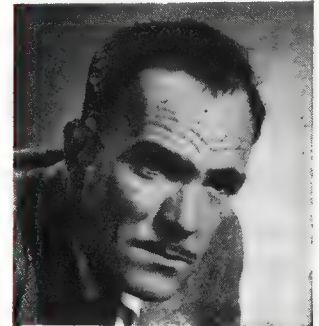


Watch for Paramount's latest LITTLE LULU cartoon in Technicolor at your favorite theatre.

## What's Going On

(Continued from page 4)

They began to collaborate during the war with "Air Gunner," a book which some Air Force men still consider one of the best studies of combat flying written in modern times. Then they produced "The Story of the Stars and Stripes." Hutton and Rooney don't look alike (as you can see from their pictures), and they have vastly



Bud Hutton

different personalities—Hutton is very dynamic and enthusiastic while Rooney is mild, calm and soft-spoken. But Hutton says they think exactly alike.

"Take the time when we both went out to cover the push across the Ruhr," he says. "I didn't even know Rooney was at the front. I selected the Army I wanted to cover. Then at Army headquarters, I picked a certain corps and moved on to its area. Then I selected one of the several divisions in the corps and drove to it. At the division headquarters, about five miles behind the front, I chose a particular regiment and went to it. At the regiment, I decided on one of its battalions, and at the battalion headquarters I decided on one of the companies. I finally located the company command post in the cellar of a battered building right at the front. I walked down the cellar stairs to join the unit I had picked by a long narrowing down process from an army of two million men. There were two men sitting in the cellar. One of them was Rooney. He had gone through the same process and had wound up in the same cellar as I did."

George Palmer Putnam, the publisher, in his autobiography, "Wide Margins," tells an interesting story about Cosmopolitan's successful effort to get the magazine serial rights to Calvin Coolidge's autobiography which we published in 1929.

A famous national weekly magazine was prepared to top our bid by at least five thousand dollars, no matter how high it was. Not wanting to get caught in a bidding contest, the late Ray Long, then editor of Cosmopolitan, went to see Coolidge and gave him a sales talk.

"For an hour," said Long later, "I talked as I never talked be-



fore, I praised my weekly competitor, but I told Mr. Coolidge I did not think a thing of this importance should go into a weekly. I said that people kept monthlies longer, read them more carefully and did not leave them in trains and subways. And *Cosmopolitan*, I pointed out, was in a class different even from other monthlies. Its thirty-five cent price put it there even if nothing else did. And finally the President said, 'Yes, the fact that it costs thirty-five cents makes the buyer think of it more as a book.'

An hour later Coolidge's close



Andy Rooney

friend, Dwight Morrow, acting in behalf of the weekly magazine, submitted a bid of \$50,000. But Coolidge signed a *Cosmopolitan* contract for considerably less money.

Putnam doesn't mention the follow-up of this incident. Several months later Ray Long was sitting in his office, trying to think of some clever strategy that he could use to persuade Coolidge to write another *Cosmopolitan* article. In walked his secretary with the morning mail. On the top of the pile of letters was a note from Coolidge, asking if he could give Long the first look at an article that he had in mind.

The other day Coby Whitmore was discussing with our art director an idea for a *Cosmopolitan* cover. The art director said it sounded okay, but he thought the type of model it required would be difficult to find. Coby said he would go anywhere to get her.

Two days later the art director received a radiogram from Gander, Newfoundland, one of the stops on the airline route to Europe. It said, "Trailing model. Think I've got something. Coby."

A few hours later a messenger brought another radiogram, this time from the Shannon Airport in Ireland. It said, "Got gal but lost model release. Coby." A model release is a certain piece of paper which artists get cover girls to sign. It says they won't sue if their likenesses appear on a magazine.

An hour later the phone rang, and it was Coby himself. "I came back," he said. "She wasn't the right type, after all." As you've suspected, it was a gag. A friend of Coby's, flying to Europe, was sending the wires to the harassed art director.

THE END

Can You Answer These Questions About

# CANCER?

**Q.** Are we winning or losing the war on cancer?



**A.** The news is good! The death rate from cancer of the stomach, skin, and mouth is going down. Among women the rate is being reduced for all forms of cancer.

**Q.** How is medical science attacking cancer?

**A.** Doctors are getting more patients in the early stages of cancer, when the chances of cure are greatest. Intensive studies now being carried on to determine the causes of cancer and to develop new methods of diagnosis and treatment, include research with hormones, and experiments with radioactive substances and certain chemical compounds.



**Q.** What should *everyone* do about cancer?



**A.** First, learn the *danger signals*. Second, when such warnings appear, get *medical advice immediately*, for there are only two ways of curing cancer: removal by surgery, or destruction by X-rays or radium rays. It is estimated that 30 to 50 percent of the deaths from cancer today might have been prevented by earlier recognition and prompt treatment.

## What are cancer's "danger signals?"

1. Any unusual lump or thickening, especially in the breast. 2. Any irregular or unexplained bleeding. 3. A sore that does not heal, particularly about the mouth, tongue, or lips. 4. Noticeable changes in a mole or wart. 5. Loss of appetite or continued unexplained indigestion. 6. Any persistent changes in normal habits of elimination.

**Important note:** These signals do not necessarily mean cancer. In fact, 88 out of 100 women who came to one cancer clinic proved *not* to have the disease. However, the signals do indi-

cate that something is wrong, which you should have checked by your physician. His examination will reassure you if cancer is not present, or, if it is, will permit prompt treatment.

To learn more about cancer, send for Metropolitan's free booklet, 106B, "There Is Something YOU Can Do About Cancer."

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### Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

(A MUTUAL COMPANY)

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TO VETERANS—IF YOU HAVE NATIONAL SERVICE LIFE INSURANCE—KEEP IT!



**WEAREVER**  
*De Luxe*

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AMERICA'S  
LEADING  
DOLLAR  
PEN?

BECAUSE-  
IT'S MADE BY  
AMERICA'S  
LARGEST  
FOUNTAIN PEN  
MANUFACTURER

**\$1**

OTHER  
WEAREVER MODELS:  
WEAREVER ZENITH  
PEN \$1.95 • SET \$2.75  
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**THE GREAT NICKEL**

**ROBBERY**

Some people  
will expend a thousand dollars  
worth of energy to save five cents



A young man in a well-cut gabardine suit walked into a telephone booth in a midtown drugstore and unfolded a small piece of newspaper. As he reached for the nickel slot, a detective opened the door and grabbed his arm. The mystery of the water-soaked coin box was solved.

In his hand the young man held a piece of ice moulded in the shape of a nickel. For several weeks, he had been making calls free from the same booth—free except for the hours he spent in devising a metal mould with which he manufactured his “nickels” in a refrigerator.

Why this man, who had a good job, went to such great pains to rob the telephone company of a nickel is a question for the psychologists. The fact remains that a great many people in all walks of life regard coin machines as a challenge to their ingenuity. The ultimate triumph is to get something for nothing, and often they go to absurd lengths to make a call without a nickel or to have their coin returned. The telephone companies have a corps of spotters, detectives and engineers who try to forestall this petty thievery, but as soon as they develop a mechanical device that eliminates one type of abuse, a new one appears. It's a miniature war.

Actually, the ice nickel wasn't a very clever trick. The young man could be convicted under the anti-slug law because he left plenty of evidence. It was much more difficult to catch the fellow who made his nickels of solid carbon dioxide. They turned to gas in the coin box.

For a while the professional criminal took his toll from the pay telephones. There was a certain Harry the Hat, so called because he wore a top hat filled with handkerchiefs. Harry would stuff his kerchiefs into return chutes, effectively “gagging” them. Later he would make his rounds to collect the jack pots. But people complained when they didn't get

their money back after uncompleted calls, and Harry was put out of business. Now a gate that closes like a mail slot inside the chute has all but eliminated “gagging” in most cities.

The days of box “cracking” are over too. The present case-hardened jimmy-proof coin box is more impregnable than the average safe. The pros have packed up their tools and moved into softer rackets. Only the amateurs still try their nickel-saving tricks.

A medical student, after mastering the knack of thumping chests, tried to apply it to the telephone. He found that by tapping the instrument with varied pressures, he could make the phone gongs ring. The five-cent and twenty-five-cent gongs have different tones, and a dime strikes the nickel gong twice. For long-distance calls, these gong sounds are the only evidence that the proper coins have been deposited. After practicing for several months, the medical student was finally able to make a forty-five cent call.

Some people try to slip wires into the slot on which the telephone receiver hook moves up and down. Amateur electricians attempt to rewire the circuit. One man even ripped a coin-box phone from its mooring and carried it home for scientific investigation. His landlady reported him to the police, but before they took him away, he claimed that he had discovered twenty-two ways of making a call for nothing.

Meanwhile, the telephone engineers keep to their benches. And their foes dream up new ways for private enterprise to beat a public utility. The game of cops-and-robbers has been going on since the first coin box was installed. It's hard to believe it will ever end, as long as people like the strong man of St. Louis exist. He heard that a tilted telephone would return your nickel, so he upset a row of four phone booths—and ended up in the hospital with a strained back.

**By Thomas Newman**



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would not have been read unless they were interesting. And of course, to be interesting they had to be easy to understand. And those are the very qualities which characterize these selections: *readability, interest, simplicity*.

It is not necessary to have a "higher education" to appreciate these books; and, after you read and know them, you will have acquired a broader and more liberal education than most of your business and personal acquaintances. You will have lost any personal concern about an "inferiority complex" and any fear about not being the equal of others whose formal education is greater than your own.

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As a Trial Member, you need not take any specific number of books—only the ones you want. No money need be paid in advance, no membership fees. You may cancel membership at any time.

Paper, printing, binding costs are rising. Therefore, in order to assure yourself the present low price—as well as to receive your *free* copy of THE ILIAD OF HOMER—we suggest that you mail this Invitation Form to us at once. THE CLASSICS CLUB, One Park Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

Walter J. Black, President

VVR

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Please enroll me as a Trial Member and send me, FREE, the beautiful De Luxe Classics Club Edition of THE ILIAD OF HOMER, together with the current selection.

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# Some of the People



## MacGoofy's Reader.

We are a big fool to give an important idea like this away; there's probably a fortune in it. But easy come, easy go. It was given to us by a young woman who has been brooding for some time about her inability to spell. If she wants to find out how to spell a word, she says, she can't possibly locate it in an ordinary dictionary. This is because she can't find it because she doesn't know how to spell it. If she could find it, she adds with some acerbity, she wouldn't have to look it up. See?

Only way to solve this, she says, is a special Dictionary for Bad Spellers. For instance, suppose she wants to know how to spell "necessary." Instead of plunging around in an old-fashioned dictionary, not finding it, and ending up by changing to "vital" (which she spells *vile*) she will go to this streamlined volume, look along the left hand column for "nesesary"—and there next to it, in smaller type, will be the correct spelling. Same would apply to sykology, salms, etsetera.

Ketch?

## Small Talk

Don't let the simple modesty of that title mislead you into thinking you can skip this piece. This is a new service, supplied by this department at no extra expense.

Lots of people don't care for small talk. It's something like small change, not worth much, but embarrassing to be without. It's what comes in between big talk and silence.

What busy people need is a set of fool-proof remarks which combine the maximum of courtesy with the minimum of thought.

There are no really adequate answers to certain things like "How ya hittin' 'em, big boy?" and "What's the good word?" except possibly (1) "with a machete" and (2) "anti-disestablishmentarianism." But for long monologues you aren't listening to, here are some possibilities guaranteed insertable any-

where in the conversation and guaranteed also to give you a reputation as a sympathetic, intelligent listener in drawing-rooms, busses and commuting trains.

*On bridge:* "The trouble was, your partner didn't take anything into consideration but his own hand."

*On the weather:* "Well, we certainly can use it." (This can refer to sun, rain, warm, cold, snow, but is to be avoided in the case of simooms, monsoons and tornadoes.)

*On children's clever sayings:* "My, my, where do they ever pick it up?"

*On children's waywardness:* "Well, this modern education may be very good in its way, but it certainly is terrible for children."

*On a troubled courtship:* "She'll come around. You know how women are."

*On a troubled marriage:* Ditto.

*On a troubled life:* Ditto.

On references to matters you either know nothing about, like potassium deposits in Colorado and the density of the gas, helium, or references to matters you know like the back of your hand, except you haven't been listening, an occasional nicely timed "quite so" or "very sound" will suffice, particularly if you wind up with "Sir, I am indebted to you for your views," or "This has been most enlightening."

Oh, is this where you get off, reader? Funny, we had an idea you lived two miles further on.

## Your Baby's Looks

This department, as careless and unobservant as its readers, has for years taken it for granted that very young infants were creatures of ethereal beauty because ladies always panted so when regarding them. Recently, however, we have had occasion to look long and hard at one of these homunculi, aged a week or two. We have viewed it thoughtfully, and under varying conditions—lying on the back and blowing bubbles, lying on the front and wailing, also with the garment on, with (Continued on page 215)

By JACK GOODMAN

and FRED SCHWED, Jr.





## How to meet a good friend

**T**HE information booth at the railway station is a traditional meeting place for friends.

But it's much more likely that you'll be meeting *this* particular friend in your home, or at your favorite bar.

For we're talking about an Old Fashioned made with that matchless whiskey, Four Roses. And Four Roses, as everybody knows,

makes the most magnificent Old Fashioned you've ever tasted.

That's why you're in for something extra special every time you say to your barman, "Make mine with Four Roses!"

. . . .

Four Roses is now a Blended Whiskey—a fine blend of 40% straight whiskeys, 5 years or more old, and 60% grain neutral spirits. 95.5 proof.

**FOUR  
ROSES**

AMERICA'S MOST  
FAMOUS BOUQUET



Frankfort Distillers Corporation,  
New York City





ALL-AMERICAN FUN...

# "fresh up" WITH Seven-Up!



**HAVE FUN TOGETHER!**

**BE A "FRESH UP" FAMILY!**

Friendly, sparkling, clean-tasting 7-Up really fits in the family fun. As you slowly sip its crystal clear goodness, you'll recognize a personality that's as familiar and American as Dad's good-natured banter or Mom's knitting needles.

So be a "fresh up" family. Laugh and work and play together. And keep your refrigerator well stocked with the drink you can all enjoy together. "Fresh up" with 7-Up regularly in your home. Ask for famous 7-Up at any place that displays the colorful 7-Up signs!



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◀◀◀◀ YOU LIKE IT...IT LIKES YOU!



A noted professional photographer's  
favorite  
color photo



Flower Garden in Mexico



by Fritz Henle

Here, to me, is the spirit, the mood of "Fortin de las Flores" in the Mexican state of Veracruz, one of the most beautiful spots in the world. My camera is a means of expression, and this photograph captured completely my feelings of the moment. That is one of the reasons it is my favorite. The other is the girl. She is Atty van den Berg, the dancer, who was born in Holland, a fact which surprised the Mexicans who took for granted that she was of Spanish extraction because of her appearance. She happens to be my wife and my favorite model. We worked on various poses for about thirty minutes before I found the picture I wanted.

The camera was, as usual, my Rolliflex, the type I have been using for

more than twelve years. Shortly after Ansco began manufacturing its "120" roll film, the company sent some to me for use on my trip to Mexico, and this is one of the results. This photograph was made with natural light. I never use a flash outdoors for color work because I believe it results in an unnatural effect. In taking color pictures, I frequently try to use natural reflections such as light walls, sand or bright floors.

Colors should be used very discreetly, with the main accent on three or four. All others should be treated incidentally. Under certain conditions, such as at high altitudes, a UV filter should be used. This picture, however, was taken without a filter. The exposure was  $\frac{1}{25}$  of a second at f12.5.

Now My Floors  
Stay Beautiful...with

LESS  
CARE!



No Wonder Millions of  
Housewives Are Switching  
to Self-Polishing SIMONIZ

Only Self-Polishing SIMONIZ gives your floors the same longer lasting beauty that makes SIMONIZ so famous for cars. It spreads with cloth or mop applicator... no rubbing, no buffing... and shines as it dries crystal-clear on your floors. Then floors clean up sparkling with a damp cloth... free from dust, dirt, soiled spots and spilled things. Try Self-Polishing SIMONIZ and see the dazzling difference.

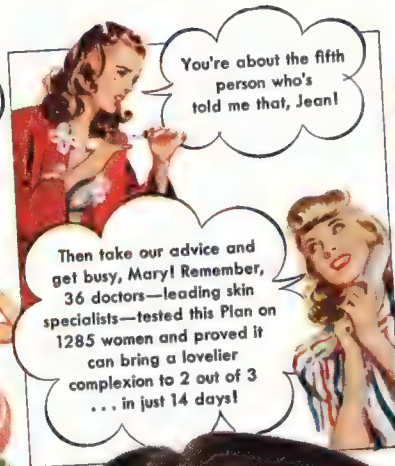
THE SIMONIZ CO., CHICAGO 16, ILL.

Sold by grocery, hardware, variety, drug, paint, 5 cents to \$1, auto accessory and department stores — and by linoleum dealers everywhere.





# Doctors Prove 2 out of 3 Women can have Lovelier Skin in 14 days!



**YOU, TOO,** may look for these skin improvements in only 14 Days!

- ♥ Less Oily .....
- ♥ Smoother, Younger looking .....
- ♥ Less Coarse-looking .....
- ♥ Fewer Tiny Blemishes—
- ♥ Less Incipient Blackheads .....
- ♥ Fresher .....
- ♥ Brighter, Clearer Color .....

If you want a complexion the envy of every woman—the admiration of every man—start the 14-Day Palmolive Plan tonight!

Remember, the Palmolive Plan was tested on 1285 women of all ages—from fifteen to fifty—with all types of skin. Dry! Oily! Normal! Young! Older! And 2 out of 3 of these women got noticeable complexion improvement in just 14 days! No matter what beauty care they had used before.

Reason enough for every woman who longs for a lovelier complexion to start this new Beauty Plan with Palmolive Soap!

**DOCTORS PROVE  
PALMOLIVE'S BEAUTY RESULTS!**



For tub and shower, get the new, Big, Thrifty Bath Size Palmolive—enjoy Palmolive's soft, lovely lather all over!

**DON'T WASTE SOAP!**  
It uses scarce materials.





# KENNY

**An unforgettable novelette—  
his first fiction in almost two years—  
from one of America's most popular  
and respected writers**

**A**ll that morning I had been wrestling with the tractor on the Ferguson Place, a long way from the barns and the repair shop. The engine had been missing, and again and again I had stopped it to get down and tinker, hoping against hope that it would start going again and behave as a tractor should. It was a dry, warm day, and I was covered with sweat and dust that arose from the field I had been fitting.

It was a beautiful, rolling field, high up above the valley with a view that looked over the hills and lakes, the farms and streams of three counties. It was a lonely field, high up against the sky, entirely encircled by deep woods and ravines where in summer the growth of ferns and ghostly snakeroot and wild


by **Louis Bromfield**





They were a symbol of what love should be—unframed and filled with a passion.





**This is the story of Kenny**  
**who came out of nowhere into the peaceful Ohio Valley**  
**and into the lives of several people including Maisie,**  
**who loved and married and lost him**

grapevines was almost tropical. On one side lay a steep wooded slope that ran abruptly down into a wild piece of ground known as the Jungle. It was mostly marshland and at most times of the year very nearly impassable unless you followed the bed of the clear little spring stream which ran through it. The Jungle was given over to birds and wild game. Great blue herons lived there and mink and muskrat and raccoons and on the dry ground, gray and red foxes, and even a pair of catamounts which had somehow strayed into our country from the wilder mountainous country to the east.

The Jungle and the lonely hilltop field where I was working were, in a way, haunted places where, as you worked, you felt you were being watched by the myriad eyes of the birds and small animals which lived in the Jungle and the surrounding forest. Yet it was a peaceful, friendly place where even a bucking tractor made you feel much less baffled and angry than it would have done in one of the lower fields down on the farms near the highway. Up there on the lonely hill the actions of time

seemed to have been suspended. You were out of the world, and time and space seemed of no great importance. It was a beautiful and primitive world in which you came near to the legends and superstitions of the ancients. No one save the people on the farm ever came there.

And so, even covered with dust and sweat and battling with a badly behaving piece of modern machinery, I was not too ill-tempered. I had an odd feeling that I was being watched, mockingly, by woodchucks from the fencerow, by cardinals and squirrels, who were saying, "The thing doesn't work because something's out of kilter. It can only work so long as it obeys the laws of nature. When it doesn't follow them, something goes wrong. That's why you're in a fix now—you and your wonderful machinery!"

It got worse and worse, and I got down to tinker with it again, still in the hope that I could fix it and escape the long trip down the wooded hillside through the tunnel of trees out into the world of the highway and the machine shop.

I had (*Continued on page 152*)

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY ANDERSON

that has been lost to us.



# What shall we do with

*An outstanding novelist discusses  
one of the average American family's  
most trying problems—the widow  
who must depend on  
her married children  
for support and happiness*

What shall we do with Mother? In the darkened living room after the funeral, over the teacups and the plate of cake (Henry takes a highball; Mary wants one too, but George's wife wouldn't approve), after Mother has gone to lie down with a handkerchief wet with cologne on her forehead—here is where the discussion begins. What shall we do with Mother? Where will she go? Who has room? No one, really. Not Tom and Mary in their three-room apartment in Greenwich Village. George and Caroline have a house in Scarsdale, but three children fill it up, they explain elaborately, almost drawing floor plans to show the impossibility of fitting Mother in. And Henry? But Henry's just back from the Army, and it's obvious that there is trouble for where is Joan today? Not at the funeral—her own father-in-law's funeral. And Henry is drinking heavily.

Of course Henry might move in with Mother and keep the big, old-fashioned apartment. He might live once more, as he did when he was growing up, with the carved-oak dining-room suite, the cut-velvet sofa in the living room, the hard maple bed with the springs that creak, the dark bathroom with the stained-glass window. That would solve the problem. But no one quite has the courage to suggest it to Henry (suggesting with it that Joan is gone forever), and so the talk must go on—the hints, the quick glances to see if a point has been successfully made, the sentences that begin "Of course . . ." "Of course we only want Mother to go where she will be happiest, but after all, we must be practical." What shall we do with her? Why must

we be responsible for her? For heaven's sake, someone think of a place for her that will not pull our lives out of their familiar shapes! Let us go on living as we are, as individuals; if unhappy, at least not inconvenienced; if selfish, at least not forced to the indignity of being polite. Find us a place for Mother!

It is a terrible problem for George and Tom and Henry, and perhaps a more terrible one for their wives, the daughters-in-law (who, it must be remembered, have mothers, too, not all dead). It is a sordid and a psychologically paralyzing problem—a problem in which everyone's motives are open to question, not least of all by himself. It is almost equally an economic problem and a moral problem, with the economic considerations not free of moral prejudice, and the moral intentions darkened by the most crampingly selfish kind of material pressure. And it is a problem which is growing constantly.

The statistics reduce themselves to the simplest kind of arithmetic. Since 1900, life expectancy in the United States has increased for men from forty-eight years to almost sixty-four; for women, from fifty-one to sixty-nine. Mother may expect to live five years longer than Dad. But Mother was younger than Dad when they married—three years younger, on the average. The statistical result is that, in the United States today, there are almost six million widows. Some of them, of course, will remarry, but those will be the younger ones, not the women over fifty, with grown children, save in the most minute percentage of cases. These women, often with small incomes from their husbands' insurance but unable to maintain themselves alone, form the problem. As the median age of the population of the United States grows older (it has risen from seventeen to over twenty-nine in the last hundred years) the number of widows and their problems will grow.

Is there a solution? Well, in one sense there *has* to be.

By Elizabeth Janeway

PHOTO BY SARRA



# Mother ?



Each individual case does work out some kind of *modus vivendi*. Caroline and George, after all the talking is over, do find it possible to redecorate the useless chauffeur's suite over the garage and install Mother there. But the idea (which Mary thought up, as Caroline will never forget) is still a makeshift. What about dinner parties, for instance? Will Mother be offended if she isn't present? And what about her friends? Moving her to Scarsdale has taken her away from them, and in so doing, made her more dependent on her son and daughter-in-law and grandchildren than anyone, including Mother, had expected. And her views on child rearing are thirty years different from Caroline's. If she goes into the city alone, George always worries. But trips with Caroline are definitely not successful. Solving the big problem has raised a nagging swarm of smaller ones, which may not stay so small.

There has to be a better solution than this one, so full of latent hostility and bitterness. To Caroline's friends an adjustment such as she has had to make becomes an extravagant terror, darkening the horizon ahead. All over America, loving couples, loving sons, loving daughters, know from time to time a sinking of the heart at the thought of Mother alone, Mother dependent, Mother installed "here with us, part of our lives." Even scientific judgment shakes its bald head over Caroline's answer to the problem. Mothers and daughters-in-law don't mix, says one psychiatrist. Not even Mothers and married daughters. Caroline *has* to mix with her mother-in-law, psychiatric opinion or no. It makes things no easier for her to be told by everyone that she is wrong.

**I**t makes things no easier for the other member of the bargain either, whom we have so far been ignoring. It is hard, terribly hard on Caroline to be a polite, affectionate and unwilling hostess. The only job as hard is Mother's—to be the unwanted guest.

Mother says, and means it, that she does not want to be a burden on the children. But for her, as for Caroline, there just isn't any latitude for wanting. She can't—usually—live on Dad's insurance. Therefore she has got to be a burden, in the sense that someone has to help support her. She is sorry about this, and grateful. She is regretfully willing to be a guest. What she cannot understand is why—and most particularly *how*—she is unwanted. It has never happened to her before.

**D**ad wanted her. The children competed passionately for her love and approval—these same children. She brought them up, and she remembers. She has always had friends, one or two special ones, and dozens of others with whom to play bridge, to fold bandages at the Red Cross, to discuss recipes and movies and the new minister. There has never seemed to be anything about her which people disliked, or which set her apart, or which indicated that she was not a satisfactory wife and mother. No one has said to her—before—that her opinions were absurd and her experience irrelevant. Not about what she knew. Oh, she didn't try to talk about politics with Dad, and her ideas on the aesthetic life were limited to one book review a year at the Tuesday Club. But in her job of bringing up the children and making a home she has, by all the standards she ever learned, done as well as the next one. Haven't the children always brought her flowers and candy on Mother's Day?

These are the outward symbols of success. Now they have become meaningless. Mother no longer has a job at which to be successful. She is unemployed, just as much unemployed as any roller in a steel mill whose job has been taken over by a machine. Up to the last generation or so, up to thirty or forty years ago, Mother was not unwanted. The skills she had learned were useful. From the matriarchy of the caves to the sprawling three-story American Gothic homes of the (Continued on page 92)



# Cousin Isobel

*He heard the girl crying  
late at night, and  
he wanted to go in and comfort her,  
but he could not.  
He had to send his wife to do that*

**H**e had forgotten about Isobel's young cousin. He'd forgotten entirely that this was the week she was to visit them, until he got back from his trip East and unlocked the door of the apartment and found her sitting there in the living room. She was on the bench in front of the fireplace, her chin resting on her hands, huddled forward a little as though she were warming herself, although the fire, he noticed, had not been lighted.

It was towards six. In the gray light of the room he could not see her face, but he could tell that she was a young girl; and, knowing instantly that it was Jane, remembering the tempest Isobel had raised at the prospect of her visit, he wondered again at how easily, how quickly, once he was away, he forgot the series of small, immediate crises that seemed to punctuate Isobel's existence.

"Hello," he said. "Anybody home?"

His voice bounced into the room and the girl, scrambling to her feet, turned towards him. She opened her mouth as if to speak, hesitated, and, in the little instant of silence, he heard a door bang somewhere in the apartment and Isobel's footsteps running along the corridor. He put his bag down.

"Decker?" Isobel's voice (*Continued on page 128*)

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR SARNOFF

By Elizabeth Gregg Patterson









**SANDY** is Jock Riley's latest model—flamboyantly eighteen, so sure of herself—her love shining in her eyes.



By Sarah-Elizabeth Rodger.

ILLUSTRATED BY JON WHITCOMB

# The way it used to be

A complete short novel  
for those who think—  
sometimes—  
that they would like  
to recapture the past

As Lucretia Rumbold left the smoky commuters' train and walked down the platform, she caught sight of the new issue of one of her favorite magazines displayed at the newsstand. Ten or twelve dazzlingly fresh copies hung in a row. Each one struck at her heart and reverberated as though a great gong had been sounded . . .

Her lips moved dryly and silently over the word "Jock." She felt in her purse for a coin, but her usually swift fingers fumbled. Jock Riley had done that cover; no one else could have! And the girl who stared out on the world from it was a typical Jock Riley model—dark, gay, laughing. And *young*—oh, so insolently young! Lucretia knew that look. It was flamboyantly eighteen, sure of itself, reckless of consequences . . . A second later, she realized with a shock that she knew the girl, too—little Sandy Greer, the younger sister of an old friend of hers. Only now her long dark hair was out of its pigtails and hung down past her shoulders, and the white teeth showing between parted red lips were innocent of braces . . .

It didn't matter who the girl was. What was significant



FREE was Jock's first model—  
still lovely but tired and pained—  
her love for him  
hurtled in her heart.



The four of them were left to try  
and salvage happiness from the mistakes  
of the past that haunted them.

was that Jock had gone back to illustrating. That meant he was living in his studio in New York again.

Lucretia didn't know she was standing there staring, still unable to find a coin and take the magazine into her hands.

An even, pleasant voice behind her said, "Well, Cree, hello! We must have missed each other on the train."

Turning sharply, nervously, Cree looked into the serene gray eyes of Sandy's sister, Eleanor Waite.

"Funny," said Eleanor. "I was stopped by Sandy, too! I've been used to an adolescent in my house for years—now, all of a sudden, I find a cover girl strung up all over the newsstands!"

Cree said generously, "She's beautiful, Eleanor. She does you credit."

"There isn't a model in the country as beautiful as you, Cree, and you know it!" replied Eleanor, linking her arm in Cree's and guiding her toward the place she knew Richard was waiting for her in the station wagon. "Come on, we'll give you a lift home."

Before the war, Cree Rumbold and the Waites had been part of a closely knit little crowd in this Connecticut town. Now, with a feeling of bewilderment, Cree realized that she and Eleanor scarcely ever saw each other except for a brief smile and nod on a train, in a store, or after the early show at the local movie house.

Richard Waite gave her a hearty greeting, too. Cree saw the gray hairs sprinkled on the dark at his temples and wondered why she had never before realized that the war—to which he couldn't go—might have been hard on Richard, as it was on the rest of his generation.

"I'm glad to see you, Cree. You're looking as lovely as ever. Do we start now, Eleanor, or are we waiting for Sandy?"

"Sandy's staying in town," said Eleanor briefly.

Cree thought she heard a queer, guarded note in her friend's voice. She said, "You're nice to take me home. I'm afraid I'm out of your way."

"I have a passion for driving," laughed Richard. "Four new tires and plenty of gas still excite me."

Cree said, "I'll be glad to benefit then," and she asked about the children, remembering their ages.

"You must come and see them," invited Eleanor.

"Oh, I'd love to!"

Perhaps because of the eagerness in Cree's voice, Eleanor set a definite evening for dinner.

"We'll cook steaks outside," she said gaily. "Richard and I have been promising them to ourselves for our first peacetime summer! Let's make it a party! I read in the paper today that Frances Dona is going to play in a Noel Coward (Cont. on page 194)











**It requires the patience  
of Job and a disregard for clothes  
and skin to make a success of**

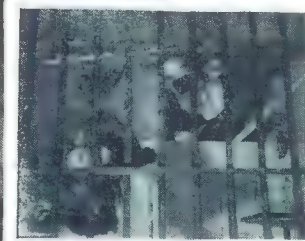
## **TAKING PICTURES AT THE**



Arthur Sasse is a photographer who spends a major share of his working time at the zoo. Animals are some of his favorite "people." Most of them seem to enjoy parading before his Speed Graphic. Sasse frequently wishes that his two-footed subjects were half as co-operative.

The big fellows, such as the lion leaping off the ground in the photograph at left, play a little too rough for Sasse. He keeps his distance from them. But for the best close-ups of smaller animals he prefers to work inside their cages. The orangutan in the smaller photograph is putting on quite a show for his camera-carrying visitor.

Sasse contends that it takes more patience than cleverness to photograph animals. "My technique is to make myself comfortable in a corner of the cage and wait around for an hour or so until my subject decides to strike an interesting pose," he says. Sasse's camera invariably fascinates the monkeys. They poke experimental fingers in the flash-bulb socket or chew thoughtfully on the lens shade. Giant pandas, on the other hand, seem more interested in Sasse himself. While he is busy watching one panda, another will sneak behind him and throw a flying tackle. Then both pandas stand back and snicker as he regains his feet. The hippo will come through with that characteristic yawn, Sasse says, if you scratch his tonsils with a bristly broom.



Bars are no problem for Sasse when he is shooting the more ferocious animals from outside their cages. He opens his lens wide, focuses for the animal in the background, and the bars blur right out of the picture. But it is more difficult to make these animals pose, Sasse says. They spend most of their time sleeping except when they are hungry, and then they are usually too nasty to co-operate.

Good zoo pictures are to a great extent dumb luck, Sasse admits, but you can have a lot of fun standing around in the cages of animals, watching the facial expressions of people outside the bars.



**A BABY RED FOX** is generously endowed with camera curiosity. This little toper was so fascinated by the goings-on that he forgot his bottle. As soon as the picture was snapped, he took a nip at Sasse's leg.



Sasse wears a sterilized coat and mask for the protection of the animals.



**HORNBILLS**, mama and baby, give the cameraman the wary eye as he intrudes on their privacy for a family portrait. While not naturally grumpy, these permanent guests from the Philippines can shorten long, unwary fingers.

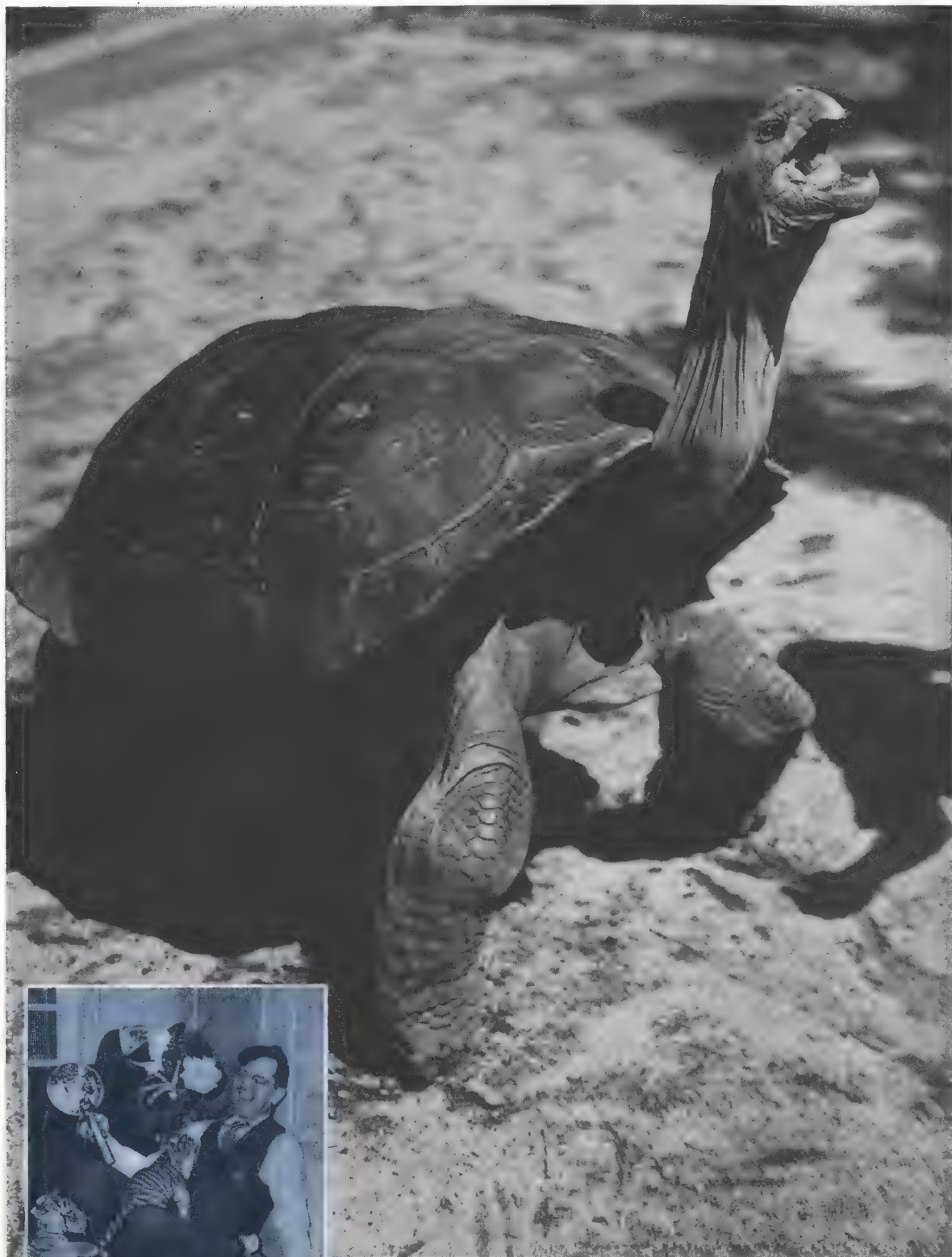


This chimpanzee takes his tonic straight, like a gentleman.





**THE TORTOISE** came up with his best Sunday pose for Sasse, who snapped this photo from a low angle to accentuate size and detail. Usually quite retiring when visitors are around, the tortoise can be a very nasty fellow when prodded.



These tiger cubs give Sasse the business for a change.



People are supposed not to like  
stories about Hollywood very much.

Still less

stories about writers.

Well, this story is about both.

We think you'll like it

## BY DALE EUNSON

ILLUSTRATED BY VÁRADY

**F**OR at least twenty-five years I have been in love, in my fashion, with Elaine Meade. She must have been, oh, twenty-three—perhaps she'd begun even then to lie about her age—and I was fifteen and shaving unnecessarily each morning. It was at the Myrtle Theater in Lewistown, and Elaine's movie shadow was helping her drunken husband up the stairs to their humble flat in Limehouse. She was neither scolding nor chiding him for his outrageous condition, though it was obvious she feared for her own safety and that of their first-born, a helpless babe of three months. No, Elaine was always good through and through, and it was ever her cruel lot to be married to, or in love with, attractive but dastardly bounders who were unfit to touch the hems of her garments.

Anyhow, Elaine finally got this mug to bed after removing his shoes and topcoat (censorship permitted her to go no further). Then she looked out of the screen at me with her enormous improbable eyes and implored (in a subtitle): Whom can I turn to?

I wanted to cry out, "To me! To me, Elaine!" But of course I didn't. I was seated beside Richard Sherman, who many years later wrote a story called "To Mary With Love," and Richard couldn't see Elaine Meade for dust. He went for the more physical types, like Nita Naldi and/or Barbara LaMarr. So I quietly, inexplicably—as man is fated to do—fell in love (*Continued on page 175*)

It didn't occur to Henry that his own love problem  
might prove less fascinating to us  
than the screen triangle we'd been witnessing.



The Frustrated  
Mr.

“B”














# LOST

He went alone  
to seek the hidden wealth of Africa,  
and for his audacity  
Africa gave him a grim reward.  
A story for adventure lovers  
by the author of "The Turning Wheels"

**Stuart Cloete**

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN CLYMER

**P**iet Reteif had said to him a dozen times: "Don't go off by yourself." And a dozen times he'd thought Piet an old fool. These old hunters were always the same. Too careful, and always wanting to impress a newcomer. Stood to reason, too. If they could impress him with their stories then he'd hire one of them. That's what most people did. A white hunter and an organized safari. But he wasn't like that. No, sir. He'd been around, and South Africa didn't worry him. Desert—why how could they call this a desert? It was full of trees. (In a real desert there weren't any trees.) Some big ones, too. Now that one over there, a bit to the right, was only about half a mile from camp. He'd passed it coming out this morning, and there was an outcrop of red granite just near it.

When he got there he'd sit down for a minute and rest. As a matter of fact, he was prepared to acknowledge it to himself, now that he was so near home, he needed a rest. He'd been afraid to stop before—*before what?—before he knew he wasn't lost.*

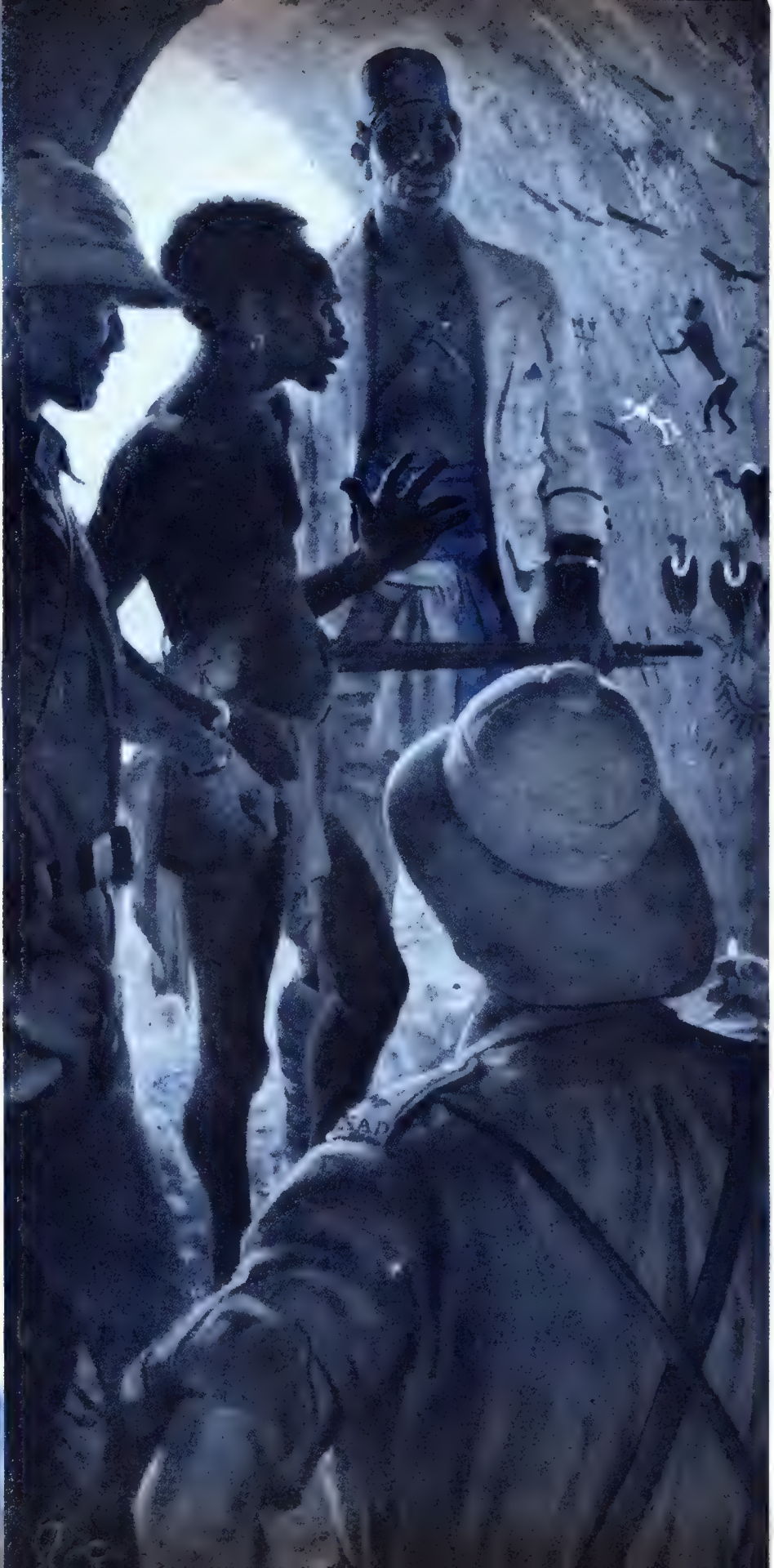
Piet's voice came back to him. "And don't go off by yourself, Mr. Foster. Don't go off by yourself. Deceptive country that bushveld. Turn

around a couple of times and you're lost . . ."

That was what he hadn't been going to say to himself. Mustn't use that word, he'd thought, not even in my mind. But I can now, now that I'm nearly back. It occurred to him that it was quite interesting now that it was over. Make a good story. He saw himself telling it. Embroidering it a little. "Did I ever tell you about that time I was nearly lost in the bushveld? Went after a koodoo and . . ."

He hurried a little, and when he hurried, he was surprised to find how tired he was. The change of stride stretched his leg muscles. I









*He painted to his pictures of the koodoo hunt and jewels and vultures.*

must have walked twenty miles since this morning, he thought. But he was nearly in now. Why, if he fired a shot from here, they'd hear him in camp. He raised his rifle to fire into the air and then brought it down again. Silly to fire a shot when he was so near camp and with only three cartridges left. It would be waste—in case. In case what? In case I was really lost and needed them. There was the word again. What a relief it was to be able to use it. But why worry about the cartridges, then? That was just a hang-over from before, when he'd thought he might be lost.

It was really extraordinary how deceptive distance was here. That big tree for instance; he should have come up to it by now. He looked in its direction. It had disappeared. For a moment he was frightened, but only for a moment. It simply meant that he was in a slight dip in the ground. Since he was much nearer to it, it was masked by other lesser trees. "Can't see the tree for the woods," he said aloud, and then he laughed at himself. Never really thought about that saying before, he thought. Never realized how true it was. But wasn't it the other way round? Wasn't it: "Can't see the woods for the trees?" Well, what did it matter anyway? He'd soon be in now. And there was the tree. Wonderful how good his sense of direction was. He'd hit it right on the button. Have a bit of a rest on the rocks, smoke a cigarette and then just walk in. The boys would be surprised to see him. Probably thought he was lost.

And suppose he had been. Would they have come to look for him? He doubted it. And there really was some sense in having another white man with you and in taking a boy when you went hunting. It was hard to acknowledge you were wrong, but now that it was over, he was ready to. The old-timers

were right, and he'd be more careful in the future. He was quite near the tree now. It didn't look quite the same, but that was because he was approaching it from another angle, and it was odd that there were vultures on it. They had to sleep somewhere, of course, but this was evidently their regular resting place. The tree trunk was streaked with the chalky white of their droppings. Must have roosted here for years, he thought. Funny his not noticing it this morning, but his eyes had been on the koodoo. It was just near the tree that he'd hit it the first time. He should have waited and not pushed after it. Let the wound stiffen and then follow it up. That was what you did if you had any sense. Too excited, that's what he was. Just my temperament, he thought, optimistic, eager, full of go. But there still was sense in what they said about waiting if you hit a buck hard. After all, hadn't he proved it today? Here it was nearly dark, and after following it all day and putting a couple of more shots into it, he was coming home without it.

A rest, he thought, and then walk in. Have a cigarette, and the last of the water. He'd been saving them too. It was wonderful to think of a hot bath and a highball. He wondered what Jan would have for supper. Jan was a good cook. Bustard probably—he'd shot one yesterday—and then canned peaches. It was certainly funny not having noticed that the vultures used this tree though. He was right up to it now. Why, I should have smelled it, he thought.

The vultures rose from the tree. To get up, they had to launch themselves downwards so as to have room to open their wings. Then they had to beat them hard, swiftly, so that the outer rims of the great pinions were forced open by the pressure as the birds struck the air. Some came so low before

they could beat upwards that the wind of their passing was in his face, and the scent of it in his nostrils. They were gorged and stank of carrion. One of them, heavier than the others, swept past him, its wing tips thrashing the tops of the long harsh grass. For a second, he thought of brown pelicans flying in the gulf.

And then it came to him. This was not the tree. There was no outcrop. Camp was not just half a mile away. He was lost—lost. He was lost. He had a crazy idea of running. Running where? Anywhere, as if lost were a place and you could run away from it, put distance between you and it. And therefore, inversely, get nearer to being found or finding something you knew—a landmark or something. Run. He almost dropped his rifle and got ready to run, and then old Piet's words came back to him again. He saw him sitting over the campfire smoking his pipe and saying: "If you do get lost, don't lose your head. Sit still for a while and think—make a plan. Wait till you are sure of your directions, the sun rises in the east and sets in the west. Wait if necessary for dawn and then go carefully, don't hurry."

It was very easy to sit over a campfire and say don't get nervous; don't panic; don't do this and that; just wait; just make a plan.

He sat down. He had to. His legs were suddenly weak. The knee joints had relaxed automatically, and there he was sitting on an ant heap. He tried to think of what was good about his position. He had a little water in his canteen. He had his Mauser and three rounds of ammunition. He had half a box of crumpled cigarettes and some matches. He had some jerked beef—biltong as they called it here. In addition, he was in no danger from any wild animals. This (Continued on page 95)





Perhaps there is such a thing as being  
too amusing, too sophisticated,  
too gay.  
Perhaps that's not the secret of a happy  
marriage at all

# Sublease on Love

"Being civilized is heavenly," Anne said to the man she was about to divorce. "We won't kiss and make up over some old luster plate Aunt Harriet gave us as a wedding present."

"What happened to that plate?" Drew asked.

"I threw it out years ago along with the wretched little porcelain lamb we bought the first Christmas we were married. That's what's so heavenly. We won't get sentimental over dreary bits of bric-a-brac."

No, Drew thought, we won't get sentimental. We'll stand here in this house where once we lived and once we loved, and we'll be frightfully civilized and terribly amusing about our parting. We'll be as amusing and as chic as the room in which we stand.

Drew surveyed the room as if for the first time, as if he were a stranger in it. Indeed, he felt he was. Three walls were painted pink—"Scared pink," Anne called it.

The fourth wall was red. This, Anne told her friends, was her shock technique. In a corner by the red wall a merry-go-round horse, its nostrils frozen in dilation, permanently pawed the air. The horse served no purpose. It was neither a lamp, nor an object of beauty. It was what Anne called naïve.

There was a Madame Récamier sofa Anne had found in the French exhibit at the World's Fair. By using her surplus charm on a young attaché and paying five times what it was worth, she had acquired the antique. But before giving the lovely object houserom she had sent it to a decorator's shop where its mellow, yellow satin brocade had been removed and a cloth made to look like the hide of a zebra substituted. There were two ebony concert grand pianos in the room, their sides snuggled together, their keyboards yawning as if in boredom. Neither Anne nor Drew played, but Anne knew a two-

piano team—very young and very, very South American—who did boogie (and nothing else) on the concert grands as Anne's guests listened from the huge black and gold ottomans.

The lamp shades were as large as parasols and festooned with cloth like the panniers of a Revolutionary belle's skirt. A mid-Victorian shadow box was sunk into the red wall but it contained no *objet d'art*. Pasted on its pristine mirrors were drawings of nudes in raffish attitudes. "We're sounding the decadent note here," Anne always pointed out.

It was like that throughout the house—nothing in it used as it was originally intended to be used, nothing left as it had first been fabricated, everything described by adjectives that did not describe accurately.

Anne was as highly polished as the old parquet floors which had been (Continued on page 104)

*They shouldn't have rented it, but who could resist a house with a real garden?*

By Katherine Albert

ILLUSTRATED BY R. G. HARRIS











# The Miracle of Sable Island



This is the seventh in our series of Blue Ribbon stories.

The others, readers tell us, have been memorable adventures in fiction. This one, we believe, is unforgettable

By Edmund Gilligan

ILLUSTRATED BY AUSTIN BRIGGS

Lunenburg, Nova Scotia  
7th day of June

Dear Daughter Anne,

My old hands are broken as never they were in the way of fishing or in the way of sailing, but just the same I take up the pen to say to you that Pastor Publicover asked the Lord's blessing on you and your sweet child at last Sunday's service, and I send you \$1000 Canadian and \$300 American by Steward John Courage of the steamship Moriarty which leaves here now for Newfoundland with salt, and will call at Grand Bank with a dear little yellow horse for my grandson to speed upon in the lusty days of his youth.

The \$1000 Canadian and \$300 American is many times the sum you asked for and I be wondrous glad, Daughter, that I can send you

this money in your time of need. Now you will pay hospital and doctors for saving him in his sickness, and give them also the blessing of an old sea captain for the saving of a boy who bears his name.

As to how I came by this money—oh! the good Lord answered my prayer, I all unknowing at the time, and sent me forth to sea again in the matter. Aye! even unto black and terrible Sable Island, where I had never set foot before, not in the days of manhood. There I performed the wonder of which you shall hear. I have returned from the sea and my hands are healing, so that I can put down from day to day how I set about the matter in your time of need. And I will send this letter also by the Moriarty.

Beloved Daughter, I stood on the

wharves at Lunenburg, your letter of need cold in my pocket, and no work for hand or heart to do, when up the river comes the schooner Perseverance, and she in from the Grand Bank itself, having been salt-fishing there the summer. All well aboard and three thousand quintals of fine cod in her hold, for which Heaven be praised, and no slime or burr upon them. Not on one fair fish.

Now when I greeted Captain Croft, he took my hand heartily and smiled into my eyes, it being the first hand and the first new face for him these long months.

Said he to me, "Captain David, we took a hard rubbing in the gale on our way home, and our dinner skipped off the stove time and again. So, will you believe me, for three days and as many nights not

This brave colt I will keep for David,  
my grandson, who lies on his sickbed  
in far-off Newfoundland.





A chestnut stallion came plunging  
against us, showing his teeth and  
blowing a curl of vapor downward.

a morsel that was hot came between our jaws."

"I believe!" says I.

And Captain Croft, he says, "A hungry man is a fair terrible sight to see. Yet in the end, he'll feed himself, once he can keep a pot upon his stove. But a hungry beast—aye! that is a terrible worse sight. For what hand will feed him and he howling in a black wilderness of sand, where little can grow and that little so harsh to the belly?" He strikes his hands together woeful and says on, "I'm safe in saying to you: none. No hand will do so."

I gave answer, "Aye, 'tis true for you! A fair terrible sight it must be—a hungry beast. I could not look upon him and live easy in after days."

At these words, Skipper John hauls up a truly deep sigh and shakes his head in woe and stands plucking at his beardy face in doubt and wondering sorrow, until I said to him, "A fair terrible sight indeed, and one not often come upon in these parts, thanks to the Lord, for the oxen of Lunenburg are fed like pet children, and their shadows are fat in the lanes."

To which he made no answer

at once, only shook his head again and said to himself aloud, "Hundreds of the poor things. By the Lord in Heaven! it nigh burst my heart to see the horses a-leaning there against the sky and the white of spray, their ribs jumping through their hides, and the little ones prodding and mewing under the mothers' bellies for drops that were not there and never can be. The poor grass that was their fodder having failed in the cold of this past winter as never it has done before. And I saw them fall into the breakers and roll helpless away with nary a kick nor a neigh . . . And we lying there, full of a dinner at last, and it trying to make up a little rainbow for us on the Middle Ground."

Having in mind certain yarns that have been told of red mares swimming in the dark of night at sea, I then out with the question that had been in my mind since first he spoke and said to him straight, "Might I ask where this terrible sight fell upon your eyes, Skipper John?"

He waved his hand like a weary, sore man to the eastward and looked strange over his shoulder and (Continued on page 79)











Continuing  
the stranger-than-fiction  
story of Fannie Brice  
who married  
first a barber  
"because he smelled so nice,"  
then a gambler  
who went to Leavenworth  
and, last but hardly least,  
Billy Rose



Nicky Arnstein, Fannie's second husband, was her big romance  
She says Billy Rose, her third, didn't make her heart jump.



## By Maurice Zolotow

### SECOND PART OF A TWO-PART BIOGRAPHY

It takes five rehearsals to whip into credible shape Baby Snooks, the radio problem child who has brought her creator, comedienne Fannie Brice, well over a million dollars. There are three rehearsals on Wednesday. Around a large conference table sit Miss Brice, the two writers of the show, director Walter Bunker, various assistant directors, network censors and advertising agency samurai. Miss Brice, glasses on and a pencil in her fingers, battles strenuously to make Snooks a sweeter girl. But Snooks continues being a villainess.

Since Snooks's first appearance on the air in 1936, Snook's daddy has been played by Hanley Stafford, an English actor. Stafford is a tall, handsome, mustached, broad-shouldered chap, who wears heavy tweeds and looks like a man of distinction in one of those men-of-distinction whisky ads. By now he has become weary of playing stooge and stumble bum to a nasty little brat. Frequently, he longs to return to his first love—serious dramas—and he wishes Baby Snooks would catch pneumonia and die so she wouldn't harass him. He is tired of being

introduced to people and having them stare at him and shake their heads sympathetically. He has only one child, a son, who was a well-behaved baby and is now twenty-two. He was a member of the cast of "The Magnificent Yankee."

During the first few rehearsals on a particular script, Miss Brice whispers the lines, as she feels her way around. She doesn't get fully into character until Friday. On Friday, at noon, California time, the cast crowds into her dressing room. Miss Brice is still arguing about lines.

"You'll maybe get laughs on this gag," she will say, "but you're murdering the character. I tell you, Schnooks (she always pronounces it that way) is a sweet kid at heart."

Her suggestions are politely evaded. She grows depressed about the script. She is sure she will give an abominable performance. She thinks she is without any talent. At three-thirty there is a dress rehearsal on stage, with the background orchestra. Fannie still hasn't groped her way completely into Snooks. She still whispers the lines. She tries a line in two or three different readings, varying the shading. It seems flat. She goes back to her dressing room to wait until five o'clock, when she's on the air. She lies on a

couch and complains. Then she has a chicken sandwich and a thermos bottle of tea with cream.

And at five o'clock, she's out on the stage, talking into the microphone. Strangely metamorphosed. Something outside of her seems to dominate her. Her face changes, screws itself into the face of a child. The large mouth puckers, bending upward at the corners like a scimitar blade. Her knees knock together. She shrinks fifty years out of her life. The performance, as always, is polished and bright, with perfect timing. But after the performance, she is sure she was terribly dull.

Snooks reaches her New York audience at eight o'clock, E.S.T., over the Columbia Broadcasting System.

THE CREATOR of the most irritating juvenile since "Peck's Bad Boy" or "Little Audrey" was born on October 29, 1891, on Delancey Street, in the Jewish East Side section of New York. Her mother was Hungarian, her father French. Her name originally was Fanny Borach. When she went into burlesque, she changed it because everybody called her Borax or 20 Mule Team Borax. When she was five, her family moved to Newark, New Jersey, where her father operated a saloon.

She was a (Continued on page 124)



Ann Pennington, the ex-follies star, is Fannie's constant companion. Elsa Maxwell and Beatrice Lillie are friends.

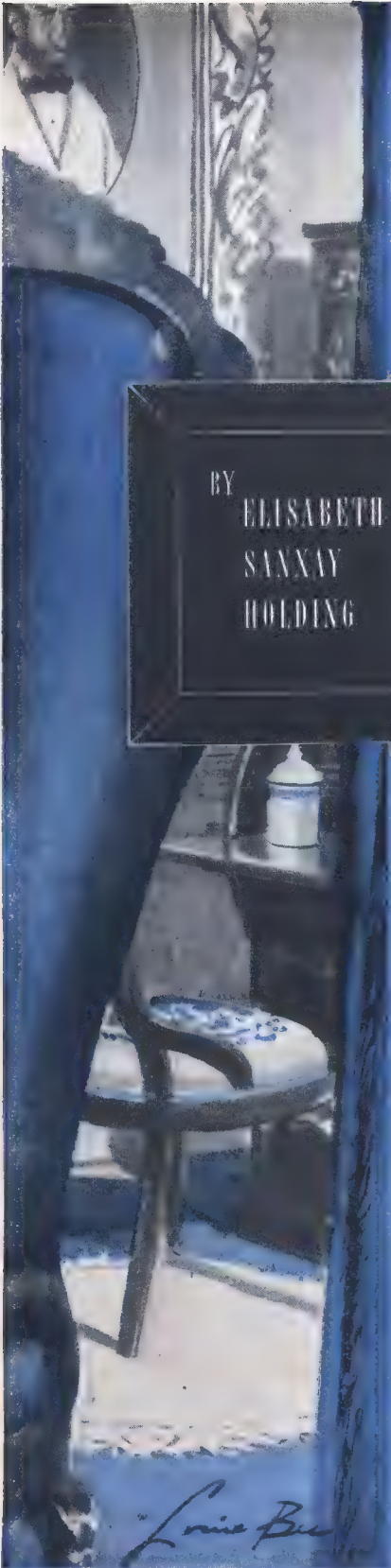


Fannie posed for this picture during her Broadway stage career.









She knew—almost from the start—

that her marriage was a failure.

What she did not know was that it was also

a mockery,

a sham,

an unforgivable fraud

BY  
ELISABETH  
SANXAY  
HOLDING

# The Other Mrs. Minor

## PART TWO OF A THREE-PART SERIAL

### IN THE FIRST INSTALLMENT:

Before their brief honeymoon was over Phoebe Standish knew she shouldn't have married Gilbert Minor. The only feeling she had for him was a dreadful pity. His love-making filled her with dismay; his humility was unbearable. Well, she had made a mistake; she must pay for it. She had made promises to him; she would keep them.

Accordingly, when their baby, Sabina, was born, while Gilbert was in the Navy, Phoebe managed a cozy little suburban home for her mother, the baby and herself on the two hundred dollars which Gilbert's lawyer, Henry Josephson, sent her on the first of every month.

It seemed odd that no allotment came from the Navy, but Phoebe told herself that if Gilbert preferred to handle things this way it was all right. Just as she had persuaded herself that it was understandable—and not at all queer—that Gilbert had

failed to introduce her to his family.

But she could no longer close her eyes to disturbing facts when a sultry young woman named Francine Villeroy summoned her to the Hotel St. Pol in New York and abruptly announced that she—not Phoebe—was the legal wife of Gilbert Minor Villeroy, and that Sabina was an illegitimate child. "I won't let Gilbert go—ever," she said. "And you'll never get another cent from him. I've fixed that."

But her natural antagonism melted at Phoebe's amazingly calm acceptance of the situation, and before they separated she had found Phoebe a part-time job reading to Gilbert's elderly aunt Alix. Francine introduced Phoebe, as Miss Standish, to Gilbert's sister Pauline, her husband Maurice Kithanis and his brother René. She also lent her a suite at the St. Pol so she could stay in town and hunt for a full-time job.

"Use any of my things you need. I'll be away for awhile," she said casually, never suspecting that Phoebe,

Phoebe stared at the dreadful old woman.

I can stand it, she thought. There's nothing

I can't stand—now.

ILLUSTRATED THIS STORY



## The Other Mrs. Minor

really in desperate need of money for current expenses, would "borrow" an overnight bag, a watch and a gold compact to pawn.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

"I'll give you two hundred and twenty-five for the lot," said the young man in the pawnshop.

"I only want seventy-five, thanks," said Phoebe.

He shrugged his shoulders and wrote out a ticket; he gave her the cash and she put it into her purse and went out into the street. She went to the post office and bought a money order, made out to her mother, then without any delay she went to the first of the employment agencies she had marked in the morning newspaper.

It was a day like a dream, and she felt utterly unreal, a ghost. There was no such person as this Phoebe Standish, a girl twenty-four, unmarried, this pale composed girl she saw in the mirror of an elevator.

"The St. Pol?" said the woman in the first office she visited. "Is that your permanent address?"

"Well—more or less," Phoebe answered.

"D'you live alone or with your family?"

"Alone," Phoebe said.

She wondered what the woman was writing down about her, what the woman was thinking about her, this girl of twenty-four who had never had a job of any sort, who lived alone in an expensive hotel, who came walking into the employment office from nowhere.

"I'm afraid there's nothing for you now," said the woman. "If anything turns up, we'll let you know."

In the second office she was given a long form to fill out: What work do you consider yourself best adapted for? What work have you most enjoyed doing?

Taking care of Sabina, she thought. Cleaning a room until it's spotless, until it has that lovely smell of cleanliness and fresh air. Baking a cake, making clam chowder. Planting and weeding and looking after a garden. That's what I like; that's all I know how to do.

Do you consider yourself good at handling other people? At meeting strangers? "No," she said to herself. What were your principal activities in school? In college?

She tore up the form and threw the pieces into a basket.

"I'm sorry," she said to the woman at the desk, "but I can't answer all those questions."

"Can't you?" said the woman with an affable smile. "Well, that tells me a good deal about you. You see, we had those questions specially prepared

for us by a well-known psychologist."

What does it show about me? Phoebe thought with a stir of alarm.

"You're too introverted," the woman went on. "I don't think you'd adapt in an office."

"Well, I'd try," said Phoebe. "You advertised some jobs that said no experience necessary."

"But they don't mean someone *your* age," said the woman. "People want a trainee who's younger and more adaptable. We did have a receptionist job you might have tried for, but that's filled. We'll let you know if anything comes up."

In the next office Phoebe spoke to a girl sitting beside her waiting to be interviewed.

"What's a receptionist supposed to do?"

"Oh, you find out what people want when they come in, who they want to see, and all. You take phone calls and messages and all."

I could do it, Phoebe thought. When her turn came to be interviewed, she said she wanted a job as a receptionist.

"Can you use a monitor board?" asked the woman. "No? Then I'm afraid you won't do."

But the idea was implanted in Phoebe's mind; in the next office she asked again for a receptionist's job. There was nothing for her there, so she went to the next place. It was after three when she left there, and she was desperately hungry.

That's nonsense, she told herself. I had a huge breakfast, much bigger than usual. And it couldn't hurt anyone to skip lunch. I'll eat when I'm finished with Mrs. Villeroy, and not until. And maybe not even then.

She had no loose change in her handbag; she had only the four one-dollar bills. Maybe I shouldn't touch that until I get a job, she thought, or at least the chance of a job.

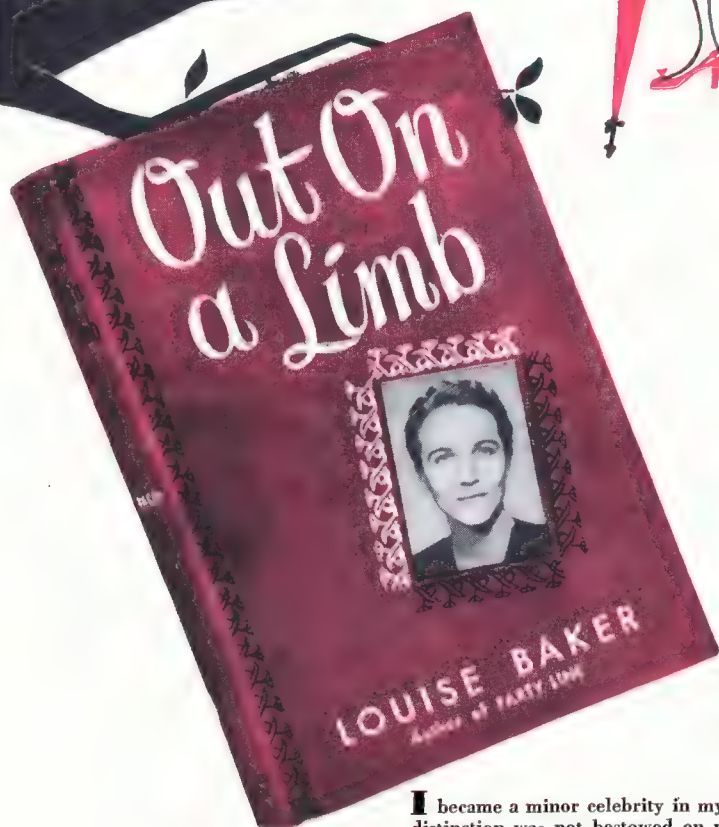
She became scornful of her own hunger, her fatigue. She refused to be discouraged. It was a quarter to five when she went into the last office there would be time for today. It was a smaller place than any of the others, and a woman sat in it alone at a desk, a tall, thin woman wearing Oxford glasses on a broad black ribbon. She showed an immediate, warm interest in Phoebe.

"Sit down, child," she said. "Take a cigarette. I want you to. Now relax. No . . . Lean back and relax. My goodness! Don't you know how to relax? I'll show you. Lift your hand. Now shake your fingers. No, no! Loosely . . . like this . . . Now lean back . . . That's better! Now tell me, child, what sort of job are you looking for?"

"A receptionist," Phoebe said.

"Never!" said the woman. "Put it out of your mind. You're not the type. You're the librarian or the teacher type. Get (Continued on page 216)





***We'll go out on a limb ourselves  
and predict that  
this will be one of the year's  
best sellers.  
It's about a woman who lost a leg  
at the age of eight  
and has been having a swell  
time ever since.  
It's the most entertaining  
and inspiring autobiography since  
"The Leg and I"—oops, sorry,  
since "The Egg and I"***

DRAWINGS BY HARRY A. DEVLIN

**I** became a minor celebrity in my home town at the precocious age of eight. This distinction was not bestowed on me because I was a bright little trick like Joel Kupperman, nor because I could play the piano like a velvet-pantalooned prodigy. I was, to keep the record straight, a decidedly normal and thoroughly untalented child. I wasn't even pretty. My paternal grandmother, in fact, often pointed out that I was the plainest girl in three generations of our family, and she had a photograph album full of tintypes to prove it. She hoped that I'd at least be good, but I didn't achieve my fame because of my virtue either. My memorable record in the annals of the town was the result of mere accident.

Completely against parental advice, I took an unauthorized spin on a neighbor boy's bicycle. It was a shiny, red vehicle that I admired inordinately but thoroughly misunderstood. I couldn't even reach the pedals. However, I started a perilous descent of a hill, yelling with giddy excitement. At the bottom, I swung around a corner where I entangled myself and bicycle with an on-coming automobile. As part, apparently, of an ordained pattern, the car was piloted by a woman who was





"What's coming off here?"

just learning to drive. Her ignorance and mine combined to victimize me.

A crowd gathered. Strong arms lifted me. I had a momentary, horrified clarity during which I screamed "Mama!" as I got what proved to be a farewell glimpse of my right leg.

When I regained consciousness ten days later in a white hospital bed, with the blankets propped over me like a canopy, I had one foot in the grave. It was a heavy penalty to pay for my pirated first and last ride on a bicycle.

However, I was famous. My name, which in the past had excited no stirring sentiments, was mentioned with eulogy in ten county newspapers; five doctors had hovered over me in consultation; twelve churches and one synagogue had offered up prayers for my recovery; and I had been in surgery three times.

The last trip was the fateful one. My old friend, Dr. Craig, who had never administered anything more serious than pink pills to me during my brief and healthy span, in final desperation for my life, amputated my right leg above the knee. He then, if there is any truth in local lore, went into his office and had himself a good cry over the whole business.

There were many tears shed over me

in the name of my youth. I was, it was mournfully agreed, too young to have such a life-shattering tragedy strike me. No one has wept over me in such a long time that it is nice to recollect that I once provoked a lot of strong emotion.

However, the emotion bolstered a false theory—the theory that I was too young. I was, I am convinced, precisely the right age. I am not one of those cheerfully-smiling brave-hearts who claims to be just too-too happy about a handicap and grateful for the spiritual strength that bearing my burden has bestowed on me. Spiritual strength bores me—you can't dance on it, and I'm certain it never receives the whole-hearted admiration accorded a well-shaped gam. I'd much rather have two legs, even though a pair of nylon stockings lasts twice as long when you're a uniped—no trifling compensation. But, granted that Fate has cast an evil, designing eye on an appendage, let her make the graceful gesture and snip while the victim is young!

I understand that it was a toss-up for a while whether my family would have to invest in a tombstone or a pair of crutches for me. But ten weeks of concentrated medical attention, combined with my normal, healthy resiliency, and I was reissued to the world again as damaged goods. Even then, I think I suspected what I *know* now. Fate, for all her worst intentions, was foiled in some fantastic way. She had her pound of flesh, to be sure, but she left me primed for an adventure in living that I should never have experienced with the orthodox number of legs.

Perhaps I realized the new turn life had taken when my sister sat by my bedside and sobbed out an ill-made promise that I would never have to help her with the dishes again so long as I lived. Instead of shoving an affidavit at her, I was feeling just sick enough to fancy myself Elsie Dinsmore or her first cousin, Pollyanna. I light-headedly assured her I'd be back at the pan as soon as I got some crutches. Within a few months we were striking blows at each other over that regrettable exchange of sisterly sentiments.

If I had been a little sharper-witted and had possessed a more pliable pair of parents, I believe I might very well

*My sister slung the leg under her arm  
and we started home*





It was a shark...



have developed into the most thoroughly spoiled brat the world has ever seen. As it was I made a close approximation to that pinnacle before I fell under the weight of my own accomplishment.

Even before I left the hospital my sudden power over people was showing itself. First of all, with completely unconscious brilliance, I chose rather inspired subjects to discuss during my five days of post-operative delirium. I rambled on feverishly but with moving feeling about a large doll with real golden hair and blue eyes that opened and closed. I even conveniently mentioned the awesome price and just where such a doll might be purchased, and I sighed over my father's attested poverty which prevented him from buying me this coveted treasure. My delirious words were passed on promptly. The head nurse quoted my pathetic plea to our local telephone operator. The news spread. "That poor little crippled child in the hospital, a breath away from death, wants a doll..."

Our local toy merchant was no fool. He let ten customers buy identical yellow-haired dolls at \$7.98 apiece. He also sold seven dark-haired, porcelain-faced beauties, when he ran out of blondes. He did a regular, Christmas-bulk business too in doll beds, parchesi games, paper dolls, puzzles, paint boxes and books. Everyone averted their eyes, I understand, when they passed the Super Ball-bearing Flyer roller skates that I had also mentioned during my providential spell of wistful delirium. The sight of the roller skates brought a tear to many an eye and usually raised the ante as-

signed for a present to me by at least a dollar. The merchant decided it might help business to put bicycles in his window.

When I left the hospital it took two cars to transport my loot. Everybody in town, including owners of flower beds on which I had trod and windows which I had broken, suddenly loved me and came bearing gifts. It was a warm-hearted, friendly little town. Although it claimed no psychologists nor occupational therapists, it was, I believe, the ideal environment for the normal adjustment of a handicapped child.

It took me just ten weeks in the hospital to acquire seventeen new dolls and a very selfish disposition. In time, of course, my parents made me give away all the dolls—all except two. My selfishness was spanked out of me when my parents finally came to the conclusion that they were going to have to live with me for a long, long time and the prospect was anything but cheering.

The first spanking was the hardest—on Father. Later they were much harder on me and easier on him. I'll never forget the shock of that first, firm-handed discipline.

I arrived at the sly conclusion very soon after I came home from the hospital that I didn't really have to be delirious to get what I wanted. Three months before I was a reasonably well-mannered child who even hesitated to hint for cookies when visiting my own grandmother. Now I was a precocious little gold-digger.

I could sit in my wheel chair and watch the (Continued on page 141).

or maybe

ah

an alligator...



Or

as a child

I fell off  
a high tightrope  
while playing  
with my dolls.



"You've lost your leg!"

"Yes—how careless of me."





Most youngsters don't like doctors' offices, but these small patients see nothing harrowing about their periodic check-ups at one of the Children's Aid Society Health Centers in a crowded neighborhood district of New York

# CHILDREN'S HOUR

Photos by Bob Laird  
International News Photos



The old game of tipping the scales. All medical care at these health centers is free of charge.



What's in my ear that makes the doctor so interested? A child's doctor must be a psychologist, too.







Little Clara gives the nurse a winning smile and passes her daily examination with flying colors. The young man at the left qualified too, even though he didn't bother to turn on the old personality.



One time when I was ten years old I got the idea of scaring Miss Wells with a snake. I don't know how I got the idea except that I was walking down the street one day past Mr. Odell's novelty shop when I saw this toy snake in the window

You've seen them. Green, and jointed, and supposed to look like a garter snake. When you hold them in your fingers they will twist and turn, and look real enough at

first glance to startle anybody.

Well, I bought one of those snakes for a dime and took it to school next day. I waited in the hall for Miss Wells to come out of her classroom. There I stood, calm and cruel, waiting to frighten a seventy-year-old lady out of her wits.

I had nothing against Miss Wells. As a matter of fact she was a kind old person and a good teacher. It was just one of those things. Young

people, especially young boys, often are cruel, terribly cruel, and they can't explain it to themselves.

Miss Wells came up the stairs. I slipped up behind her. I stuck the snake over her shoulder and said, "Miss Wells!"

The old lady's knees buckled, and she plopped down. She put her hand to her heart and gasped, "Oh, oh, oh," over and over. She sat there just gasping for breath.

I fled wildly down the steps and





There is no fear  
like the fear of the unknown—  
and no punishment  
like a sense of guilt that persists  
over the years . . .

By Allan Paris

ILLUSTRATED BY GLENN GROHS

# afraid of the dark

headed at a gallop for home. I think I was more frightened than Miss Wells.

My father, who worked nights, was still home when I got there, and I went straight to him and told my story. I knew there was going to be trouble, and I figured I'd better get my licks in first.

Dad sat there listening. His face was grave. When I finished he got up and went over to the window and stood with his back to me,

*the  
ogres*

*and phantoms that loom in the dark  
disappear  
in a ray of light.*

looking out into the yard. "Bobby," he said finally, "did you ever hear of Homer Dawson?"

Well, I guess I had. Everybody in our town knew about Homer. It was a terrible thing really. It had happened a long time ago—twenty years or more—but people still talked about it, kids especially.

Homer was fifteen years old at the time it happened. He was a small, sickly towheaded kid, and he was a half-orphan because his dad had died a couple of years after he was born. His mother had brought him up, sewing for the rich ladies in town and singing at churches and weddings and other social events to make a living. She had a real nice voice, and everybody said she should have been in grand opera, although I suppose it was just a good voice for our town, which was a pretty small place. She and Homer lived in a little white frame house.

The thing about Homer was that

he was afraid of the dark. He didn't come out nights and play Run, Sheep Run with the other kids because he was afraid of the dark.

Homer always slept with the light on in his bedroom. The boys would go by his house, and there would be the light on in Homer's bedroom. The boys would holler and throw gravel against his window, and Homer would stick his head out and the boys would make fun of him. It didn't seem to the boys that they made fun of Homer much, although I suppose it seemed pretty awful to Homer.

People thought Homer would get over it as he grew older, but he didn't. He got to be fifteen years old, and once in a while you'd see him out after dark. But he would be walking very fast and whistling, headed for home, and you could tell that he was scared stiff.

All the boys about that age were starting to have dates, sort of pairing off. By that I mean Bob Odell was Vera Johnston's beau, and Ted Collins belonged to Midge O'Con-





nor, and so forth. There was a smart girl in the sophomore class that Homer liked. She was little, as he was, with a pinched, eager face, and she wore glasses. Homer hung around her a lot, and once in a while he would take her to a show and then home. Afterwards, you'd hear him coming down the street, whistling, and then you'd see him hurrying along, walking as fast as he could without actually breaking into a run. He rushed along on his toes, jerking his head from side to side, and whistling in a breathless sort of way, as though expecting something to spring at him out of the shadows.

One night the boys decided to have a little fun. Lord knows how they ever decided upon it, or why, but it was a warm night and you know how boys out on the street

can think up devilment when there's a bunch of them together with nothing in particular to do.

Anyway, they decided to waylay Homer. They swiped some sheets from their folks' houses, draped them around themselves and hid behind a stone wall. Homer had taken his girl home, and they were waiting for him, crouched there behind the wall.

Pretty soon Homer came rushing along, jerking his head.

When he came opposite, the boys leaped from behind the wall. They all screamed together and sprang for Homer in their white sheets.

Homer jumped straight into the air. He let out a hoarse cry, whirled completely around as if looking for a means of escape, and began run-

ning. The boys in their sheets took out after him, screaming and moaning as if they were ghosts.

They chased him for three blocks. Homer cut across Park's vacant lot, leaped a row of bushes and vanished. That's it exactly. He vanished. Disappeared. The boys looked for him for half an hour and finally gave up and went home.

Nobody ever saw Homer again. I know it's hard to believe, but that's what happened. From that night on, nobody ever saw Homer. He just disappeared.

The fire chief dragged the river for five miles in either direction. The sheriff got his dogs and a posse of fifty men, and they searched the woods. The railroad people covered the tracks clear to the junction. The sheriff called all the boys together and (Cont. on page 86)





**GETTING READY FOR THE NEXT WAR?**



Two veterans who covered  
the European war  
as GI reporters on the Stars and Stripes  
return to the scene of America's great investment  
of blood, time and money and write  
a report to the stockholders

from

# Germany

In the United States occupation zone of Germany today the victorious American Army and the defeated German people share a common fear.

They are both afraid that the people of the United States, who twice in a quarter century have invested in Europe a vast amount of blood, time and money to buy peace and security for themselves and the rest of the world, may once again decide to abandon their investment and all that it cost.

The Germans say that they are afraid that if the United States pulls out of their country before the other Allied powers, a chaos beyond the wildest nightmares of 1918 and 1945 will follow, and that Germany may well come under the direct influence, if not the direct rule, of Russia. They want anything but that.

The leaders of the American Army in Germany are afraid that apathy and indifference back home may make impossible the job handed them after V-E Day: to punish, then re-educate, and finally rehabilitate the German people to self-governing democracy.

Out of this common fear has come a large share of the economic, political and moral confusion which grips Central Europe today. And caught in the center of that confusion are the ordinary American soldier in Germany and the German man-in-the-street. In what has happened and is happening to them, the American stockholder can see what has become of his investment.

The German, five years ago the

lord of Europe, lives a day-to-day existence whose bleakness can be measured in the fact that one of his principal industries has become, in all seriousness, the collection and sale of cigarette butts from the streets. The German can't see how his future is going to be any better.

The ordinary American soldier is also living from day to day, much less bleakly but with little more purpose. He has been forced, by a law for which he could not vote, to come four thousand miles from home to help administer the peace won in a war he did not fight. He hasn't any idea of when he will go home again, but going home is his sole definite aim. Beyond that he is confused.

He isn't alone in his confusion. There perhaps is not a single person in all Europe who can assess with certainty the status of the American investment in Europe today, let alone predict the future. You can reach some conclusions, but just as many times you will fall victim to the same bewilderment that besets the soldier and the civilian.

When it became apparent to us—coming back to Germany to see what had happened there since we left it at the end of the fighting—that the American soldier and the German civilian alike were living lives no better than their day-to-day existences, we decided to put down what we saw. Perhaps in that there might be a reflection of the status of the American investment, and from it the stockholder could gather what he wished. Here are (Continued on page 187)

by

Bud Hutton

and

Andy Rooney

## THE YOUNG

Fourteen-year-old Henrich Singer, who wants to be a flier, plays very seriously at being a fighter pilot with a chum in a wrecked plane in Bavaria.

## THE OLD

Most Germans today make the collection of cigarette butts their main profession. A half-smoked butt like the one being snared here sells for ten cents.





In this story,  
which takes place in a large office,  
the boss raises the roof right at the beginning—  
thereby making it easy for us to show you  
just how one thing leads to another

# Just Human Nature

It was a bright blue morning, a day suitable for dancing in the streets, winding ribbons around May poles; a day for sparkling smiles and giddy laughter. The warm sunshine spread benevolently over the red brick building that housed the offices of the Blakeslee Paper Company, and twinkled through its shiny windows. It was such a morning as would cause any normal human being to count his blessings and feel glad to be alive.

Mr. Blakeslee kicked open the door on which was lettered chastely the single word: PRESIDENT and thundered past his secretary's desk into his elegantly upholstered office. Miss Eliot shuddered and knew it was going to be a bad day.

Mr. Blakeslee buzzed for her almost immediately.

"Where's the production report I asked to see the first thing this morning?"

"It's on my desk," she said pleasantly. "I'll get it for you."

He glared at her. "Miss Eliot, my working day begins at nine o'clock," he told her savagely, "and the report should have been on my desk at that hour." The Trinity Church clock began to strike nine as he finished speaking, and he cleared his throat loudly as if to shut out the sound.

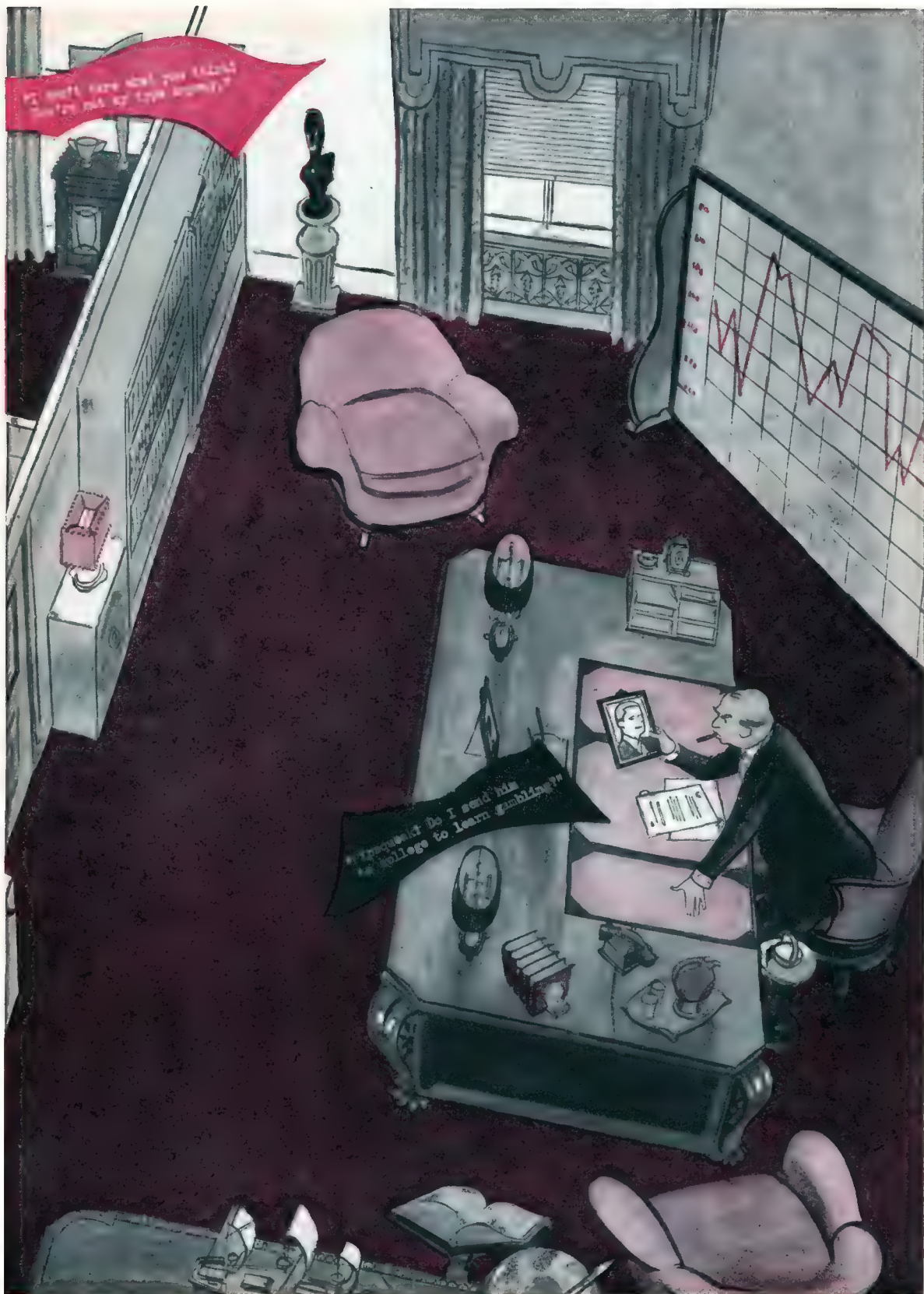
I wonder what went wrong at home this morning, Miss Eliot thought hopelessly. She sighed. She had a touch of hang-over, and the day would have been tough enough if Mr. Blakeslee had been in his usual placid mood. Miss Eliot, in her cups, always talked too much, with the unhappy result that her hang-overs included not only butterflies in her blood stream, but also a spiritual unease born of the suspicion that she had bored her companions into insensibility.

"Anything else, Mr. Blakeslee?"

By Ann Maulsby

ILLUSTRATED BY DINK SEGAL





"I'll let you know when I want something else. As usual. And don't bother me with any phone calls until after I've gone through the report."

When the telephone rang a few minutes later, Miss Eliot had to tell Mrs. Blakeslee that her husband was in conference.

"Well, I'm just as well pleased," Mrs. Blakeslee confided. "When he comes back, just tell him it's all right about Tom, will you? He was put out about him this morning. Poor Tom, I guess it isn't easy being a college student again after three years in the Army. He's been a naughty boy. He lost two hundred dollars in a poker game the other night, and this morning a letter came asking us to send him the money. His father was all for letting him go to jail. . . Oh, he'll get over it. You know how he is. But just tell him it's all right. I got

the money another way. I'm going into town now, so he won't be able to reach me until late this afternoon. So just tell him not to fret, will you?"

"All right, Mrs. Blakeslee, I'll tell him."

Miss Eliot's telephone rang again. Mr. Tiel, the sales manager, was on the wire.

"How's for letting me borrow the old man's production report, kiddo?"

"Mr. Blakeslee is reading it," Miss Eliot told him stiffly. "Didn't you get a copy?"

"Natch. But I took it home to read last night and left it on the train. It could happen to anybody."

Just then Mr. Blakeslee put his thumb on the buzzer and kept it there. Miss Eliot, shrinking from his potential rage, murmured something unintelligible into the mouthpiece and distractedly hung up. In

the middle of taking dictation—a letter in which Mr. Blakeslee at machine-gun speed told his congressman exactly where he could get off—Miss Eliot had to answer the telephone again.

"What's the idea of hanging up on me?" Mr. Tiel asked her truculently.

"Oh, don't be such an old maid!" Miss Eliot heard herself answer. "I'll see that you get a copy of the damned report!" She hung up again, alarmed by her audacity and feeling that all hell had broken loose.

Miss Eliot borrowed another copy of the production report and had rung for a messenger when Mr. Blakeslee buzzed for the third time.

"Take this letter in to Tiel," he growled, "and ask him for an explanation."

Miss Eliot took the letter from him and (Continued on page 116)



"Larry," she said,  
"when are you going to marry me?"



**Alaska's**

**only home-grown MILLIONAIRE**



**Everybody goes to Alaska  
to make a quick fortune. Cap Lathrop gets rich  
by giving them something to do in the meantime**

**ALASKA**, as any grammar-school kid who got a C in geography can tell you, is famous for three things: fish, fur and gold. For that reason, newcomers to the Territory are disillusioned when they hear that the richest man in Alaska does not catch salmon, trap mink or pan gold.

Alaska's only home-grown millionaire is an eighty-year-old sourdough named Austin Eugene Lathrop. He has been knocking around in the arctic for fifty years. He hauled a load of bricks to the Territory on a schooner long before the mad gold stampede of '96, liked the look of the place and stayed. Today you can't spend twenty-four hours in Alaska without hearing about him. Everybody calls him "Cap."

In these days of hyped-up fanfare about the Territory as a haven of promise for pioneer-spirited war veterans, Cap Lathrop is living proof that anybody can make a go of it in Alaska. All it takes is a hatful of ideas, a frame like a blockhouse and a hankering for sweaty labor. At least that's all that Austin Lathrop had to start with. At eighty years of age he still has all three.

How Cap made his million is a paradox. He made it entertaining sourdoughs. This is paradoxical because he feels no craving for entertaining for himself. He just plain enjoys work. The fact that others have "spare time" astonishes him. It also enriches him.

Cap Lathrop runs a subarctic chain of moving picture houses. That's his most profitable enterprise. He has two theaters in his home town of Fairbanks, two more in Anchorage and another in the town where he hit his first real pay dirt in Alaska, Cordova.

He publishes the farthest north daily newspaper in America. His radio station is the farthest north commercial broadcasting outfit in the world.

He owns apartment houses in Fairbanks and Cordova and recently sold the one he had in Anchorage. He is president (Continued on page 110)

Cap Lathrop came to Alaska on this steam schooner during the gold-rush days.



**BY GEORG NELSON MEYERS**



The ramshackle wooden houses of Fairbanks on the left were standard Alaskan architecture until Cap Lathrop began building his concrete apartment house on Second Avenue. It still baffles the old-timers.

# THE *Yokel*

"Madame,"  
said the Grand Duke.  
"I'd advise you to take your winnings."





AND THE

# Grand Duke

*The Yokel had a beautiful wife*

*The Grand Duke had a gambler's instinct.*

*The three of them met at a roulette table*

*in the Casino at Monte Carlo*

I am an old man, Monsieur, a very old man. The odds against my living another year are long. But my old stomach tolerates liquor, if the liquor is good, and food, if it is decently cooked. Certain dishes are not at all bad here, if one is known to the cook, as I am. I shall order for us both, and you will not regret it. And from this table, we can see the other patrons, especially the pretty girls.

Of course I am French! And I hope that in some way I shall get back to die in France. Just why I should wish to die in France does seem foolish, just about as foolish as being proud that I was born there. Fate decides such things . . . No, I do not think I should find the country or its people changed greatly. I have been away seven years this time, and there has been a war. Another war, for it was the third I remember. Yes, such as you see me, at the age of twelve, I saw the Prussians march into Paris, with their flat little drums pounding (Continued on page 184)

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE EVANS

By Georges Surdez

**THE STAR—**

✓ Rosalind Russell gives a magnificent performance in the title rôle of the film biography "Sister Kenny."







#### ✓ THE PICTURE—

"The Jolson Story" with Larry Parks as the famed comedian.



#### ✓ THE SUPPORTING RÔLE—

Burt Lancaster makes his debut with Ava Gardner.

## Cosmopolitan's *Movie Citations of the Month*

**By Louella O. Parsons**

Motion Picture Editor, International News Service

At a recent Hollywood party, Joseph Cotten turned out to be my dinner partner.

"Whatever has become of the hero in movies?" Joe asked me over the jellied madrilene. "Is it just a symbol of our times that the leads in movies today, whether male or female, are usually heels? Think of 'Leave Her to Heaven,' 'Double Indemnity,' 'Scarlet Street,' 'The Postman Always Rings Twice,' 'Gilda,' 'Kitty' or any one of a dozen others. Those were all exciting pictures—but aren't we selling the good people short dramatically?"

I didn't answer Joe. After all, I wasn't going to endanger the reputation I've built up over the years as a shallow thinker. Besides, I didn't know the answer.

But now, I've a reply—of sorts.

I herewith announce to the handsome Mr. Cotten and to you readers of *Cosmopolitan* that for the month of October the score in top pictures stands two to one-and-a-half in favor of the good, yet exciting.

I give you, first, this month "The Jolson Story"—and that really is a gift.

Sidney Skolsky, who is a rival columnist, produced it, and you may judge how superb the values are when I have to go about heaping praise on rivals!

But seriously, "The Jolson Story" is the most mellow and tender, and at the same time, exciting and glamorous film I've seen in a long, long time.

Skolsky usually ends his column with the phrase, "But

don't get me wrong, I love Hollywood."

Well, his first venture into producing, "The Jolson Story," proves he not only loves Hollywood but all of show business. Its actors, its dancers, its songs and its folklore are here presented with absolute radiance.

The telling of a biographical yarn to music—the formula that was used so happily in the Cole Porter story in "Night and Day"—is similarly used for the Jolson story. But where the Porter personal history concerned itself with love among the sophisticates, the life of Al Jolson is made up of the simpler humanities.

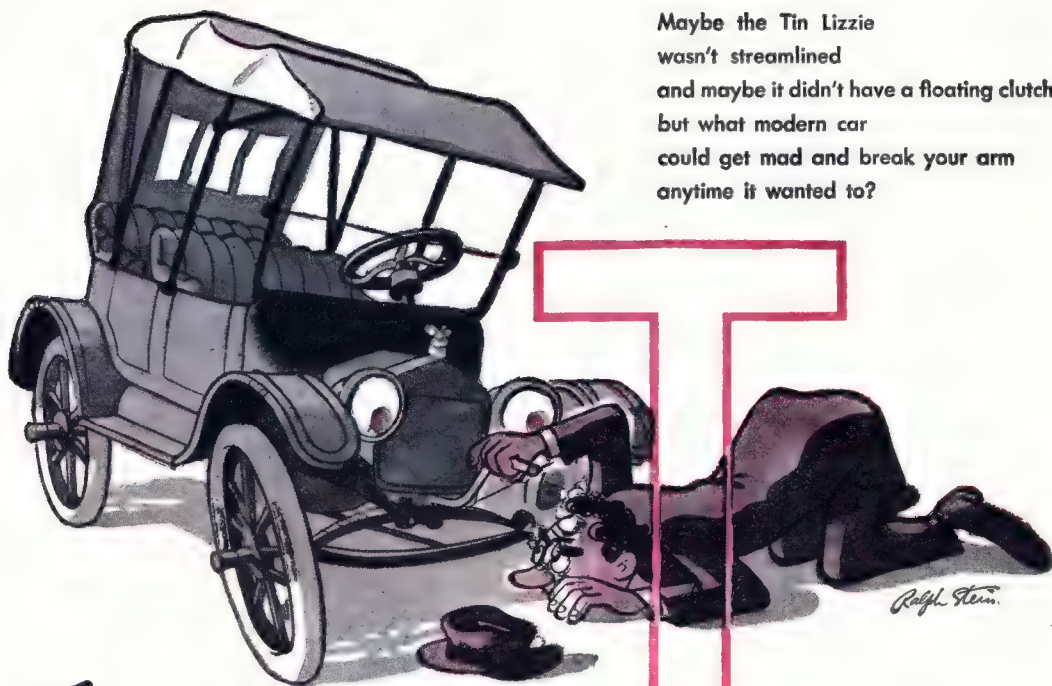
To the nostalgic lilt of such yesteryear hits as "My Mammy," "Swanee," "April Showers," "Avalon," and "Liza," you watch intense little Asa Yoelson as he progresses from a Washington, D. C., synagogue—where his dad is the cantor—to being the greatest box-office magnet of Broadway and the first smashing star of the very new "talkies."

Color! How we use that word—colorful personalities, colorful lives! This color, plus charm and the love of living, the movie "The Jolson Story," possesses in vivid degree. It's these qualities Al Jolson himself always had and still has. (Al sat beside me at the showing of the picture that Harry Cohn, head of Columbia pictures, and Sid Skolsky, the producer, put on for me, and I marveled at the tremendous bounce and zest for life he retains. When I tell you that it is his voice on the sound track and that sings the numbers in this movie, I'm giving you a tip-off to a wonderful thrill. For the Columbia sound recording is second to none in all Hollywood, (Continued on page 191)



#### ✓ THE DIRECTOR—

Frank Borzage, who lends his experience to "I'll Always Love You."



Maybe the Tin Lizzie  
wasn't streamlined  
and maybe it didn't have a floating clutch,  
but what modern car  
could get mad and break your arm  
anytime it wanted to?

# I MISS THE MODEL

BY PARKE CUMMINGS

**E**ven in these days of ancient broken-down jalopies the old Model-T Ford is a rarity among rarities. More's the pity. Nobody who hasn't coped with the Model-T can appreciate what automobiling really is—or really was.

I miss the two Model-T's we had back in 1919. They each had a character and flavor all their own, and for that reason we named them. Who ever names a modern car?

Both of our Model-T's were secondhand when we got them, and became more so with the passage of time. Our first acquisition was Lizzie, a ladylike 1915 model. Lizzie was comparatively easy to start, and when she got going she ran smoothly with a gentle purr that was hardly audible two blocks away.

Roughneck, on the other hand, was just what his name implies. He was a '12 and therefore somewhat less streamlined than Lizzie. He was the devil to start, and when he finally got going he snorted and chugged like a tugboat. Roughneck was even harder to stop than to start. Even when you put him in neutral and turned the switch key off, his motor would keep roaring for another minute or so.

I said that Lizzie was comparatively easy to start. "Comparatively" covers a lot of ground. One of the salient features of the early Model-T was its lack of a self-starter. Another was the fact that a self-starter wouldn't have stood a chance of turning over a recalcitrant Model-T engine anyhow. It took muscle to do that, and plenty. Applied to a crank, of course.

The reason I say that Lizzie was comparatively

easy to start is that she wasn't pugnacious. You could spin the crank around in Lizzie without any danger of her suddenly reversing the crank and breaking your arm—a maneuver that was technically known in those days as "kicking." You could spin Lizzie for five minutes without starting her motor. At the end of that time you might taste blood in your mouth, see dizzy spots and collapse from a mild heart attack, but my original statement still stands—you didn't have to worry about a broken arm.

Roughneck was something else again. He was what is known in boxing circles as a counter-puncher. Launch an attack on Roughneck, and he'd launch back a tougher one. Nobody ever tried to spin Roughneck's crank. You simply grabbed the crank at a position between seven and eight o'clock, gave one quick jerk upwards—calculated to induce a clockwise rotation—and quickly let go and jumped out of the way. Roughneck instantly retaliated by kicking, and sending the crankhandle spinning in several counterclockwise revolutions.

He would do this for ten or fifteen minutes at a time or until he had thoroughly demonstrated his mastery. Then, if he felt like it, he might start. There would be a series of staccato explosions; the cranks would rush to the steering wheel and frantically adjust the spark and gas levers in an effort to get him running more smoothly. Unless you made it quickly, the engine died. For some perverse reason all Model-T cars had to be started with a gas and spark adjustment that (Continued on page 123)



DO YOU LIKE JUNE PEAS?



*Then this is it!*

You'll think of fragrant gardens "knee-deep in June", with your first spoonful of Campbell's Green Pea Soup. Peas, plump and sweet and tender, along with fine table butter, are made into a rich and velvety smooth purée. Just add water for a tempting pea soup. Or add milk and enjoy an extra-nourishing cream of pea that's grand for children and grown-ups. Have it soon!

**CAMPBELL'S GREEN PEA SOUP**

DO YOU LIKE LUSCIOUS TOMATOES?



LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

*Then this is it!*

Such are the tomatoes—red-ripe and vine-fresh—you'll enjoy in a brimming plate of Campbell's Tomato Soup. For America's favorite soup is made—by an exclusive recipe—from luscious tomatoes specially grown from special seed. Then Campbell's add fine table butter and just a touch of seasoning. Prepare it with milk added, for an extra-delicious cream of tomato.

**CAMPBELL'S TOMATO SOUP**

DO YOU LIKE HEARTY BEEF?



*Then here's your Soup!*

Because it's BEEF straight through. The golden egg noodles are steeped in the full-bodied stock that is simmered from lean beef. And there are plenty of tender pieces of beef added for hearty good measure. If your family like beef—and who doesn't like it?—then Campbell's Beef Noodle is their soup, and no two ways about it. Let them enjoy it soon—and often!

**CAMPBELL'S BEEF NOODLE SOUP**

# Hollywood's

A full-page advertisement featuring a portrait of actress Maureen O'Hara. She is wearing a black, strapless, floor-length gown with a large, light-colored floral pattern. Her hair is styled in a classic 1940s fashion, and she is wearing large, ornate earrings and a necklace. The background is a vibrant red, wavy shape that frames her. The overall tone is elegant and glamorous.

MAUREEN O'HARA  
in  
"SINBAD THE SAILOR"  
An RKO-Radio Technicolor Picture

MIEHLE

Introducing a new kind of Lip Make-Up  
...so S-M-O-O-T-H it gives your lips a lovely new allure!



# Sensational NEW Lipstick

## IN A NEW RAINBOW OF LIPSTICK REDS...

FOR YOU, *Max Factor Hollywood* again creates something completely new and utterly different in make-up. Three lipstick reds for your type... Clear Red, Blue Red and Rose Red... correct for your colorings and correct for fashion. Think of it!... three exciting shades for each type, blonde, brunette, brownette and redhead. These new exclusive reds are based on a new exclusive formula discovered and perfected by *Max Factor Hollywood*. Note the chart below. See for yourself the shades\* recommended for your type... then try this new *Max Factor Hollywood* Lipstick today. See and feel the thrilling difference. In a modern-design metal case, \$1.00

### THREE SHADES FOR YOUR TYPE



CLEAR RED



BLUE RED



ROSE RED

BLONDES	CLEAR RED No 1	BLUE RED No 1	ROSE RED No 1
BRUNETTES	CLEAR RED No 3	BLUE RED No 3	ROSE RED No 3
BROWNETTES	CLEAR RED No 2	BLUE RED No 2	ROSE RED No 2
REDHEADS	CLEAR RED No 1	BLUE RED No 1	ROSE RED No 1

U S Patents  
No 2157667  
2211465



New kind of lip make-up...oh! so s-m-o-o-t-h  
New original formula does not dry the lips  
The color stays on until you take it off

# Max Factor \* Hollywood



*"Whiskey on Its Way to Age"—painted at the distillery by the famous artist, Franklin Boggs*

**88 years at fine whiskey-making  
makes this whiskey good**

**IMPERIAL**  
Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.  
*Hiram Walker's Blended Whiskey*



86 proof. The straight whiskies  
in this product are 4 years or  
more old. 30% straight whiskey.  
70% grain neutral spirits. Hiram  
Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill.



gave me his answer, saying, "On old Sable Island, Captain David."

I flung up my hands high in wonder, though this was a matter I had heard touched on before in a dim way, it being said that there were horse ships wrecked on Sable's West Bar centuries ago and the poor beasts had swum ashore and so lived, though there never was much to live on, save sparse grass and what little seaweed was washed ashore.

I said in a loud voice, "On Sable, do you say? The island dark and low?"

"That and no other," said he, and once again he sighed.

"And are they little things—these starvelings?" I asked. "Or do they run big as our oxen? For I've never set foot on Sable Island, John. Nor do I care to at my great age."

To meet my words, he made a hefting sweep of his right hand and said to me, "Skipper! a man like you can lift the dearies one on each arm and haul off easy, thinking nothing of it."

So saying, he clumped away and his head down; and after him I sent my marveling look that a hard man and a driver, who'd broken the back of many a gale and seen young men die in his dories, could have such a power of sadness in his heart for the sake of little wild beasties who fell and cried to death amidst dark, salt sands. And home I went, My Daughter, and fed the pig well and scratched his back with an iron until he purred like a kitten and I said, "Pig Richard, count yourself a lucky brute of creation that ye need not sow and reap for yourself, but have an old man here to do for you." And he put out a fair grunt and a beamy look upward which said as plain as the day, "I am full of understanding, old master, and I agree with you to the entirety."

And now, Daughter, for this night, farewell, Anne my dear. My old hands grow weary, and with the wind that blows this night there will be time and to spare for the writing of this letter before the schooner Moriarty sets her sails for Newfoundland.

8th day, June

I do recall that in the night that followed my talk with Skipper John a tide of dreams rolled over me and breakers masthead-high burst into my slumber. Now this is the dream was sent to me: a fair, fine rainbow hooped across West Bar of Sable Island, and a vast congregation of small horses was drawn up—dams and foals and fine, gallant sires, all in desperate stand. And all the congregation of horses, in my dream no higher than our pig in stature and leaner than his curled tail, all lifted their heads toward the evening rainbow and sang out, "Skipper David! Come ye now! Come ye now and lead us to the Land of Plenty!"

It is written, as you know Dear Daughter, that our young men shall dream dreams and our old men shall see visions. This came strongly to me until I sat up in my bed and said aloud, "Is this not a matter? Is this dream not a matter between me and the Lord? Then whose hand shall be stretched out to succor the starvelings and nourish them again to strength and beauty?" To which, my heart being full, I made up my own answer, "Tis the old and unable hand of Skipper David!"

So when morning was come I hurried away from our house and hauled the dory to the river. I rowed many hours against a poor wind until I came to Captain Timmermann's wharf at LeHave. That good man stood there, a-worrying

and shaking his head over his barkentine from the Barbadoes that toiled and tacked in the passage west of Ironbound. I hailed him and said, "Will ye trust me, Captain, to the extent and worth of ten bales of hay?"

He said to me, "For whose work, Skipper David, do ye require such ten bales of hay, and aught else that lies in my warehouse?"

"The work of the Lord!" This was my answer, Dear Anne, and my full reply to him. And he answered that ten bales of hay and all that I required would be set upon my wharf before the sun of that day went down. Seeing him thus willing in the matter, I said he should also send ten days' stores for eight able men and one old, old man. To which he replied with nods of his gray head.

When I was come home again, I sailed my dory to Riverport, where I found Captain Elias Pierce, the man of color, who is well remembered by you for his great stature and the strength of his hands. And he now a man of sorrow and a grieving one because his Schooner Noel left over the reef between Mosher Point and Ironbound and had but lately come off the rocks, by the grace of the Lord and forty empty drums laid in her hold and lashed to her rail to give her buoyancy. To Captain Elias I said, "I have work for your two hands." I told him all.

He made answer in his mild voice, "Skipper David, I am precisely and exactly the man ye have in your heart and your mind, I being an idle man these seventeen days and my vessel on the ways for repairing. I will go with you, and all my men, too."

Thus it came to pass, Dear Daughter, that on the Lord's Day we lay hove to about a half a mile beyond the West Bar of Sable Island with a deckload of lumber, and I walked my deck again, waiting for the day to break and the sun to rise. I was afflicted lest I find the horses all dead and gone, or perished utterly of famine, and all the hours of that night I peered hard and long into the dark beyond the whitecaps and the combers, trying to see their little, slipping bodies. It being my judgment that hungry noses would snuff up the sweetness of bales in our hold and that they would come trooping to the water's edge to greet me, according to the promise of my vision. Once in the night I saw eyeballs lifting in the dark. I said to the watch, "Do ye see that burning color of eyes? Like fireflies under the boughs of my orchard?"

He said he did not. He said more: that he heard a wailing and a crying worse to hear than the wailing and crying of drowning men when the schooner has smashed her head off under the cliffs and there is no help and no rescue. So I listened, and in vain, for it must be a loud cry and a piercing wail that could come to us through the howl of Sable Island and her breakers.

I went forward and stood alone in the lee of the foresail, where a man can better hear and better see. I made out a pair of green eyes a-staring at me between two hillocks of black sand, and on the port hand of them I saw a second pair. Higher up on the western hill, on the crown of it, I saw a still greater and a fiercer set of eyes as if a starving king lurched there. He stood there, showing only his eyes in the dusk and not his shape. And in the silence, I too heard a crying.

9th day, June

Dear Daughter,

The day of our labor came upon us fair and the sun beamed into that deso-

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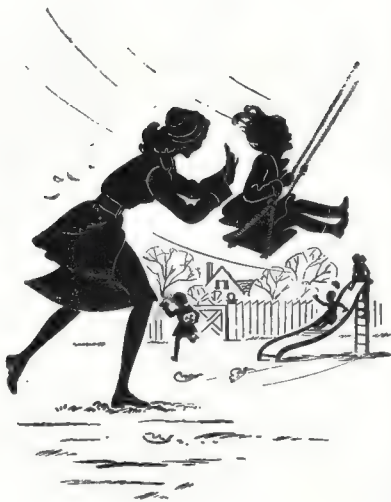
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lation. Nothing moved or cried in all that barren wilderness except gulls and terns and scoting gannets. Far as an eye could see, there was nothing except bleak and empty hills and the ribs and hulls of vessels devoured long since by Sable's sands and now and again spewed forth to corrupt and rot away under the sun.

Nevertheless, my heart being strong in pity, I let go the anchor. It dragged and held. We put over the cod-skiff and loaded her with timber and hammers and casks of nails, and drove her onto the beach. Out of the reach of tides, and between two near hills, we built a yard, a wide, square pen of boards and drift-wood spars.

This was the labor of two days and also a night of labor by the light of torches and fires.

In all this time, there came to us no crying sound and no sight of the horses. Even in the passing of night, they stayed hidden and away from us, fearful, I think, of our fires and our voices. Only once, when I stood lorn and doubting on the crown of that hill where the horse stood on the first night, I saw a thing struggle in the faraway and cease to struggle. There I ran shouting and I found, half-buried in a drift of sand and weed, a little colt, whose eyes gazed at me, beseeching mercy. All around him where he lay, I made out the marks and spurts of hooves, a dainty trampling, where his mother had trotted and beat up the earth in her anguish and her famine that gave him death from her tits and not life. I took him up in my arms and carried him to the skiff and thence to the schooner; and there I put milk and porridge into his mouth until he gulped and his belly heaved again.

Oh! he was a fair toy horse, Daughter, a darling toy in a Halifax store window. His hide shone like gold when it came dry and his eyes they were like the eyes of a pigeon. I wrapped him well and laid him in my bunk and came away again, rejoicing in this, the first fruits of our labor. All our hearts were merry, taking this rescue as a sign.

We rested that night in a shelter made of the bales within the yard. Being ready for the great deed of the morrow, I again was visited with despair in your cause, and I asked: How shall this bring comfort to her in her time of need and to the young one who bears my name and speaks it? Yet the boldness remained great within me, and for a remembrancer of our old times together and of the old Pastor at home, I said in secret there by the blue fire, "The soul of the sluggish desireth, and hath nothing: but the soul of the diligent shall be made fat." Thereupon, I slept until I heard the voice of the watch . . .

A blue wind came with the morning, while we broke out the bales and made up piles of hay, thus filling the salt air with the savor of Nova Scotian meadows and the good smell of our barns. When this was done, I opened the gate of our yard, and led my men back to the vessel, where we lay all the afternoon until the black of night. At which time, we rowed to the beach and made our landing a mile to the westward of our yard. In silence, we crept among the hills until we came to the crown of the hill above the yard.

Here I left Captain Elias and his men, and made my way alone down the slopes of sand, going forward a little at a time lest I stumble and frighten the horses. In the blackness, I could see nothing—aye! hardly the hand stretched out to feel my way. I hearkened to the night, yet no clear sound came to me, saving the noise of the tide and swish of sand beneath the tide. Until I came up to the

wooden walls of the yard, I heard no sound to hearten me. Neither could I see a glance of light or a thing moving within the yard that we had made.

Therefore, I halted to await the rising of the moon, which did rise, all filled up, and cast showy beams down in the yard. Daughter! I tell you that so soon as I turned away from the moon, the horses turned toward the moon. Aye! all their heads were lifted up from their feeding, and in comfort they regarded her, rising over them. Thus I saw the dearies! Thus I saw again their shining eyes, which took in and gave forth the light of the moon as the moon herself takes in and gives forth the light of the sun.

I ran to the gate and closed it shut, closed it gently and secured it with ropes. Having done this, I shouted to my comrades lying in the darkness beyond. 'Twas at this moment, Dear Daughter, that the chief astonishment and woe of our proud venture came upon me. Because I leapt boldly and gladly to the rail of the gate and cried out to the horses, "Here am I! David! Skipper David! Hey! my little ones!"

Oh, what a revelation was made to me! They stood in a moon-glade and I saw them, brave in their inquiry and stout in anger. Skipper John—had he not said these were little horses, to the heft of which a single arm, even the arm of an old man, was able? Dear Anne, he had been misled by his old eyes, being so far from the shore when he saw them. For these were not little ponies, Daughter. No! These were wild and flaming horses! Broad and long-tailed beasts they were, and to the hefting of them not one man should come, or two or three, but four strong men and they agile and keen for frays.

I shouted in my dismay and my alarm, and my companions answered me, saying, "Here we come, Skipper David! What ails ye, man?"

At this shouting amongst us, the ranks and files of horses reared and pawed the earth, and all wheeled and bore off in such a thunderous way that the rail beneath me jumped. Red horses and white mares and black, stumbling colts. Fiercer than before, their eyeballs slewed in the gold and yellow of the moon; and their breathing came up a gale, all savored by our hay. Yet their jaws stayed closed; even the little ones cantered in dread silence, fearing me and my men; for surely to them we were snares of death and not a fountain of life come far over the sea to perform their salvation.

I heard a sighing beside me, and the voice of Captain Elias, the man of color, saying, "Great horses! And there be five score of them! How now shall we turn, Skipper David?"

I heard also a groan among the men, and one said, "Ten score they be and each one fifty stone or I be blind, Skipper David, and no farmer's son."

These words had not been long said before an answer to them came and set aside the questioning. Thus it was: a fair, yellow-skinned mare, whose pretty head I could make out, groaned and fell forward on her knees, and staggered hither and yon, sniffing along the sand, seeking I know not what, less it be her colt. So far gone in hunger was she that this first food had been no help. So I cried out gently and lept down into the yard and ran toward her, my hands held out to seize her in pity, so that she might live and thrive in the meadows of Nova Scotia, which was my fond hope for all, even to the least of them that covered before us.

I spoke to her in a soothing way, saying, "Did ye not expect me when ye ate my hay? Now, duckie! Come now, my dearie!



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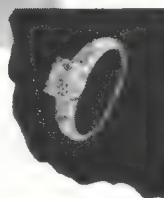
You *"cream-cleanse"* while your skin is receptively moist and warm. Spin your fingers full of snowy Pond's Cold Cream upward in circles, as it drawing engagement rings all over your face. Pond's *demulcent action* gently loosens dirt and make-up as your fingers swirl. Tissue off.

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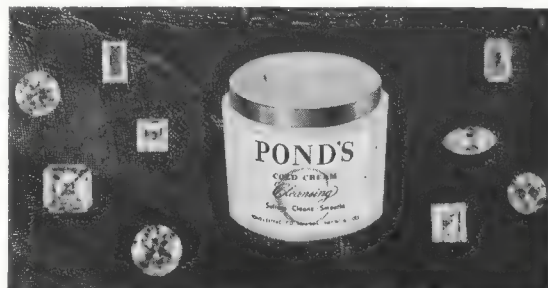
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**Croton** SELF WINDING  
**WATERPROOF AQUAMATIC**

Follow me to the vessel and be content I loose ye in the green pastures."

And how, Daughter, did she greet my pity and how answer my loving-kindness? By a roar out of her mouth and a flailing of her fore hooves. And run at me she did, her eyes crimson with anger. She that was stumbling weak became strong with terror. She struck me with hooves and tore at my sleeve with the teeth of her mouth and tumbled me backward against the rails, all the wind gone from my belly and my mouth yammering.

"Hey!" I cried in my astonishment. "Is this a matter? What goes here, my pet?"

Then I heard again the voice of Captain Elias, and he sprang down from the gate and seized her by the mane and by the tail and shouted to her, "Silence! Be still! Are ye held by devils that ye strike the good man? What?"

His voice came out like a bellow of the sea under rocks and crannies. Yet she thwarted him and wrenched away. At her doing so, all the rank and company of horses parted to make way for a trumpeter, the king among them. A chestnut stallion, high as my shoulder, who came plunging, showing his teeth and blowing a curl of vapor downward. He cried out in a challenge and a defiance.

Nevertheless, Captain Elias shouted as loud, and fell upon him, flinging one long arm around the curved neck and laying his fingers close upon his forehead. In fury, their quarrel began. Oh, 'twas a fair terrible fray that they fought, My Daughter! Man and beast, they whirled and jumped and cried out in anger at each other. The eyes of one outshone the eyes of the other by moonlight and by starlight. The earth burst and scattered under blows of hooves and boots. Twice in a time did the black hero leap under the raised forefeet and wrap his arms around the belly of the beast and heave him back a pace. Yet the horse's hooves struck like gaffs on Elias's back until I feared surely his bones would start on him and come apart; and there would be bloodshed at the end. Yet Elias leaped away and stumbled briskly and struck hard with his fist against the open and lathered jaw of the stallion. And he shouted words of courage for himself to hear. "Fear not!" he shouted.

Blood the color of a ring-ruby I did see in the nostrils of the beast; and his eyes the hue of blood under the moon. And the stallion shrieked in his triumph, his heart strong with our fodder. He spun hard and lifted his hind hooves together so that he might fairly smite the Captain to his death. Yet the Captain fell to his knees in skill, that brave man, and the horse's hooves smote empty air. And I leapt forward, my hands clutched to my belt, and butted my head against the stallion's ribs in a shrewd thrust like a ramping bull, and he cast me backward by a deft blow of his shoulder.

Now the Captain shouted aloud and fell upon the horse again and once more flung his curved arm around the neck and seized the forehead. I ran up again and laid one hand upon the mane and one upon the tail. I thrust my knee against his hind leg and shouted, "Down with him, Elias! In the name of the Lord—heave!"

We heaved and thus caused him to fall upon his side and I leapt upon him, sat upon his bold head, Dear Daughter, and cried, "Ropes! Secure him, fore and aft!"

Bravely and like a young lion trapped amidst rocks of the desert, he struggled against us until he could no more. They came with ropes. I bound him, his forefeet together, and Elias bound his hind feet; and another bound his muzzle so that the clashing of his jaws ceased. He

groaned in his bones and strove against them. He grew weak again, for his anger could bear him up nobly no more. Hearing his groan, the herd fell back, and neighed and cried in woe. The mares wailed for their sire, a king in bondage and in hempen chains. One mare ran forward, a black starveling, and snuffed near his lather and stumbled away.

I rose to my feet then, holding my hurt hands together, and said, "Open the gate a little." They did so. I then said, "One other for this burden!" The cook, and another, both burly men, stepped forward to join us. We four lifted the stallion to our shoulders and carried him away and down to the beach and to the skiff, where we laid him on the bottom boards and gave him words of soothing to which he paid no heed. The dorymen sat to the oars and we rowed to the schooner. There we hoisted him aboard and lowered him into the main hold, where there was a plenty of hay and tubs of sweet water.

I took off the ropes. He lay on his side yet a while, then sat up and stood up and meekly bowed there. He snuffed the sweet water, which was a hard thing to come by in the sands of Sable, and he drank deep. There we left him and returned to our labor, which was a mighty one, indeed.

How to say the truth of what befell us in the night, Dear Anne, and the day and the half of still another night? I will only say that I worked, and that I knew I worked among men; and that our hearts, one and all, kept merry and grew light as the herd grew less in our yard. Some came meekly to our embrace. Others set up a rampage. Those that carried young, or had colts at their heels—such came to hand in an understanding way, and even knelt in their weakness for us to lash them loosely with our ropes. Yet the princes among them fought against us and hurt us woefully, so that we were wearied beyond all saying and plodded in the sands.

At the hour of daybreak, after the first night of loading, a three-masted schooner bore up from the southwest and hailed us. The wonder was great among her men.

This vessel was the Samson, bound for Lunenburg with a cargo of molasses and rum from Jamaica, and blown far off her course by a gale of which we knew nothing. To the captain, I told our story. He raised his hands in astonishment, and said he would leave word in the valley that all went well with our venture. This will explain to you, Daughter, how word of our accomplishment ran before us.

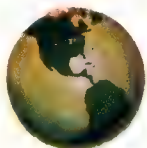
Now the count of horses brought aboard by us came to one hundred and ninety-two, the males being kept aft and the females and their young being kept forward for the sake of quiet during the voyage and for their repose. All, that is, save the little yellow colt. Him I kept always by me in my cabin, feeding him with my own hand and rejoicing to see him wax strong and proud as some young princeling. Yet always gentle, too.

On the morning of the fourth day, having accomplished all, we took down the fences of our yard and carried the lumber aboard for the saving of it. This done, we left our anchorage and sailed for home. Before daybreak of the Sabbath following, I saw the flashes of Ironbound Light, a welcome thing to my eyes, and by sunrise we had made the passage and sailed into the shelter of the river.

Once in every watch, during all that time, I went below and looked at our horses; and found them quiet, stronger, and in comfort. This was a joy to us all, and a great source of wonder, too. Yet it was nothing to the wonder that struck our hearts when the sun leapt over the

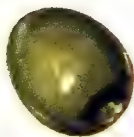


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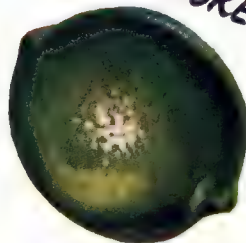
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outer hills and showed us the valley of our homes.

10th day June

Dear Daughter,

'Tis you who knows well how many seasons had passed since I last put in from the outside on our own schooner; and a bright and greenish view it was for my eyes to behold after the dark and the bleak. Fresh and broad fields, all in green, and strong trees adorned so; and fields of corn and our apple trees, ready for full fruit. A western breeze stirring all in mildness, so that my heart filled as in the old days. And now the new. Yet these, indeed, be homely matters to you and familiar. You will say, "What wonderment is there here?"

So, Daughter, I will tell you this: when we tacked into the river and I lay my course on the church steeple, as I used to do, I saw a vast throng of people, and all their faces turned toward our sails. Never in all my days, saving the time I took your dear mother to Boston, have I seen such a gathering, such a congregation. This is to say, Daughter, that there was not one hundred or one thousand—no! there were four thousand and five thousand, in lanes and fields and along the shore road. I saw wagons, I saw carriages, and teams of oxen and their blue head-straps shining like lights, so bright the day. So many fine teams, and all known to me, that I turned to Captain Elias and said, "What! be they loading on a Sunday? See there—the oxen and their masters!"

He answered me, "Neither are they loading nor discharging." And he pointed toward the western passage. "They have come to greet yon barkentine. A great man is in her, is my guess, Skipper David. I make bold to say that it is the Bishop come down the coast to give us his blessing. Or a great preacher maybe."

It was so that there was a barkentine making, too, for our harbor.

Now the bell in our church began its peal, which did soar and rise onto the western wind, making a sweet song for my ear. The bells across the river, at the village of LaHave, these also pealed together, loud and tenderly; and all the bells in the valley tolled and sang as for the King's Birthday.

I said, "We'll do without that mainsail now," and down she came. I waited a little time, shooting to the wharf by the church, and I said, "Off with that foresail now, boys." Off they took her. So that the tide took hold and bore her straight to the wharf.

I watched the people narrowly the while because all eyes were wholly fixed on us and not upon yonder barkentine. In a great silence they gazed at us, and now I saw that many were strangers. All the bells came to silence. I then made out the constables passing among the people and making signs, so that I said to Captain Elias, "Have we done wrong in this matter?"

To which he made answer, "You have done no wrong, Skipper David. Nay! ye have wrought greatly!"

"Let her headsails come in," I said. Which they did and those upon the wharf took her ropes and checked her, bow-line and spring-line. This done, I took up in my arms the yellow colt, and I stepped ashore. At this stepping, Beloved Daughter, that vast throng burst into a cry and a cheering and the little boys set up a shouting. The blue sky filled with their shouting and with their echoes. I saw that this was a merry noise. I stood there and listened, looking in a keen way at these friendly faces because they shone in fellowship and love, and their mouths were open in praise, saying,

"Skipper David! Welcome home! Oh, you are your great father's son!"

I put down the little colt, and he stood gallantly at my knees. I lifted my hand and shouted to them, "The Lord has blessed us and has brought succor to the starvelings of the Island. The Lord be praised!"

At this, the people stood apart and between the church and the wharf I saw a great yard made ready, such as we had built on the Island beach. There were many racks full of hay, and troughs of oats and corn and troughs of sweet water from the churchyard well. Also baskets of apples and jugs of cider and many savory things for men to eat and for me.

I said to one near me, "The horses will bide here happy until I lead them to the green pastures. Indeed, they are saved and my old heart also." But you, My Daughter, you were not saved yet, and my heart was sore, withal.

Here came Pastor Publicover out of the plenteous yard and stepped lightly up to us. He raised his hand to bless us for our work, and Captain Elias and me and all our men doffed our caps to receive this blessing which he said most gravely, "The blessing of the Lord upon these good and faithful servants who set about and did complete His work." Whereupon he took my hand and I took his; and in his other he took the hand of great Elias, in whose deep eye I saw a tear of joy.

Forward now came the dorymen and the seamen and the carpenters. They set up block and tackle, one forward and one aft. Farmers came forward, unknown to me so far were their homes away, and they took up wide slings of sailcloth and rope, and went about the business, and down into the hold. Those that had gone down, they set up a shout, a signal, and the dorymen hauled away.

Up rode the sling handsomely, and in it lay the King of the Island horses, meek and glad. He stumbled onto the green earth and looked about, and flung up his shapely head, holding it so while the sun took away his weariness and made him beautiful. There he stood, in no wise afraid, only glad, until the forward tackle heaved and a mare came down. She stumbled to his side and he muzzled her as if to say, "Ye shall hunger no more, little one, neither ye nor your skipping colts."

All this the people witnessed in a sweet silence, lest they affright the strangers amongst us.

Soon, My Daughter, a troop and a company of horses stood there unmoving, until he, their leader, snuffed the wind. He ambled forth and led them to the feast which was laid for them in the yard. 'Tis true that these had never tasted oats before this hour, nor corn nor apples had they tasted. Nevertheless, he led them to the good things and thrust his mouth into the racks and troughs and began to eat. So did they all eat in heartiness and the gay colts nudged and sucked the mares. Before the noon hour, all our horses stood there content, shining bright in the sunlight, and I said, "This brave colt I will keep for David, my grandson, who lies on his sickbed in far-off Newfoundland. Maybe on a welcome day he will come to climb my knee."

"And the others, Skipper David?" This was the question our Pastor asked of me.

I answered, "Pastor, if any there be who will take and tame these horses for the good of the earth, let it be so and welcome. Let the others be set free in the forests and wild meadows, which are of no use to man, since those lands are neither sowed nor reaped. There the horses will flourish and be a pretty sight



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for our children to see at their play.”

Now the Pastor smiled in his gentleness for me and answered, “No, Skipper David. And how shall they live in the wintry days to come when the grass is dry and dead and lies under deep banks of snow? Who will feed them then and they scattered in the wilderness?” He took my hand again and said, “Tis ordered otherwise. You have brought them out of peril and out of a land of famine. We will give them fair homes and warm barns and places beside our fat oxen, so that they may join in the Lord’s work and help us in the sowing and reaping. For there be many amongst, and strangers from far away, who have need of strong horses and will treat them kindly, there being too few in our land, Skipper David.”

This I saw to be the truth, and I gave my consent. Captain Elias and his men joined me in this consent. Pastor Publicover then drew closer to me and said, “Be content with what I do, Skipper David.”

So saying, he drew up a trawl-tub before him and cried out, “Let us do as we have said and let us bear in mind, Brethren, as I said to you when the word came to us of this work, that the recompense of a man’s hands shall be rendered unto him.” At which the people cried out, “Yeah! Let it be so.”

Our pastor then made a sign with his right hand and said, “According to the drawn lot—Farmer John O’Riley step forward!” And Farmer O’Riley (he who keeps the black Dexter cattle of Ireland) he stepped forward and flung into the basket a bundle of dollar bills and cried out, “Fifty dollars I pay for my choice! And the Lord bless and keep the old sailor who brings me this blessing—a horse to aid me and my sons.”

Saying this, he held up his halter and passed it round the neck and jaws of the

first stallion, their King, and led him away ambling and in great content. And another man came forward and another, both from near and from afar, Dear Daughter, before my astonished eyes. And each one gladly flung his offering into the trawl-tub, each according to his means, and each one took the horse of his choosing and went his way rejoicing. Until they were all gone to their new homes, and the great treasure was given to my hands.

This I held out to Captain Elias and his men, but they would not partake, saying they had no need of it. But our Pastor, at my behest, bade them fill their pockets, lest they come upon poor men who were in need. And into Captain Elias’s pockets I put enough and to spare for the repairing of his Schooner Noel. And to the Pastor I gave a share for the new belfry and for our poor people, should ever the cod fail and the herring.

So I went to our house, Daughter, and made a bundle of \$1000 Canadian and \$300 American, which I am sending to you as I said in the beginning . . .

Now this is the work of my old hands, which are healing, Dear Anne. Now I hear shouting from the Moriarty as she lies at the wharf, and must hasten there with the little colt and with this letter to you. Now I have money to fit out my schooner and buy her a new suit of sails; and I will load lumber for the Barbadoes; on my return, I will bring for you, Beloved Daughter, a pretty thing of laces and satins.

And for the little boy, who speaks my name in his prayers, I will bring a bonny blue hat and a blue long ribbon to it which will unfurl and fly straight in the wind behind him when he gallops and speeds in the lusty days of his youth.

**THE END**

**Read “The Hidden Room,” Blue Ribbon choice for November**

## Afraid of the Dark (Continued from page 63)

questioned them. He sent messages to all the near-by towns to be on the lookout for Homer, and sent a description of him all over the state.

They held a big service in the Baptist church for Homer, and everybody came because everybody knew Homer. His mother was there crying.

There was something kind of spooky about it. People don’t just disappear. Here Homer was running down the street fifty yards in front of a bunch of boys, and then he vanished into the darkness. It was a lot worse, somehow, than if a boy had drowned, or been run over by a train, or anything like that that a man could see and figure what happened. But just to disappear into the night wasn’t right somehow, and it scared people.

It scared children especially. The story of Homer was passed down from father to son, from mother to daughter. The younger kids would be out playing some night and one of them would say, “Listen!”

They’d hear somebody whistling, or imagine they did, and somebody would whisper, “It’s Homer,” and then they’d all bunch up together like frightened sheep, or they’d scatter and bolt for home.

Even older boys would be out some night and somebody would be whistling off in the distance and they’d all look at one another uneasily. So when Dad asked me if I had ever heard of Homer Dawson I knew what he was talking about all right. I had been brought up on Homer.

My father was still standing by the window and finally he turned around.

“Bobby,” he said, and his face was sadder than I had ever seen it. “You musn’t

scare people. It isn’t right, and you musn’t ever do it.”

“All right, Dad,” I said.

He laid a hand on my shoulder. “Sometimes people are afraid of things, and you can’t understand why they are afraid. Sometimes you scare people, and they don’t get over it.”

“I’ve never told you this Bobby, but I’m going to now. You know Homer Dawson and what happened to him. Well, I was the boy who did it. I was the one who thought up the idea of putting on those sheets and scaring Homer. I was the leader. I’ve never forgotten what I did, Bobby, and I’ve paid for it all these years, thinking about it and wishing I had never done it and wondering what happened to poor Homer. I’ve paid for it.”

Dad squeezed my arm, and I knew he had said all he wanted to say so I went upstairs and took my snake and tore it to pieces and threw it in the wastebasket.

When I came downstairs Dad wasn’t there, but I noticed the sliding doors to the parlor were open a crack.

I peeked through and there was Dad. He was kneeling before a chair in the shadowy room, and he had his hands folded on the chair and he was praying. My father was a religious man and prayed often, and whenever he did he went into the parlor by himself and prayed alone. I peeked through the door at him and I knew he was praying for Homer, and I wondered how many times during all those years my father had prayed for that boy who was afraid of the dark.

But you know how boys are. I didn’t brood about the matter because I was





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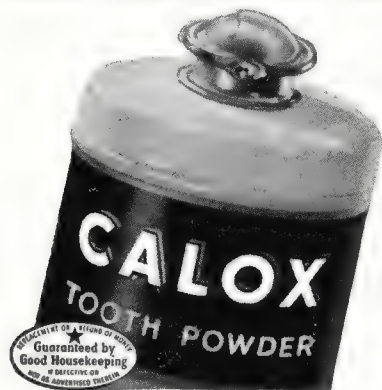


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young and healthy and normal. I don't mean to say I forgot about it, because I didn't. I remembered what Dad said about not scaring people, and I apologized to Miss Wells and she was very nice about it, but I didn't brood about Homer. Except maybe sometimes at night when I'd hear somebody whistling, and I'd shiver a little.

It was a long time afterwards, maybe two years, when my Dad was walking home from work one night. He worked until one o'clock for the railroad, and when he walked home nobody was around because everybody went to bed early in our town. This night he was coming by Brown's hotel when he noticed a light up on the second floor. Dad was used to seeing a light on downstairs in the lobby where the night clerk was, but it was the first time he had ever seen one upstairs at that hour. It got him to thinking.

He went into the lobby and started talking to old Dan the night clerk. Finally Dad said, "Who you got in town new, Dan?"

"We got a feller in today," Dan said. "A traveling man named Thomas."

"Is he up on the second floor?"

Dad said he was.

When my father got home that night he woke Mother up. "Mother," he said dramatically, "I've found Homer."

"Huh?" mother said sleepily.

Dad told her how he had gone by Brown's and seen the light and finally had gone upstairs to see the man who had the light on in his room.

The man came to the door in his pajamas. The bed looked rumpled, as though he had been lying in it.

"He's a little fellow," Dad said. "Homer's size. He has a squeaky voice just like Homer's. He's got a beard, but you take that beard off, and there'd be Homer."

"It just can't be," Mother said.

"But it is," Dad said. "I'm certain of it. He calls himself Thomas. Jim Thomas. He's a traveling man from Chicago, but I know it's Homer. I know what happened. He ran away that night and decided to never come back. Ashamed to, more than likely. So he changed his name and started over. The poor kid."

"This chap seemed sort of scared. You'd have thought I was a detective. I talked with him for quite a while, and he said he was a bachelor and didn't have any folks and just travels around. I didn't say anything about me knowing he was Homer. If he wants to forget I can understand that. How would it be if I invited him for dinner tomorrow night?"

Mother said she thought that would be real nice, him living in a hotel all by himself and having to eat restaurant food and all that, and even if it wasn't really Homer, it would be a nice thing to do.

The following day was Dad's day off and he went by the hotel in the morning and asked the man who called himself Jim Thomas if he'd like to come for dinner for a good home-cooked meal.

When he arrived, we were waiting for him on the porch, and I must say we looked him over. He was nervous and ill at ease, and when we sat down to dinner he just sat there staring at his plate.

Mother was the best cook I've ever known, and she went to town for Mr. Thomas. She started off by bringing in a big platter of corn on the cob right out of our garden. We had nearly a half acre of garden out back, and we couldn't begin to eat the stuff that came out of that garden. I guess Mother had two hundred jars of canned stuff down in the basement. But she always said she liked to have a lot of food on hand. We were all big feeders, and Mother claimed she could never trust a man who didn't eat heavy.

When Mother brought in this plate of ear corn Mr. Thomas perked up a little.

Dad passed him the butter, and he cut himself a wedge and slopped it on his corn and then dusted it off good with salt and pepper and went to work. How that man could eat! It was as if he had never had corn on the cob before in his life. He had six ears, and Mother sat there beaming at him, pleased as punch.

Then Mother brought in a platter of ham from our smoke house and a bowl of lettuce and some fresh garden peas and mashed potatoes with a bowl of brown gravy to go with it and some asparagus and home-baked bread. Mr. Thomas's eyes went big and round. The poor fellow probably hadn't had that kind of eating for years, traveling the way he did.

When the coffee came with a pitcher of golden cream so thick you almost had to spoon it out, Mr. Thomas fell back in his chair and let out a groan. It was the nicest compliment he could have given Mother. She colored and looked down at her plate.

We went out on the porch afterwards, and Dad handed Mr. Thomas a cigar, and we all sat out there in the warm summer evening. Mr. Thomas hadn't said a half-dozen words all evening, and Dad didn't press him. We sat around talking family talk with Mr. Thomas listening, and pretty soon Mother brought out lemonade and homemade cookies. About ten o'clock Mr. Thomas said he thought he'd better be getting back. He thanked Mother, and he and Dad walked down the steps together.

"I'll walk back to the hotel with you," Dad said. "Kind of dark out tonight."

When Dad came back he said, "Well, Mother, it's Homer all right."

"Did he tell you?"

"No, it's more of a feeling I've got than anything else. He's just like Homer, and you notice how pleased he was when I said I'd walk him to the hotel?"

"You know, Mother, for better than twenty years I've felt bad about Homer and what I did to him. The Lord has seen fit to give me a chance to make up my sins. Here Homer lives in a hotel all alone, and I was wondering if it wouldn't be the right thing to ask him to come here and stay with us."

"Is that what you want?" Mother said.

"Yes, it is. It would make me feel a lot better about what happened before, and I'd certainly thank you if you wouldn't think it too much extra work."

"All right," Mother said. "We'll give him the front bedroom."

THE FRONT bedroom had been mine, but they moved me out and into the little room at the back of the house. Mr. Thomas agreed to come readily enough.

Dad wanted him to just move in like one of the family, but Mr. Thomas said that wasn't right and insisted on paying board. He and Dad finally agreed on three dollars a week. Dad said that was way too much, but Mr. Thomas said it wasn't either with meals and everything.

The night Mr. Thomas moved in Dad showed him his room, and after supper, when we all went to bed, Dad waited until Mr. Thomas got into his room and then he turned on the hall light so that it shone into Mr. Thomas's room through the transom. Dad figured Mr. Thomas would be reluctant to burn electricity in his room all night and kept the hall light on so he wouldn't have to lie there scared and too timid to turn on the light.

So every night, last thing before going to bed, Dad would turn on the hall light.

It made a big difference in Dad, having Mr. Thomas there. I caught him one afternoon in the parlor praying and when he saw me he looked up and smiled.

"It's all right son. I'm just thanking the Lord for being so good to me."

Mr. Thomas was the quietest man I ever



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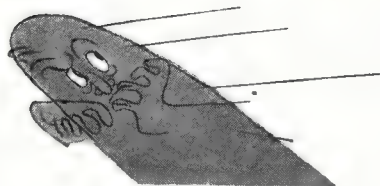


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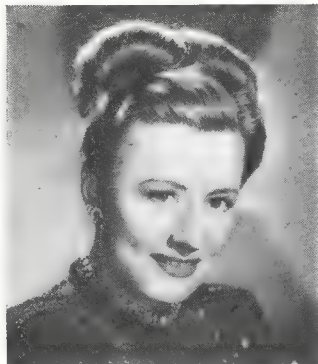
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## My Luckiest Day

BY IRENE DUNNE

A simple nod of the head by a warmhearted stranger changed my life from that of a schoolteacher to a singer and later an actress.

It happened one summer when I had gone up to Chicago from my home in Louisville to visit some cousins. I had finished high school and was intending to go to college that fall, preparatory to becoming a teacher.

My cousins told me that the Chicago College of Music was offering scholarships and suggested I try out for one. They knew I'd been singing down in Louisville in church choirs and at school affairs.

Since I didn't know anyone in Chicago to accompany me, one of the head teachers, Eduardo Sacerdote, offered to play. Neither before nor since have I ever been so nervous. There were the judges sitting there, poker-faced, and I imagined—very wrongly, I'm certain—that they looked terribly stern. My heart thumped so hard I thought surely they must see the beat coming through my dress. Today I can go into a picture like "Anna and the King of Siam" with

confidence, even though I know several million dollars are being gambled on the actors; but that simple song—I've even forgotten now what I sang—meant so much to me then!

Professor Sacerdote began playing. I folded my hands as I'd been doing in choir and tried not to twist my handkerchief. By the end of a few stanzas I knew my nervousness was showing in my voice. It didn't have the fullness that it should have had.

And then I glanced at Professor Sacerdote, and he nodded to me, as much as to say: "You're doing fine." That was what I needed. The heart slowed down, my voice swelled out—and I got the scholarship.

That was the luckiest day of my life. That nod took me to Broadway and then to Hollywood. And that nod seemed like only yesterday when the Chicago College of Music recently conferred a doctor's degree on me. If I had had any degrees to give, I would have conferred them all, long ago, on Professor Sacerdote.

knew. He seldom said anything unless spoken to and he sort of jumped when you did speak to him.

But he was clean and neat and he loved to eat, and Mother said he was one of the nicest men she had ever known, even if maybe he wasn't really Homer.

Mr. Thomas stayed with us for over two years.

He was gone part of the time, of course, two or three days a week traveling, but most of the time he was at our place.

I won't say that we ever got to know him very well because he was so timid and said so little that you couldn't feel very close to him, but we liked him fine. Dad especially. He liked to have him around, and in those two years Dad grew younger and light of heart. He lost that

worried look and was happier than I had ever seen him, and when we went to church on Sunday and knelt in the pew I could see a real glow come to his face, as though he felt that he had been blessed.

ONE DAY Mr. Thomas told us that his firm was moving him to Chicago to take over a much bigger territory.

It was a wonderful break for him, and we were all happy for him. Dad was both happy and sad, but he said it was a real opportunity and one that he mustn't pass up on any account, even though we would certainly miss him.

The night before Mr. Thomas left I was sitting on the back steps when he came out and sat beside me.

He didn't say anything for a while and





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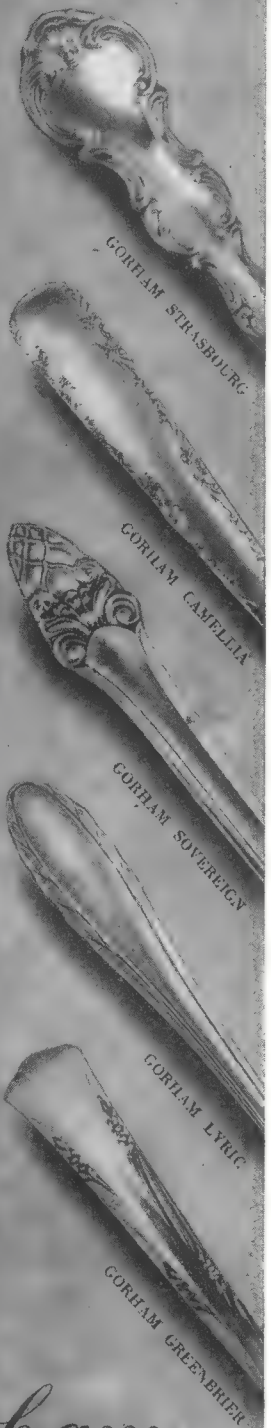
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then finally he said, "I'm going to miss you folks."

"I'm sorry you've got to go," I said.

"There's just one thing I wanted to ask," Mr. Thomas said. "Why does your father always turn on the hall light before he goes to bed?"

"Why, Mr. Thomas," I said, "it's for

you. So you won't be afraid in the dark."

"Oh," Mr. Thomas said. He was quiet a moment.

"You know," he said at last, "I haven't been able to sleep good for two years with that darn light shining right in my face."

THE END

*In view of the volume of manuscripts now being received, may we remind our contributors to attach a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Sending stamps only delays the return of manuscripts which are not suitable*

## What Shall We Do With Mother? (Continued from page 27)

nineteenth century, Mother had a place. That place has disappeared under the varying economic and cultural pressures produced by the great revolution of the last hundred years. The normal American family today is limited to two generations—parents and children. There is little room or work for grandparents.

In a hundred years, the process of urbanization has turned America from a farming country to an industrial society. In 1940, 56½ percent of our population lived in cities. In 1840, 11 percent did. City living and rent paying mean smaller homes—four-room apartments for the middle class instead of eight-room houses; crowded slums for the poor. A place for Mother becomes a question of providing actual physical space.

At the same time, the number of children in the family has dropped, and labor-saving devices and the smaller-sized modern homes have reduced the burden of housework. Mother—or even Aunt Jane, or an unmarried sister—used to be an extra pair of hands to do some of the unceasing women's work. Now she is primarily an extra mouth to feed. And in an urban, industrial society, an extra consumer in the home is more of a drain than in a farming community producing much of its own food. This, again, results in exiling Aunt Jane from the possibility of entering the family group. A century ago, a widowed sister could find a home with a brother. But now the widow has only her own children's families to look to for help. For, as a member of the unemployed, she has no economic bargaining power to make her useful and welcome.

TODAY there are millions of unhappy, unemployed women over fifty in America. A hundred years ago there were few. One of the main causes of such unemployment is the same as the cause for the increase in widows—greater life expectancy.

A girl who was born in 1850 could expect to live only until she was thirty-nine. In the old days, if Aunt Jane was welcomed into her brother's home, it was often a motherless home of six children, including the new baby who had just cost his mother her life. The welcome was to a constant round of household drudgery.

Because there were few older women then, their scarcity made them desirable both to their relatives and to the community.

Thus in the last hundred years, through science and economics, we have made a social world in which the woman of fifty is no longer a worn-out drudge. We have also a new social problem on our hands. Specifically, Caroline has Mother on hers. What can we do about it?

MOST of the sons like George and the daughters-in-law like Caroline, who have to contend with the Mother problem, don't think there is much of anything that can be done about it. They agree,

however, that the problem becomes less of a burden for Caroline and for Mother, too, if the older woman gets herself a job, either outside or inside the family. A job for Mother gets her off Caroline's hands. It also gives her a reason for being where she is and helps Caroline to accept her.

THE JOB can be a paid job or it can be a volunteer job, but it must be a real and worth-while one. No halfhearted ticket selling for a charity that exists only to have tickets sold for its benefit. There were a lot of real and worth-while jobs inside the home for Mother to do during the war. There are no statistics to show how many grandparents cared for their grandchildren between 1941 and 1945.

Even if there were such statistics they would not give a clear picture or tell the whole story. Much more numerous than the families in which the grandparents did the whole job were the families where grandparents functioned on a part-time basis when their help was badly needed—a month or two in the summer, a week when Dad was on leave, two or three afternoons and evenings a week.

Perhaps there is less practical, physical work for grandmothers now, but there is enough to keep her busy if she really wants it. That precious afternoon when grandmother looks after the children can do a lot to sweeten a mother-in-law-daughter-in-law relationship. And there is always a job for the creative imagination.

In primitive and peasant societies it was the traditional function of grandmothers to hand on the folk tales and myths, to teach folk art, to tell the little girls the proper girl-things and to turn the little boys toward the man-things they must learn. In our society we can translate these functions—the telling of stories which add such a valuable time dimension to small folks' lives. Grandma can read aloud. Grandma can help a little girl to cross-stitch a towel. Grandma may be more ready to supervise the first cooking experiments than Mother, who can't bear the thought of cleaning up afterwards.

BUT, SAYS Caroline, George's mother doesn't want outside activities. She says bringing up her own family was enough; she isn't anxious to take on the same work again in someone else's home.

If that is the situation—and it is sometimes, but not always—perhaps there is no solution.

At least there is no solution for a mother who wants to be unemployed. But what about Caroline herself? How old are her own children? How long will it be before she becomes somebody's mother-in-law? It won't hurt her to start thinking now of the predicament she will be in when she is over fifty and alone. How long will that be? What precautions can she take to avoid being unwanted and





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MR. RUSSELL PATTERSON, DISTINGUISHED DESIGNER AND ILLUSTRATOR

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unhappy when that day finally comes?

One precaution, of course, is the economic one which can be taken by her husband. An adequate insurance program, designed realistically to meet the future costs of living, will help Caroline maintain self-respect and independence in her old age. But economics is only half of this problem. We all know of mothers and mothers-in-law with sizable bank accounts who are just as much a burden on their children as they would be without a penny.

A widow should have spiritual as well as financial independence. Recently I talked with a psychiatrist who deals constantly with women of all ages and classes. He told me that the type of wife most difficult for him to help and the type of widow most difficult for her family to contend with is the woman who suffers from "housewife's neurosis."

"You know what I mean," he said. "Their mouths purse up and all the magazines on their living room tables are always straight."

This is the type of wife who cuts herself off completely from everything in life except her husband, her children and her home. When her children grow up and leave her and when she loses her husband and her home, she herself is lost. She knows nothing of the busy, impersonal social life of our time, and she pays for that lack of knowledge.

I TALKED next with Margaret Mead, the famed anthropologist. She went right on from where the psychiatrist left off.

"The most valuable women in the world," she said, "are the ones who've raised families, who've always wanted to do more outside the home than they could when the children were small, and who take the opportunity to do so as the children grow older. Society runs hours and hours on the volunteer work of women like this. . . . Women who've made children an excuse for staying entirely within the bounds of their homes are the dangerous ones—the ones who turn into the horrible "Moms" everyone's afraid of. But women who've managed to bring up families and still keep an eye on the outside world are the force by which literally hundreds of community activities are kept going."

Look around at the widowed mothers of your friends and neighbors. Here and there you will find one who seems to be as happy as any older woman can be under such circumstances, one who seems self-sufficient and who is no trouble to

her children or to anybody else. Almost invariably she measures up to Mrs. Mead's ideal; she is a mother who mastered the none-too-easy task of keeping abreast of the rest of the world while her family was growing up.

TAKE for example a woman I know in a Southern city. During her married life, she had little time to participate in social or business affairs outside of her home. But her husband was a doctor, and she followed with interest his efforts to build up a public-health center in their community. As her four children reached their teens, she managed to find a few hours a week to do committee work in connection with the clinic.

When her husband died a few years ago, he left her with more than fifty thousand dollars in insurance. This made her financially secure. But if she had been as insecure in the other fundamental necessities of life as most new American widows in their fifties, she would have withdrawn the money from her bank and moved North to lean on one of her married sons or daughters for love and companionship. Instead she stayed in the South, set up a new, smaller home and began to devote her full time and energy to the clinic. Now she has a responsible position there, directing the work of twenty-one nurses. She visits her children regularly, enjoys them and their families, advises them only when they seek her advice. She does not intrude on their lives because she is too busy living the new life that she has designed for herself.

It should be easier, of course, for us, the women in our thirties and forties, to find now and to maintain during the years to come a productive interest outside our homes. We have had more education, usually, than our mothers, and many of us, unlike the women of previous generations, have held jobs at one time or another. Now is the time for us to begin to extend past our front doors, our knowledge, our opinions, our reactions. We don't need to go around looking for opportunities, or try to whip up an artificial interest in the United Nations or flower arrangement. Jobs are looking for us.

Perhaps we can't solve the problem of what to do with our own or our husband's mother today. That problem belongs to the older woman. But we can make the problem easier for our children—and by so doing live out productive lives of our own in contentment and dignity.

THE END

Laura Z. Hobson's new novel, "Gentleman's Agreement," deals with an outstanding problem in America. Don't miss the first installment in November

Lost (Continued from page 43)

was not lion country. There wasn't enough game for lions.

Now for the plans: Camp for the night. Collect wood for a fire while it was still light. Climb a tree to see if he could see his boys' campfire. Watch for the dawn to come, and having found east, try to figure out where he was. When he had set out this morning, the sun had been behind him. If he'd kept going that way, by walking into the sun tomorrow he should be going in the right direction. But in this bush it would be easy to walk right past the camp; he might even now have overshot it; each step he took might be taking him farther into the desert.

Water was the real problem. It was lack of it that made the place a desert. It was hard to see how the trees lived, but they did. Probably their roots went very deep, and in the spring there were rains. Men had gone right across the desert in the spring, but they were bold, experienced men. I should have brought a hunter with me, he thought, but then if I had, he would have known what I was after. If he found minerals, he didn't want any other man knowing about it. He was here because of a story he'd heard about a leegte—a kind of open flat into which minerals had been washed for hundreds of years whenever there

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were big rains. They had not been discovered because during the rains they were under water—the leegte was turned into a big shallow pan—and after the rains no one would get at it. That was why he'd taken all those water butts with him on his wagon. His wagon was camped at the last certain water now. If only he'd stayed there. If only he'd remembered what he was doing. Prospecting for a lake of jewels—he even had a rough map of where it was supposed to be—instead of hunting. A man should stick to his business. But he could have done with the meat, and the buck had tempted him, a big bull. He'd stood there in the open, the early sun glinting on his curved corkscrew horns. "Led me on, that's what he did. Led me on..."

He collected a good pile of dead wood for his fire and found a place to camp—a bare piece of ground by an old anthill. The vulture tree was about fifty yards away. He had not wanted to leave it completely, because it was a sort of center to work from. One thing which was definitely recognizable. The vultures had come back now. They were settled all over the bare branches—scattered like black fruit hunched against the setting sun. As soon as it was really dark, he'd climb a tall tree near by and see if he could spot the fire at his camp. The boys, if they were worth a damn, would make a big blaze. But were they worth a damn? Did they want him back? Would what they could steal be worth more than the wages he owed them? Besides their wages were there, in the wagon, in a suitcase.

It got dark and he climbed the tree. He saw nothing. All he got for his pains were some thorns in his hands. The night was blue-black and silent. The only thing that broke the silence was the laughing cry of a hunting jackal and once, as he shivered in the cold before dawn, he heard the hoot of an owl.

Breakfast was a mouthful of water and some shredded biltong. But now he knew his directions, east and west. I'll walk into the sun, he thought. He tightened his belt and set off. His rifle was loaded and on safe. He might see something. One could drink blood and sometimes a buck had water in the stomach. He'd heard that somewhere. It would make a good story when he got back home. He'd turn the jackals he'd heard into lions—jazz it up a bit. He felt much better this morning. What, after all, was there to be frightened of? Everyone had been lost at some time or other. Even Piet Reteif...

Sometimes two hundred yards away from Bill Foster, sometimes as little as fifty yards away was T'Cheto, a bushman from Namaqual, and he was interested in the white man's movements. He could not, for instance, understand why he did not go back to his camp.

**B**ILL FOSTER walked all day. He sweated out the little water left in him. He sweated the water out of his blood. He could feel his innards shrinking as his juices dried. His tongue was coated, then it became too big for his mouth, but he kept on. Soon, any time now, he knew he must strike the spoor of his wagon. That was why he'd kept edging a little to the north, that is to the left. I'll pick up the spoor and follow it, he thought. Sometimes he thought he might have overdone it a little, gone a bit too much north; if he had, it only meant it would be a bit farther once he hit the wheel tracks and it was better to be on the safe side. If he'd struck to the southeast, he might have missed it altogether by overshooting it.

Actually he was a little proud of his woodcraft. Better have a rest though, better stop a bit. He sat down with his back to a tree. He stood the gun beside

him so that if anything came, he could reach it. It was queer not seeing anything. No game at all. Not even any birds. No khorraan, no partridge, no francolins that Boers called pheasants, not even any doves. Seeing that koodoo bull yesterday had been funny too, because it was the first thing that he'd seen for a week, except for the giant bustard.

If only he could find a pan. Even if it was dry, by scraping down, he'd get some water or some moist earth. There should be game about. Why, many kinds of the buck were independent of water. The dew was enough for them and the succulent plants and wild melons. Of course, his camping by the spring might have driven everything to other water. Water. The word took the place in his mind that "lost" had yesterday. He knew now that he was lost or nearly lost. As soon as he picked up his wagon spoor, he'd be all right, but he had to have water.

He looked ahead through the trees. You could really see farther sitting down. The country was like an English park. The grass was short, the trees clear of branches near the ground. Looking between the tree trunks, he saw that there seemed to be more open ground in front of him. The trees seemed to get thinner. He got up and when he had gone a few hundred yards, he saw a leegte opening up in front of him. At the far end of it was a lake. Vast, placid and blue, it lay across the whole end of the clearing reaching into the bush on either side. Standing in the water were immense herds of game, springbok, gemsbok, giraffe drinking with spread legs. What a sight to see. But you couldn't catch him that way. Neither nature nor God could trick him. That was a mirage—the shimmering heat created the illusion of water, and the game was somewhere, perhaps a hundred miles away, transferred by some atmospheric trick of providence at this very moment when he was here and dying of thirst and hunger. A mirage could not trick an animal, only a man. An animal smelt water long before it saw it. Again he was astonished at his knowledge of nature, the habits of men and beasts, and the controlled cynicism of his outlook. He was not going to be panicked again.

He marched on. And as he marched, the lake retreated. But he saw something else. Not more than five hundred yards away, there was a glint of light. It might have come from the sun striking a rifle barrel or a bright new can—or a bottle. But why should any of those things be here in the Kalahari?

Looking down at the ground, he noticed how smooth it was, quite hard too, with no tussocks of grass or bushes. The leegte was ending, turning into a dry pan. Why, in the rains, this place must be a lake. He looked up again. The glint he had seen had increased. It lay like a bright streak across the gray earth. He hurried. Even his thirst was forgotten. This was the pan he had been looking for. Two hundred miles from where it was supposed to be and he'd stumbled on it by accident.

He flung himself on his knees. Jewels. A king's ransom. The words sprang to his mind as he picked up the shining pebbles. Garnets, olivines, rubies, diamonds, sapphires, were drifted with quartz and gold nuggets, against a narrow outcropping ledge of rock. He saw at once how it had happened. For hundreds of years, everything for miles around had been washed over this ledge and had been caught by the rim of rock. The heaviest metals and pebbles had been banked against it. There was no mining to do; nothing to do but shovel the stuff up and sort it. And if I had not gotten lost, he thought, I should never have come across it.

It was amazing how one's luck change I



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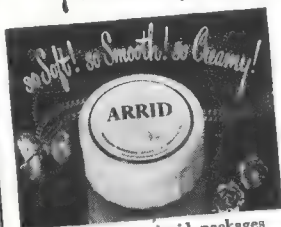
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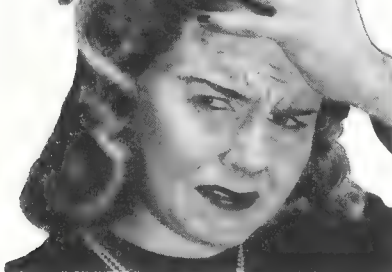


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sometimes. How the things you thought would turn out well went wrong, and the wrong things went right. Now all he had to do was to pick up his wagon's spoor—it must be quite near here—and his fortune was made. If only he had a drink.

He'd put a pebble in his mouth and suck it. He remembered about that. Sucking helped to induce the flow of saliva. But I'll pick a good one, he thought. He picked over those nearest to him. He picked twenty varied rough stones that showed their crystalline quality through the iron deposits on them and put them in the little rawhide bag that he used for a purse. Then he chose another one to suck. It was dark red and about the size of a marble. He put it in his mouth and then took it out. He'd forgotten to wipe it. His mouth was gritty with sand. It was hard to spit.

He should have remembered that if a man is moving in waterless country, he should always carry a couple of nice shiny pebbles in his pocket. There was such a lot to remember. But one lived and learned and none of the old-timers, who knew all these things, had found this jewel drift. There was talk of it all over from Joburg to Windhoek, from Durban to the Cape. Talk in bars and in camps, but he was the one who'd found it . . .

He picked up more pebbles and ran them through his hands. Bags of them, he thought. Hundreds of bags, as if they were corn or oats. Big sacks filled with jewels. He'd got most of the grit out of his mouth now with his fingers and was sucking the pebble again. Then something struck him. Something funny. The pan had been on his line of march. That was what had been so lucky. I was going east, he thought. East—east. But if I'm going east, why is the sky red in front of me?

THAT TIME I rested by the tree, he thought, I must have dozed off. A man could doze off if he was exhausted. And he had been very tired, pretty near all in so—well, maybe he had slept a little.

One part of his mind was making excuses about himself to the other part of his mind, as if he were explaining to his boss, making excuses for being sleepy; but the boss part wasn't paying much attention. It was saying, "Well, so what? Suppose you did sleep awhile, who cares? Here you are going west, when you thought you were going east and if you're not careful, you'll soon be going for a very long sleep indeed. Your last one."

And then a third part of his mind, the temper part, the devil part, kept telling him, "Don't worry, Bill Foster, don't worry at all. You'll beat the rap. And look at your luck. Look what I did for you. Sent you a koodoo bull to lead you to a treasure trove. Think of what you'll do with your money. Think of the duplex penthouse, the yacht, the cars, the clothes, the wine, the food, the girls. That's what you came for, wasn't it, Bill Foster? You didn't come to hunt. You didn't come to see Africa. You came because they told you there was money to be made here. Things to be picked up. And you were smart not to want to share them with anybody. Why, if you'd had a hunter with you, he'd never have followed the koodoo the way you did. He wouldn't have dared. They're a timid lot, those hunters, full of old wives' tales. You've got to take risks, Foster."

The jewels shone like red fire in the sunset. Now the whole sky glowed. And against the glow, standing out above the dark line of the bush, was a great dead tree. Getting to his feet, he turned towards it. Dominating the red horizon, it drew him like a magnet. His luck had changed. This was without doubt the tree he had been looking for. His troubles

were almost over. He was out of the leegte now and back in the parklike bush.

It was getting dark and his feet dragged. But he'd get to the tree and camp there. And tomorrow he'd find the wagon. It was amazing to think how near he had been to the jewel drift and the leegte—amazing—but that was Africa. You could pass within fifty yards of your camp and miss it. That was why he had been so clever in striking back to pick up his trail. In that way, you couldn't miss.

The trunk of the big tree loomed up between the lesser bush. Here he was at last. But what was there funny about it, something familiar? The smell of carrion. He looked up. Silhouetted against the near-dark sky were the vultures. He'd walked all day and was back. The leegte had been quite near him when he had set out. His trick of easing himself to the north, that is the left, had recoiled. He remembered suddenly that one always tends to go to the left unless one is left handed, because the right leg, being a little stronger, pushes one over, and because there is a tendency to pass things on the left which always appears the downward side. His mind played with this problem. Why, if you drove a car on the right should you keep going left . . .

He felt like a wounded animal. He recognized his method of falling and said in his mind: "That's the way a big buck falls when he's hard hit—he staggers and collapses." He took a kind of interest in his falling. The ground was still quite hot and very hard. This pleased him too.

In some curious academic manner, he appreciated his sensations, checking them back against his knowledge in a kind of psychic double entry. Entries in the red, he thought, all in the red, like the red jewels, and the red sky. He laughed a little at that and then he began to cry. Even while he cried, he wondered where the water for his tears came from. But there were not many tears. It was a kind of dry sobbing that hurt his throat. It was frustration and fury as much as fear. And in his mind was the taste of tears when he was a little boy, and of once when he'd cried over a woman as a young man. How salt they had been then—how hot. There was a poem or something about salt tears. But these were hardly salt at all. The reason was that all the salt was out of him, crusted on his skin, burning it, whitening his shirt with sweaty crystals. But it showed the quality of his mind to have figured it out. It showed keenness, perception, ability to synthesize.

In the distance, a jackal was hunting. A second jackal took up the cry and the hunt. An ant crawled over his wrist, but he did not feel it. He was sleeping. His hands moved. They grasped at the ground. In his sleep, he was filling bags with jewels, filling them as if the jewels were corn. And they were—the seed corn of pleasure. He was stacking the bags of jewels. Stacking bags of pleasure. Enough pleasure to kill a thousand men.

FIVE hundred yards away, with his tiny fire hidden in a depression, T'Cheto, the bushman, composed himself for sleep. That is to say, he curled up to sleep as near the fire as he could get. So near that if he had not been calloused by old fire burns, he would have burnt his belly. For two days he had followed the white man. When he had come with his donkey wagon to the spring, the bushman had hung about watching. White men were rare, interesting and dangerous. To watch one, when one had time, that is to say a few days' food stored up, was an amusement and an education. It could also, with a certain turn of circumstance, be profitable.

But this white man was a funny one. First he wounded a koodoo and then lost



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it, being unable to follow a blood spoor which, to a bushman, was as plain as a river bed. T'Cheto had followed the koodoo which had died about six hours after being hit. He had had a fine feast of the meat, had taken some with him to eat, and had hung the rest in a tree where it was safe from vultures or jackals. Then he had come back and picked up the white man's spoor, and for his trouble he had obtained six very fine brass shell cases. This was a fortune. Three of them would buy him a wife. The others would embellish his appearance and make the most excellent storage receptacles for snuff, or for the pigments he used for painting his pictures.

T'Cheto had also obtained, the very first night when he had crawled up to the wagon, three empty cans which were in every way superior as vessels to either ostrich eggs or tortoise shells, being both lighter and stronger. There were also bottles that he would get later and hide. These he could use for water storage.

So, sleeping by his little fire, the bushman dreamed of women and fame and riches. And in the dead tree, the vultures no doubt dreamed too, for vultures are birds of great prescience, birds who well know when a man or a beast is doomed and wait patiently on circling wings for the end, or for almost the end...

With the cold of dawn, the bushman woke and ate some koodoo meat and drank some water from one of the ostrich eggs he carried slung in a net of woven fiber over his shoulder. When he had finished his breakfast, he took snuff, holding each nostril alternately as he sniffed and sneezed and the water ran from his eyes. There was no hurry about the white man. He would not go far but even if he had had a horse, T'Cheto, could still have spooed him. But there was certainly no hurry. It was not even worth going to see what state he was in because he knew already by looking at the vultures. Some of them rose into the sky but they made only small circles and then came down on lower trees near by—others went straight to the ground. There was much time. He took more snuff.

It had not occurred to him to go to the white man and lead him back to the wagon. He did not love white men. Once, when a child, he'd been the slave of one of them. Servant they called it, but he was a slave. After a year he had escaped, but that had cured him of white men. On the other hand, he had had no desire to kill this white man, which he could easily have done with a single poisoned arrow. No, a white man was a phenomenon that he had traveled many hundreds of miles to avoid. But if one came into this part of the world, which he considered his, and chose to go mad here marching first into the rising and then the setting sun, shooting at buck and not following them, passing within sight of his camp and not going to it, and finally playing like a child with shining stones that were not even as useful as glass, since they were so hard that they could not be worked, it was no concern of his. Many beasts went mad. Wildebeeste, for instance, with worms in their brains. This white man had a worm in his brain and must therefore perish. When he perished there would be things of interest to pick up. A water bottle, a canteen, some tobacco, more cartridges which could be exploded in a fire. In his year among white people, he had learned about some of their conveniences, and he was considered very modern by the more conservative members of his tribe on the rare occasions when he met them.

There were no vultures to be seen now. They must all be down. He went towards the great tree. As he went, there was a

cry, followed by another. So the birds had not waited. They had probably attacked his eyes. The eyes first, then the softness of the belly. That was the vulture's way.

The cries went on. It occurred to him that men dying cried as animals do, but for longer. By the time he reached the great tree, the cries had stopped. The man was not visible, only vultures, a mass of them pulling, striking at each other with their wings. He picked up a stick, and threw it at them. They left the body and rose with flapping wings onto the near-by trees. They sat there looking at the bushman and the dead white man. Some had bloody beaks. All sat with their shoulders hunched about the white frills that surrounded their bare necks. They were waiting for him to finish what he had come for, and to go. When he went, they would come back; then the jackals would come and the hyenas, the ants, the flies.

The body was not much damaged. The eyes had gone and part of the face; the clothes were torn. But the fine leather belt with a brass buckle was intact and there were three cartridges left in it. And there was a water bottle fastened to it by a strap. In the pocket of the shirt, he found some cigarettes. In the trouser pocket, some silver coins and a clasp knife. In the other pocket, a little bag with shining stones from the leegte. There was also one of these in his mouth. It had still been there when he was killed and showed through a tear in his cheek. The bushman pried it out with his fingers. Certainly this man must have had worms in his brain to be trying to eat stones.

The bushman stood up and looked about. That seemed all. The vultures raised their heads to look at him. More vultures were falling like stones from the sky. The bushman made a new hole in the belt to make it fit his tiny waist and then turned away. It was ended. He would go back to his koodoo meat and wait for the wagon to go back whence it had come. It would do that, he knew, once the boys were certain their master was lost. It did not seem strange to the bushman that they had made no effort to seek him. Anyone should have known that they were not good boys just by looking at them. They were drinkers and thieves, smokers of dagga. In a few days they would go and they would say, "the white man is lost." And the police would send out a patrol, but they would find nothing; nor would they look too hard because they would know that only a bushman could live here; and they would be afraid of getting lost themselves, and their horses needed too much water...

The days that followed were very good for the bushman. Everything happened as he had thought it would. The white man's boys made a cursory search of the bush and inspanning their donkeys headed them back. At the abandoned camp he found more cans, a lot of bottles which he filled with water, stoppered with a mixture of beeswax and clay and hid in various places in the desert. There they were a vast improvement on the ostrich eggs he generally used. He exploded his three shells in a fire and had three more snuff containers to trade.

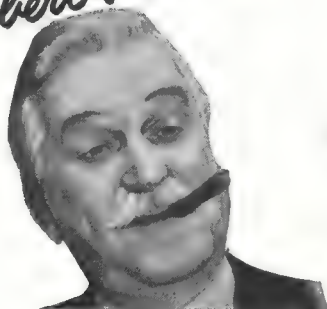
After leaving the camp, hunting was good. He found two bees' nests, and the crop of wild bulbs was plentiful. Hunting as he went and going slowly, he made his way to a cave he used sometimes. Something was moving in his brain, an impulse that drew him to the rocky harborage. He knew what it was, though he had no actual word for it. But because of it, he deflected his course somewhat to get more clays—more red and yellow ochers and the chalk he needed for his purpose. The desire to create was strong. He





RKO  
PRESENTS

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IN  
**Lady Luck**



with  
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Executive Producer ROBERT FELLOWS • Produced by WARREN DUFF  
Directed by EDWIN L. MARIN • Screen play by Lynn Root and Frank Fenton





*On a pedestal*



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wished to register what had occurred and by the time he had reached the cave, the pattern was clear in his mind.

What he executed on the overhung wall of granite in red and yellow ocher, white chalk, and black, made of calcined bones, was the saga of the white man's death and his own sudden inheritance of wealth. He drew the wagon and the donkeys. He drew the white man. He drew the vultures. He drew himself in a distant corner and himself again after the vultures were done with the man. He also drew the koodoo and himself hunting it.

When he had finished, he spent a couple of days admiring his work and then left, knowing that any bushman who passed there would know the tale. His impulse satisfied, he left the place and went towards the great river two hundred miles away. Here he thought he might find more of his people. A family perhaps that would be willing to give him a wife for three brass shell cases. But unfortunately, in the vicinity of the river, he was found by two mounted policemen who were there investigating the murder of a Boer. His canteen attracted their attention and when they examined it and found Foster's name on it, they became suspicious. They had an interpreter with them who understood the clicks of the bushman tongue.

The big policeman, the one with the red hair, was much impressed with this find. "That's the name of the man who disappeared," he said. "Coetzee took out a patrol to look for him."

The other policeman nodded in agreement for the first one was his superior and indeed was perfectly right in what he said. "That's the man whose donkey wagon the boys brought back. I always thought they might have done it."

"If they had done it," the red one said, "they would not have come back and reported it. Nor would the money, clothes and other things have been intact. But this bushman may have done it." He said to the interpreter, "Ask him about the white man and where he got the canteen."

They spoke together, and the two policemen sat on their horses watching. They saw the bushman point over his shoulder and nod his head. The interpreter said, "He will show us where he lies."

**A** WEEK later the bushman led the three horsemen—the two policemen and the interpreter to the great tree where the vultures perched. He led them by a devious route not touching the leegte where the jewels lay, for he knew that though they were useless, they were in some way coveted by white men and he did not love white men. It being full daylight, the tree was bare of its carrion fruit, but it stank and the chalk dung of the birds blazed white in the burning sunshine.

While the mounted men sat their horses, the bushman cast about like a gun dog—pointing, giving little cries and grunts. He could not have run away because the short grass gave no cover, and the policemen carried carbines and were mounted. The bushman held up a skull. The red one told the interpreter to put it in a bag. The second policeman who had a turn of humor said, "Exhibit, number one."

Both policemen now dismounted and looked about while the bushman pointed. They walked on the bare ground where the white man had died, dragging their horses after them. The horses snorted with wide red nostrils because horses do not like the smell of carrion. The policemen spat. The half-breed bushman interpreter sat beside his horse, caring nothing one way or the other. He was an interpreter, a tracker, and he polished the buttons and cleaned the boots and leg-

gings of the white men. He also groomed, fed and watered horses.

There were no bones left, only the skull. The bones left by the vultures had been picked and cracked, except the largest, by the jackals. Then the large ones had been consumed for their marrow by the hyenas and except for a chip or two, there was nothing left. But the Mauser rifle was there, with the safety catch on and an undischarged cartridge in the breech. And there were a few rags of clothes, what was left of shoes, and a hat, and a little leather bag. "What's in the bag?" the redheaded one said.

The younger policeman opened the bag and poured the rough stones into his hand.

"Diamonds," the redheaded policeman said, "and rubies—garnets. It's a strike."

"Yes, it's a strike all right," the other said, "but where is it?"

"Ask him where it is."

The interpreter asked. The bushman made a wide sweep of his arm and looked upwards. He clicked his tongue twice.

"He doesn't know," the interpreter said. "We'll arrest him for murder," the red-head said.

"You mean unless he tells us . . ."

"Tell him that."

The interpreter told him. The bushman clicked and pointed. "He says we are to come with him."

They handcuffed him and fastened the cuffs onto a dog chain and tied the chain to the younger policeman's stirrup iron. At night they tied his legs, hobbling him like a horse. A week later, he led them to his cave and pointed to the picture.

"What's all this?" the redhead said.

"He says it's the picture he made of what took place. It is the koodoo hunt and the death of the white man."

"Documentary evidence," the young policeman said.

"Why did he bring us here? Where are the stones? Where is the place they came from?" the redhead said.

The bushman and the interpreter spoke. Then the interpreter said, "He does not know where they come from. He says there are such stones everywhere—also nowhere."

The redhead said, "Let him go."

"Let him go?"

"Ja—maak los—let him loose. The investigation is over. He knows nothing."

The younger policeman undid the handcuffs with a key. The sergeant opened a saddle holster and pulled out a roll of tobacco which he gave to the bushman. The bushman took it and slipped off into the trees. This was a great deal of tobacco. The time he had spent with the police had been well spent. The food had been good, and except for the slight discomfort of the handcuffs, nothing had been at all unpleasant. In addition, here was another fine picture to make. A new saga of himself and the mounted policemen. He began to see himself as the most important artist of these parts.

When the bushman had gone, the sergeant opened the bag of stones and divided them. He took all the best ones and gave the young policeman the others. "The incident is now closed," he said.

The interpreter got nothing. He did not expect anything. But later when they slept, he might steal a few from them and besides, there was the big one he had found where the man had died. He had worked in Kimberley and knew diamonds. That was why he had put his foot on it and grasped it between his toes. He had wanted to buy a pair of old boots from the young policeman, but the price had been too high. Now he'd be able to buy a new pair and have some money over—a lot of money. It was really the first time he'd had such a run of luck.

**THE END**





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bleached the color of Betty Grable's hair. She wore no cheek rouge or powder so that the freckles scattered across her nose glistened. This was an affectation which her friends called—in turn—amusing, petulant or absurd. Her lips were painted a color, called by her cosmetician "scandalous cerise," which had been especially designed for Anne. Her eyes were beautiful—chocolate brown and round as dollars—but she had attempted to tip them at the corners with a lining pencil. Instead of hanging downwards as is the way of hair, when left to its own inclination, Anne's was drawn up and knotted directly on top of her head. Anne called this her washwoman's knot, but no daughter of the tubs ever lacquered the back and sides of her head as Anne did. For Anne reflected the mood of her house as if she had been a mirror—polished and unreal and not as she was intended to be.

"Do you think Abigail would like the carousel horse, darling?" Anne asked. "She could straddle it when she had nothing more sinister to do."

Drew said, "Don't." As soon as Anne returned from Reno he was going to marry Abigail Loring.

Anne laughed. "Yes, I did forget how absurd she would look on Roger"—this was the name given the horse by a male hat designer—"with all her awful legs showing. I always feel that Abigail has more legs than most people because they're so bad."

Drew went to the window and pushed aside the raffia strings that Anne had wheedled from a film director who had used them in a South Sea Island picture. Anne said she liked this window decoration because it was so vulgar.

Drew looked down into the garden.

There everything was purposeful—for shade and security, the big tree, planted sixty years ago when the house was built; the flagstone paths to walk on; the tulips bordering the walk for beauty. It was this old garden set down like an oasis in the middle of New York that had lured them into taking an entire town house when they barely had the money for a one-room, kitchenette apartment. For Drew's salary at the radio station in those days—ten years ago—would not cover their liquor bills now, and Anne's conventional but quite pretty flower paintings were selling not at all.

THEY had been looking for a one-room kitchenette when they saw the house wearing its modest "to let" sign. The doors were open because workmen were inside. Wordlessly, moving as if they were one person instead of two, as they so often moved in those days, they had walked inside, through the lower hall and out into the garden. Anne looked up at Drew. "I didn't know New York had anything like this," she said. "Why, it's like—it's like home."

Then her cheeks were pink and the powder dusted across her nose partly concealed the freckles. Her thick, brown hair hung heavy to her shoulders, and her eyes were round as dollars with no false titbiting at the corners. "Oh, Drew, my darling," she said passionately. "Imagine living here. Imagine you and me here in this garden of a summer evening."

He kissed her in full view of a painter in spotted overalls. "Imagine," he said. "It's not for the likes of us."

She stood away from him. "And why not?" she asked. "What's wrong with the likes of us?"

"Nothing's wrong with us. We're perfect. But the financial system is wrong."

"Oh, that!" she said scornfully and ran inside. He watched as her face appeared at a second-floor window. She made elaborate gestures pantomiming "wonderful," "marvelous," "gorgeous." Then she was at the third-floor window with more gestures denoting more wonder. She waved to him from the fifth floor and indicated that she was coming down.

When she joined him in the garden her face wore what Drew called her "planning look." "We're going to take it," she said. She spoke so quickly that the words stumbled over one another. "We can swing it, we can. We've got to have it. We'll live on the first floor, which gives us the garden, and we'll rent out the other floors to lots of nice people like us, and it's absolutely right and you know it."

"There's a little matter of furniture," he said.

"You just wait, Drew Walker!"

Anne bought the furniture "on time"—cheap, chintzy, Early American copies, but the chairs were to sit on and the beds to sleep in and the draperies before the windows to shut out early morning light. The upper floors were rented to young couples and bachelors and business girls in defiance of the lease, which Anne took out in Aunt Harriet's name because she was rich and could give substantial bank references.

The house had been real and alive then, and Drew and Anne had their garden where they sat under the tree and held hands unmindful of the tenants.

DREW turned from the window and looked at the glazed caricature of the woman who had been his wife. She was

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*this exciting  
Bouquet*

seated cross-legged on the floor, as she so often sat since a Broadway juvenile had told her she looked guileless thus. She was writing in a white leather book on which her name was spelled out in lower case block letters. "I'm making this list," she said. "And I'd like you to tell me what Abigail wants. Dividing all the stuff in this house is going to be hell."

"Anne," Drew said, "when did you meet Roy Jones Hammett?"

"That lamb? That utterly divine lamb? I don't know—five, six years ago. Why?"

Five, six years ago. That was when Anne's success story had begun. Anne had acquired a children's book to illustrate "on spec." The story concerned a little girl who visited the zoo and that night dreamed of a world citizenized by animals the like of which had never been seen outside a child's dream. Anne gave her bright imagination its head, and because she was so close to childhood in both time and emotion she had drawn vividly. In those days she did not know her work was naïve or petulant or cruel.

Drew had left the office early and he was in the garden when Anne, looking no more than fifteen herself, came running out to him. She was wearing a cheap brown coat with a velvet collar and a round hat on the back of her head. "Oh, my precious," she cried out. "Oh, darling Drew. Listen to what happened. Listen. Mr. Dutton is crazy about the animals and is publishing the book right away, but that's not the best. I met Roy Jones Hammett in his office. You know, the Hammett Galleries. And he's crazy about the animals, too. He says I have a—primitive naïveté with all the cruelty of childhood"—she giggled—"whatever that means. Do you know? I don't. And he wants me to work like the dickens and do a lot of what he calls my mad quadrupeds, and he'll give me a one-man show at the Hammett Modern Galleries. There! Isn't that wonderful?"

They kissed and clung to each other and did not care that the schoolteacher who occupied the fourth-floor back was looking at them.

"It was taking this house," Anne said at last. "This house brought us luck. I know it. I feel it. We're going to be rich and get rid of all the tenants, and it will all be ours for us to be very grand in."

Drew had looked up then at the house with its turned-out shutters, its windows looking down at him as if they were watching eyes all in one face and, for what reason he could not have told, a shiver ran through his body.

"Drew," Anne said. "What's the matter? You shuddered."

"It's cold," he said. "Let's go in." So they went inside where Anne mixed highballs with the Scotch she had bought to celebrate this great day.

**THEN** Roy Jones Hammett came to the house. He came the day after Anne's one-man show had been the great success it was, the day the art critics had said her drawings were even more guileless than Rousseau's and possessed the naïve cruelty of childhood.

He left his pearl-gray gloves, his Malacca stick and his gray fedora on the drop-leaf table in the hall. He sat on the comfortable sofa and looked about the room with disdain biting into the corners of his soft mouth. Finally he said in the studied voice he had borrowed from an actor, his pronunciation with almost no trace of a Middle Western accent, "Anne, my pet, why don't you take out that rather horrid Dutch cupboard there and paint a mural instead? I visualize an audacious giraffe, his languid neck arched to the ceiling."

"But if I take out the Dutch cupboard,"

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Anne had said, "where'll we put the dishes we eat on?"

Roy Jones Hammett waved this protest aside with his smooth, cream-white hand. "A house," he said, "is a background. It is only the yokelery that think a house is to eat and sleep in. And this house is a perfect background for you. Get rid of the wretched little people who infest the place and then really do this house. It's such a frightfully amusing idea for an *artiste* with your decadent girlishness to live in a righteous old town house and turn it into a twentieth-century jade."

Drew had expected to hear Anne giggle. He was faintly disturbed that she had not, but more disturbing was the tremor he felt run through the house, a tremor of protest, somehow. A heavy truck had passed through the street.

Almost overnight, it seemed, they were rich. Anne became the rage. The decorators exploited her talents shamelessly and nobody who was anybody considered doing or redoing a country house or a town apartment without having on the walls an audacious giraffe, a petulant mouse or a trivial rhinoceros.

Drew, too, became important. On the day Anne had her one-man show he had been given his own radio program to produce and from then on nothing could stop him. So they became a golden couple with their names in the papers and legends created about them to be repeated over smart dinner tables. And if one heard the drawl (Anne had borrowed it from Roy Jones Hammett) over the telephone saying, "Darling, do come Thursday eightish," then one was made.

The tenants, the young couples, bachelors and business girls were thrown out along with the Dutch cabinet, the Early American copies, Aunt Harriet's luster plate and the porcelain lamb they had bought the first Christmas they were married when they were so broke. And as the house changed, so did Anne.

She dressed during the day in man-tailored suits with an Ascot at the throat, and at night she wore full skirts and peasant blouses in bright colors. She gave up stockings and painted her toenails, and she wore only the soles of shoes with leather thongs drawn between her toes and tied around her ankles.

**SHORTLY** after they had taken the house Anne had said, "It's such a marvelous place for our children." And Drew had asked, "How many?"

"Two of each and right away," she said.

But they never got around to having the children. Roy Jones Hammett said it was quite absurd of an *artiste* to bear her own children. And they never got around to adopting any, either.

They had separate bedrooms—but naturally, Drew's was comfortable enough in brown and beige and cork and leather. "He's the tweedy type," Hammett had said. Anne's room was Victorian with now useless commodes and washstands refinished to look like what they were not.

So all the intimacy they had known when they first were married, all the secrets they had shared, were thrown out along with Aunt Harriet's luster plate and the little porcelain lamb.

They had seen the lamb in a window on Fifty-Seventh Street that first Christmas and its proportions were so perfect, its modeling so much in character that they had stopped together—as they did everything together then—to admire it.

"It makes me feel good to look at it," Drew said.

They had gone into the shop and asked how much it was. Twenty-two dollars would leave them just five dollars and eighty cents in the checking account. But,

Anne pointed out, Aunt Harriet was sending them a turkey from Kingston and possibly a check for Christmas. So they bought the lamb and put it on the Dutch cabinet.

Then when Anne was doing the house over she showed the lamb to Hammett. "I think this is rather nice, Roy. Shouldn't I keep it?"

He had turned it in his slick, immaculate hands and his touch seemed to rob the smooth porcelain of its beauty. "You might as well have a photograph of a leg of mutton as this horror."

The trouble was, Drew realized now, that at first he had looked on Anne's show with amusement. He thought it was just that, just a show. And she was such a dramatic little thing and essentially such a child that he had let her have her fun, believing it was a phase, something they would laugh about later, something to be known as Anne's blue or Hammett period. When he did realize it was more than a phase she was beyond saving. He tried to talk to her, to contrast the girl she had been with the woman she had become, but his words could not penetrate the false luster which lacquered her mind as well as her body. They no longer had an Esperanto of their own in which they could converse. She thought him stuffy and a bore and said, "Really, darling, I do believe you're talking like a vice-president."

And because, having loved her so much, he could not hate her, he transferred all his resentments, all his frustrations to an inanimate object, the house. He hated the house with a highly personalized hatred; he thought of the massive structure as a brooding and ominous villain. He hated going into the garden because when he did he could see the outlines of the house with all its windows peering down upon him and once, when he had been most miserable, he had stood in the street alone to shake his fist at the house. Then he had felt ashamed of himself for such a childish gesture.

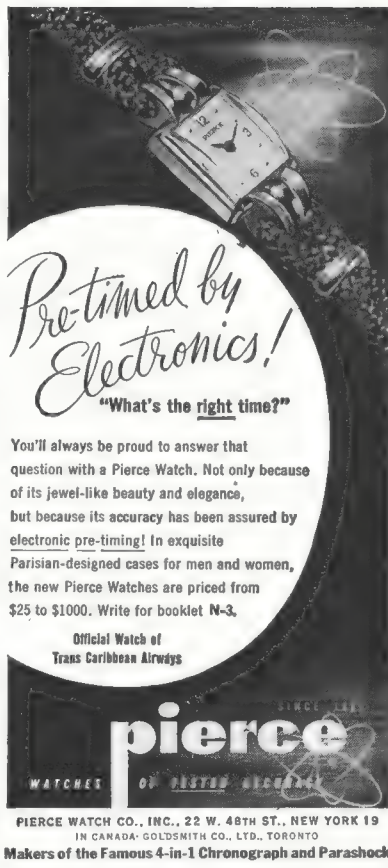
**ANNE** uncrossed her legs and stood up adjusting the purple Ascot at her throat. She snapped the white leather notebook shut. "Well, that's that," she said. "You can call me honest John from now on. I'm sure I've divided everything equally, and if Abigail isn't satisfied she can sue."

Abigail. Would Abigail be satisfied, Drew wondered. Would Abigail be satisfied with half of Anne's household effects and the dregs of Drew Walker?

Abigail Loring, his best script writer, had come to one of what Anne called her better parties. The South American two-piano team had been there, playing boogie; also a South American flier; and the newest Broadway juvenile, Trelawny, and her marmoset and two or three dozen others. Anne had sat cross-legged on the floor, and everyone but Abigail had drunk too much. She had sat very quietly on the Madame Récamier sofa. True, she did not have good legs, but she did not cross them on the floor. And her face wore a look of disdain better than the ones contrived by Roy Jones Hammett.

The next day she had come into Drew's office with a sheaf of copy. "Here is the Lucko script," she said in her flat, rather uninteresting voice. And then, without changing tone or intonation, she went on, "You're too good for that rat race. You've got to get out of it."

Drew told himself he loved Abigail, and he did in a way. Not, of course, as he had loved Anne when her hair hung thick to her shoulders and her eyes were round and she wasn't the rage and the very sight of her made his knees turn to water and his hands tremble to touch her. But when a love like that was gone



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he should consider himself lucky to find someone like Abigail who was willing to rescue him from a house with a carousel horse in the living room and an audacious giraffe where once there had been a Dutch cabinet to hold the dishes.

Anne tossed the leather book onto an ottoman. She came toward him, her hand outstretched. "Drew," she said. There was a quality in her voice as she spoke his name that seemed to be left over from the old days, and there was a look in her eyes he had not seen there for years. He knew she was going to tell him good-bye. She was ready to give him some of the old tenderness, and Drew reached out for it eagerly.

But just then the house intruded as always. The house which had robbed him of so much, robbed him of even this little moment. The doorbell rang. It was the voice of the house claiming her and she paused, listening, let her outstretched hand fall to her side, then turned away.

The maid stood in the doorway. "People, Madame," she said, "to look at the house."

"Show them up," Anne said.

Drew and Anne waited, neither beginning a sentence lest it be interrupted. At last Anne said, "Where the hell are they? Why don't they get it over with? I loathe showing people through a house." Her impatience was an attempt to conceal the emotion she had almost displayed and, fearful of that emotion now, Drew turned nervously to the window and looked down into the garden. Standing under the tree were a boy and a girl with their arms around each other, his cheek pressed to hers. Drew was suddenly rocked by an almost undescribable sensation. It was as if he in the living room were not Drew Walker at all, as if there in the garden was Drew Walker, and the girl in his arms was Anne...

HE TURNED from the window and stared at the doorway, but when at last the couple appeared they were the strangers he had expected to see, two people come to look at a house that was being sublet by a couple who had decided to separate.

The girl was rather dowdy in a cheap cloth coat with a velvet collar. She was not pretty, but her face was lighted by the eagerness of her eyes.

"I hope you don't mind," the boy said, "but we saw the garden as we came in, and we couldn't resist looking there first."

"I didn't know there was anything like this in New York," the girl said. "Why—why, it's like home." She surveyed Anne's living room. "You've certainly got it fixed up cute," she said.

Drew saw Anne wince at the adjective. "We thought it was amusing," she said.

The girl caught the note in her voice and straightened her shoulders in an elegant kind of gesture.

"We really had a smaller place in mind," the boy said.

The girl sent him a warning look. "But, darling," she said, "one can't choose these days. One must rent what's available." Her manner had changed since she had entered the room. And now she was being a little grand for the benefit of the very grand Walkers. Drew watched her as her eyes went over the room again. He saw that she was mentally placing what furniture she had, and he knew that the house had lured her. He wanted to cry out, "Stop. Don't plan and scheme to get this miserable house. Go away now, fast, while there's still time. Take a one-room kitchenette. Run fast from the spell of this evil house."

He said none of this, of course. Anne said, "Well, I'll show you the rest."

He turned from the three of them, but he heard them on the stairs, then walking in the rooms above. The telephone

rang. He went into the library and picked up the receiver to hear Anne's voice on her bedroom extension. "I've got it, Drew. It's for me." Before he hung up he heard her voice slightly distant from the phone saying, "Excuse me a moment. I'll join you downstairs."

He heard the kids coming down and then they stopped in the hall, not knowing that he was in the library.

"Oh, it's wonderful," the girl said. "I'd be so happy in a house like this."

"But, honey, we can't swing it," the boy said. "I wish I could give it to you, but I can't. I never thought when we started to look at it that it would occur to you we could live in it."

"I didn't know it would be so wonderful. Oh, Harry, imagine sitting under that tree of a summer evening."

"I'm afraid you'll just have to imagine it, that's all," he said.

There was a moment's silence and then she said, "Listen, darling. I've got an idea. Now just you wait. We could use the lower floor and rent the rest. And I could get furniture on time, and it wouldn't cost us any more than we'd planned on."

THE house had won again. Drew could see the years ahead with all the pretensions which the girl had, such little ones now, growing into enormous false elegancies. She was intended to be a shy, simple girl in love with a shy, simple boy. But as she looked at the house she had visualized herself against the background it could give her. The house had ruined her.

Drew's ridiculous obsession about the house grew into frenzy. He ran up the stairs, all but knocking down the startled little people in the hall. He could not put down the compulsion he felt to tell Anne of his hatred for the house, to beg her to send these innocents away before they were destroyed by it. But at her door he stopped suddenly.

She was lying across her Victorian sofa, sobbing. Seeing her like this, he remembered that he had not seen her cry in years.

And as he stood watching her all the tenderness and devotion he had once lavished upon her came rushing back.

She seemed to feel his presence and sat up, rubbing her eyes. Her lacquered hair was wispy about her head and the uplift lines at the corners of her eyes were smudged, so that her eyes although red with weeping, were round and childish once more.

He went to her and sat on the floor beside the sofa, "Anne, darling. Anne."

"Those kids," she said quietly. "They were us."

"Yes," he said. "I know."

"That was Roy on the telephone," she said. "And as I was talking to him after I had talked to those kids it hit me all of a sudden, and I saw myself and this house and my life—that used to be our life—and I know why you're leaving me."

"Darling. Don't," he said.

"Yes, I've got to. I—I—this is hard to say. I sold my birthright for a mess of what is it?—I guess I just sold my birthright for a mess." She smiled and stood up, not looking at him, not touching him. "And there's nothing that can be done about it, but if it means anything to you I know all about it now and I'm sorry."

Drew heard the boy clear his throat. He turned. The couple were in the doorway. "I hope we aren't intruding," the girl said, "but we've decided to take the house."

"I'm sorry," Drew said, "that we put you to this trouble. But something has just come up, and we're keeping the house for ourselves."

"Well, I don't think that's very nice,"



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**142,000,000**  
**LOCAL CALLS A DAY**

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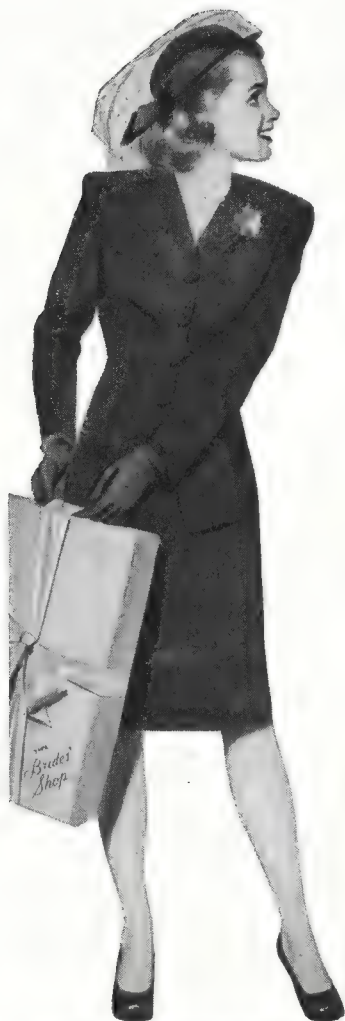
That's 25,000,000 more than a year ago—and an all-time high.

It didn't seem possible that available equipment, with such additions as we could make, could be stretched to handle an increase like that. But it's been done despite shortages of materials and other handicaps. Best of all, service keeps on being good on most calls.

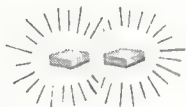
There are delays once in a while but we're doing our best to make them fewer and fewer. Service will be better than ever as soon as new equipment can be made and installed.

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**What are they?** Two blocks of sterling that help Holmes & Edwards silverplate stay lovelier longer.

**How?** It's really so simple. The two blocks are invisibly inlaid at the backs of bowls and handles of the most used spoons and forks.

**Is all silverplate Sterling Inlaid?** Goodness no! There are other kinds like "reinforced" and "extra-plated." But, you can always make sure your silverplate is Sterling Inlaid by looking for the mark INLAID on the back of the teaspoon.

**Is it expensive?** A fifty-two piece service, enough for eight place settings, is only \$68.50 with chest. Choose your pattern from three of the most popular and beautiful designs.

the girl said. "Why, I just have my heart set on this place."

"Look," said Drew. "Go take the little apartment. I'm doing you a favor by telling you that."

The boy smiled, and Drew saw that he was relieved. "Come on, honey," he said.

Drew watched them go. "Anne," he said, "it's all right. We're staying together, but I lied to that kid when I said we were keeping the house. I wanted to do those kids a favor."

"Yes, I know," Anne said quietly.

"But we're leaving. I hate this house. This house caused all our"—he stopped suddenly, realizing he had said "our" instead of "my"—"unhappiness."

She came to him and put her hand on his arm. "That was good of you," she said. "It was good of you to blame the house for my miserable mistakes. But I won't have it that way because I see it clearly now. There is nothing wrong about this house. It was my pretentiousness, my trying to live up to a—a background in which I never belonged, and you mustn't blame an inanimate object like this house for my stupidities."

He was silent, shedding the hatred of the house that had obsessed him for so long. Then Anne spoke the words she must say for her own readjustment.

"I saw it beginning in that girl," she said. "She was feeling the way I used to feel when I pictured myself the mistress of a mansion which didn't belong to me because I was not ready for it. I—I think I'm ready for it now, Drew."

As he took her in his arms, a truck lumbered past in the street; the house shivered and then settled on its foundations with a giant sigh of finality and comfort.

THE END

## Alaska's Millionaire

(Continued from page 69)

of—and heaviest investor in—two Alaska banks. Cap Lathrop is also in the mining business. At Suntrana, 112 miles south of Fairbanks, he digs, not gold, but coal.

On the side, he owns bowling alleys, raises hogs, distributes beer and used to peddle popcorn. He gave that up. He said he wasn't going to have his theaters looking messed up like honky-tonks.

With or without popcorn, Cap Lathrop's theaters could not be called honky-tonks. That goes for everything he has built in Alaska. His best friends say that if Cap is a sucker for anything, it is a high price. This is not strictly true. Cap is a sucker for quality. The two most overworked words in his vocabulary—which has much in common with a Roman candle—are "first" and "best."

Cap's lavish investments make some of his neighbors question his good sense. These old-timers, most of them now younger than he, tell Cap that he must be slipping a cog, sinking so much cash into steel and concrete buildings in a place like Alaska. Then these critics go home to a tar-paper shack with a frost-covered outhouse which they never got around to improving; they were always figuring that next year they'd hit the trail for Outside—the States.

That marks the main difference between Cap Lathrop, a few others like him, and the biggest percentage of people who have straggled into the Territory. Cap likes Alaska. He intends to stay.

He tolerates but feels sorry for the get-rich-quick characters who gallop to Alaska to make a big stake and then bolt for the States to put up a mansion with a swimming pool. Cap often tells about one Fairbanks housewife who has never un-



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packed her hope chest. When she was a bride, her husband told her not to bother; they'd be leaving for the States before the next winter. That was twenty winters ago.

**A** STRANGER in Fairbanks seeing Austin F. Lathrop ambling down Second Avenue would never single him out as a wealthy man. He wears a battered old felt hat and a sheepskin mackinaw. His pants legs are tucked into a pair of shoe packs. His face is red and rugged, with a proud nose. His hair is thick and snow-white. He looks as much like an octogenarian as he does like a millionaire, and he looks less like a millionaire than a prospector in from the creeks for a quick snort and a sack of groceries.

That rugged physique is Cap Lathrop's most valuable property. He started building on it when he was a farm boy in his home state of Michigan. At fifteen he had his own team of horses and was grubbing stumps and hauling timber to the sawmills of Harrisville on the shores of Lake Huron. In another raw lumbering town, Ashland, Wisconsin, Austin Lathrop got his first lessons in the curriculum of commerce. His tutor was George W. Peek, a hardware merchant. Lathrop worked for Peek, making stovepipe. He started every morning by sweeping out the store, first sprinkling down the floor to lay the dust. "While you're sprinkling," his employer counseled him, "it won't do any harm if you get a little water on those coils of rope."

Rope, in the Peek emporium, was sold by the pound. In all his dealings with businessmen since, Austin Lathrop has kept his eye peeled for damp rope, which is, of course, heavier and more expensive than dry rope.

**T**HE wide diversity of his interests has led Cap to rely on hand-picked lieutenants. Cap seldom interferes, but he expects each enterprise to stand on its own feet financially. This leads to heated intramural competition. In Fairbanks, Lathrop's Daily News-Miner battles Lathrop's Station KFAR for local advertising and news coverage. Lathrop's KFAR has to hold its nighttime listening audience against the draw of Lathrop's Empress and Lacey Street Theaters. The managers of Cap's theaters sometimes wish Cap would board up his bowling alleys.

His employees know that just because Cap isn't always breathing down their necks is no sign that he doesn't know what's going on. He can tell you how many carloads of stoker coal were taken out at Suntrana yesterday. He can spot a typographical error at ten paces. One day he stopped the cashier in one of his banks in the act of making a loan to a cab driver. "Hell's handles, man," he stormed. "You make many loans like this and you'll have me in the poorhouse yet!" The next day the cabby came into talk to Cap about the loan. Cap turned to his secretary and said, "Write him a personal check." This baffled the bank cashier. Cap explained it to him: "It wasn't good banking for a bank to make this loan. But I'm not a bank."

Lathrop rarely goes to one of his own movies. When he does, it is to see what kind of pictures the studios are shipping him. Usually, in the middle of the film, he thinks of something else he ought to be doing, squirms a few minutes in his seat, then walks out.

"In the early days," Cap says, "there was no time for sitting around. All there was was work, and no whistles to tell you when to start and stop either. A working man had no use for a watch. If somebody had stolen my bed, I wouldn't have missed it."

But Lathrop had the hard work habit



## That blouse will catch more than the eye, Chick!

### When underarm odor clings, men don't. So play safe with Mum

A stop sign for roving eyes—that froth of a blouse you're putting on.

Yet how quickly it can play false to your charm if it snags underarm odor. On guard, then, with Mum.

Your bath washes away *past* perspiration, yes. But you still need to hold onto that fresh start—to prevent risk of *future* underarm odor. That's why smart girls use Mum.

### → better because it's Safe

- 1. Safe for skin.** No irritating crystals. Snow-white Mum is gentle, harmless to skin.
- 2. Safe for clothes.** No harsh ingredients in Mum to rot or discolor fine fabrics.
- 3. Safe for charm.** Mum gives sure protection against underarm odor all day or evening.

Mum is economical, too. Doesn't dry out in the jar—stays smooth and creamy. Quick, easy to use—even after you're dressed.

For Sanitary Napkins—Mum is gentle, safe, dependable... ideal for this use, too.

# Mum



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"Soft as a star-sung serenade,  
her *White Hands*  
weave the melody"



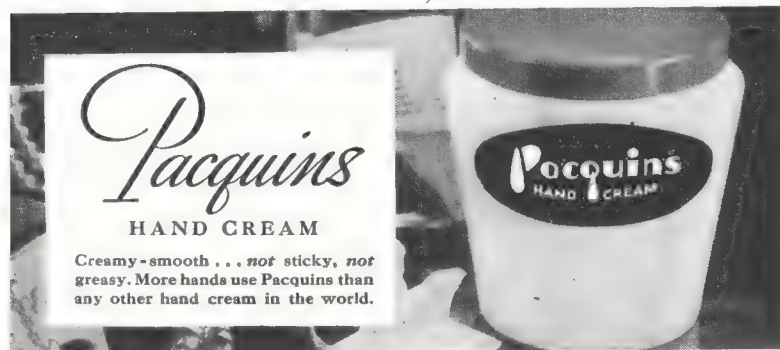
## Wring a mop and still have white hands? Yes, it's possible!

Of course, housework is hard on your hands... but that's no reason for having unattractive red hands! Try Pacquins... this fluffy-light fragrant cream brings a look of fresh beauty to rough hands. They'll seem whiter, softer, smoother... Mm-mm—so sweet to hold!



## Doctors and Nurses use this extra-rich cream!

Pacquins was originally formulated for Doctors and Nurses. They have to scrub their hands 30 to 40 times a day. To keep hands soft and smooth... they need a cream that's super-rich in skin-softening ingredients. And that's just what Pacquins is! Use Pacquins yourself... See if your hands don't look soft and lovely!



before he ever saw Alaska. It earned him some fame and the beginnings of a fortune in Seattle, Washington. He arrived in that city a few days after the big fire of 1889 almost burnt the place off the map. He pitched a tent and set himself up as a contractor, razing charred buildings and excavating for new structures. At twenty-five he was known in the Pacific Northwest as "the boy contractor." His reputation got him a contract to build a railroad on Fidalgo Island, fifty miles north of Seattle. He built the railroad, made it run. But it didn't run long. It washed out in the panic of 1893. Lathrop never got paid for the job.

"I've lived on the top shelf," Cap remarks sometimes, "but I know what the bottomside looks like too."

He got his first bottomside view in the months after the crash of '93. He went back to Seattle to get a fresh start. But Seattle had taken a bloody drubbing. The city's development was dependent on the transcontinental railroads, and it was the rickety structure of railroad finances that caused the panic in the first place. Lathrop pounded the streets. When an old friend would hail him into a saloon, he would make for the free lunch counter. One hungry day on the waterfront in 1895, he bumped into a seagoing man named Kelly. Captain Kelly told him about a couple of prospectors who were fired up over gold discoveries in a place called Turnagain Arm on Cook Inlet in Alaska. Kelly said he thought there must be an easier way of getting gold than digging it out of the ground. What he needed was a boat.

That chat with Kelly was the turning point of Lathrop's life.

The panic had stripped Austin Lathrop of his savings, but he had managed to salvage something more precious than cash—his credit. He swung a loan and bought a 110-foot steam schooner called the L. J. Perry. On April 9, 1896, Captain Kelly and Manager Lathrop hoisted anchor at Seattle's old Galbraith Dock and headed for Alaska with a load of freight.

**THE** Perry's first stop was Juneau. Juneau is now known as "vest-pocket Washington, D. C.," the capital of Alaska, but in those days it was a rowdy camp tacked onto a mountainside fronting narrow Gastineau Channel. Lathrop ran into a bad time with the customs official there. Eighty passengers, hell-bent for Chilkoot Pass, had been stranded at Juneau by the steamer Mexico City. They clamored for the Perry to take them on to Dyea, at the head of cliff-lined Lynn Canal. Lathrop was willing, but the customs man said no. He claimed the Perry did not have proper papers to haul passengers in those waters. Besides, the customs man owned a boat and wanted to collect the eighty fares himself. His was a small craft, however, and the impatient mob at the docks couldn't see stalling around while some little tub made a half dozen shuttle runs up Lynn Canal. Neither could Lathrop. Captain Kelly scouted around. He found a sloop and a small schooner, both properly licensed but with no crews to run them. Kelly chartered the two boats. While the customs man looked on helplessly, the Perry pulled out of Juneau towing the small boats, each loaded down with forty passengers. This gang was the spearhead of thousands that were to mill over the Chilkoot and White Pass country within a few months.

The Perry's destination was Wood Island near Kodiak, but she made several stops in the run up the treacherous coast line, which Captain Kelly had never navigated before. Gold dust had been reported in the black sands of the beach at Lituya Bay. Lathrop called for a halt

AT ANY DRUG, DEPARTMENT, OR TEN-CENT STORE



there to look. Starveling Indians paddled alongside the schooner and swarmed aboard. A gaunt chief offered his daughter for sale. The chief said she was eighteen, but the girl was stunted by undernourishment. She looked no more than twelve. Her price was one sack of flour. Lathrop gave the chief a sack of flour but declined the bargain. The next day, off Yakutat, the squaw market was open again. Here the price was one hundred dollars for a full-grown woman. A lone miner boarded the Perry. He had shelled out his hundred dollars and brought his chattel along.

A bad blow drove the Perry in toward shore at Katalla. A young prospector named Tom White rowed out in a dory and told a fantastic story. He said he had been scooping up oil that seeped from the ground and burning it in his lanterns. Lathrop listened dubiously but with interest. He had reason to remember Tom White's story several years later and wish that he had never heard it.

That came about after the Perry had been bucking the wicked waters of Cook Inlet for four years, relaying mail, freight and hopeful gold-seekers from the navigation terminals of the larger Alaska Commercial Company steamers. Captain Kelly had moved on to another vessel, and "Cap" Lathrop was skipper of his own schooner. He sent Jack Lee and some other members of the Perry's crew to the Alaska Peninsula for some gold prospecting. Lee came back with a weird report.

He had seen bears whose fur was matted with a dark, sticky substance. He came upon Indians cleaning their guns with crude oil. Lee asked the natives where the oil came from. They folded their hands against their cheeks and said, "Three sleeps away." Lee took the three-day hike and found surface seepages of oil.

THIS information sent Cap to California, carrying photographs and paraffin exhibits from the oil deposits of Cold Bay. He came back with capital backing. The next year he brought the first oil-drilling rig into the Territory of Alaska. Things looked bright, but development was slow. Transportation of equipment crawled. The Alaska peninsula shares its miserable weather and boggy terrain with the Aleutians. After five years, wells were sunk at last. But Cap and the times were out of tune. Congress, prodded by the National Conservationists and many of the heaviest coal and oil interests in the States, withdrew millions of acres of public lands in Alaska from private exploitation. Cap buttoned up his oil adventure and withdrew from Cold Bay. Today the United States Navy is developing the same kind of oil seepages in the tundra near Point Barrow in the largest petroleum reserve in the world. When Cap reads about this, he gets a faraway look in his eye and turns the page.

His Cold Bay losses forced Cap to start over again modestly. He bought a horse and double-ender sled and set up a draying business at Cordova, where the Guggenheims were getting ready to build a railroad to the Kennecott copper country.

One of Cap's regular chores was carting the cadavers of Cordova to the burying ground on the outskirts of town. His partner on these somber treks was an Episcopalian minister named Eustace P. Ziegler. Cap and "Zieg" would climb up on the coffin, rip off a chaw of tobacco and swap stories while the morose-looking horse trudged to the cemetery. The trail was well marked by tobacco stains in the snow. Ziegler later gave up the cloth for canvas and is now one of the

## Are you in the know?



When you don't know the routine, would you—

- ☐ Try it anyway
- ☐ Say your feet hurt
- ☐ 'Fess up frankly

Why lumber through a rumba—or spoil a jitt-bug's "shine?" If you aren't hep to the step, say so. 'Fess up frankly. Droons

rush in where smoothies fear to tread. But at "certain" times, there's one fear a smooth girl can forget (with Kotex): the fear of telltale outlines. That's because Kotex has flat tapered ends that prevent revealing outlines. And you can dance the hours away in comfort, for Kotex is made to stay soft while wearing.



For camouflaging freckles, do you—

- ☐ Take the cake
- ☐ Apply lemon juice
- ☐ Wear a dotted veil

Freckle-heckled? To camouflage the summer's sun spots—take the cake (makeup, that is) and apply with wet sponge. Blot surplus with a Kleenex tissue; blend well with fingertips while damp. Then let dry—and you've got 'em covered! It's easy, when you know how. Like keeping dainty on problem days. You'll know how to stay dainty, charming, when you let Kotex help. Each Kotex napkin contains a deodorant—locked inside so it can't shake out!



How would you give your order?

- ☐ To the waiter
- ☐ To your escort
- ☐ Let your date choose your dinner

If you're a menu mumbler—speak up, sis! Choose what appeals to you (without blitzing his allowance), then tell it to your escort; he'll pass it on to the waiter. Be sure of how to order and be safe from embarrassment. That's one for your memory book. It's something to remember, too, when choosing sanitary protection. Choose Kotex, because Kotex has an exclusive safety center that gives you plus protection, keeps you extra safe—and confident!

More women choose KOTEX\*  
than all other sanitary napkins

A DEODORANT IN EVERY KOTEX NAPKIN AT NO EXTRA COST





**Protect Your Skin Against  
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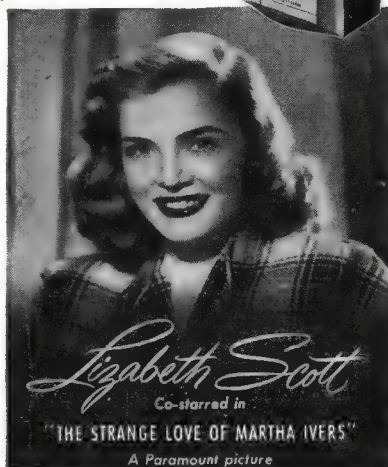
**For a lovelier you  
... a new liquid-cream foundation  
which does not cause dry skin**

The world-famous Westmores, make-up artists of the Hollywood stars, realizing the need for a make-up foundation which does not cause dry skin, created Overglo. Originally used by the Westmores for making up the Hollywood stars, Overglo is now the favorite foundation of women everywhere because

1. The lanolin and oil base of Overglo definitely helps keep skin soft and smooth.
2. Gives a youthful, flattering complexion for the day, without constant repowdering.
3. Overglo effectively helps hide tiny wrinkles, lines and minor blemishes... never gives a "masked", artificially made-up appearance.
4. Economical—a \$1.50 (plus tax) bottle lasts many months.

In 7 skin-tinted shades... at toilet goods counters

**Hollywood Stars  
you know use  
Westmore's Overglo**



foremost artists of the Pacific Northwest. It was during these days at Cordova that Cap started his first movie house. He also became a bank director. One day a fellow member of the board of directors of the First Bank of Cordova stood watching Cap, grimy with soot, shoveling coal from his sled. "Cap," the man told him, "you're the goddamdest bank director I ever saw."

When the United States government decided to build a railroad from Seward to Fairbanks in 1914, Cap started another draying business in Anchorage, headquarters for the railroad construction. Anchorage looked like a good bet. Cap built a theater. Then he built something unheard of in a land of wall tents and log cabins—an apartment house.

After the rail line was open from Seward to Fairbanks—470 miles through some of the most spectacular terrain on earth—Cap moved north again. He bought a theater in Fairbanks and tore it down. He said he was going to put up a new one—of concrete. Fairbanks lies less than one hundred miles south of the Arctic Circle. Old-timers told him he was crazy; concrete would buckle come winter. In any case, anybody who would pay sixty cents for a sack of concrete in Seattle and \$2.40 more to ship it to Fairbanks had more money than brains. In 1927, the Empress Theater was finished. Early this year a fire broke out at the main business corner in Fairbanks. Cap Lathrop climbed up on the roof of the Empress. He stood there, confidently, watching while flames wiped out everything up to the concrete walls of his theater.

ONE day a committee of Fairbanks businessmen came to Cap. They had a problem. Fairbanks had always had a newspaper since its earliest days as a mining camp. Now the high costs of production and mechanical depreciation threatened to fold up the Fairbanks Daily News-Miner. The city dads could not bear the thought of such a loss. Cap bought controlling interest in the paper. He was dissatisfied with the News-Miner's ramshackle plant and its clanking machinery. In time he started construction of a four-story building of steel and concrete. The newspaper offices and pressroom occupied the ground floor. On the second and third floors were apartments such as Alaska had never seen before. The basement housed bowling alleys. The fourth floor became the studios of KFAR, a ten-thousand-watt plant that is the largest broadcasting station in Alaska.

Cap's apartments are luxurious, and not just by Alaskan standards. They stack up with three- and four-room apartments on New York's Park Avenue. They are steam-heated, equipped with electric kitchen ranges and refrigerators. The doors are two-inch solid slabs of Philippine mahogany. All built-in china cases, bookshelves, even baseboard mouldings are of the same expensive wood.

It would be stretching a point to say that Cap lives in his own apartment house. He maintains quarters there. Once his name was on the door of one of the best-located suites in the building. One of KFAR's newscasters got married and couldn't find a place in town to live. Cap moved into a smaller apartment with his building superintendent. The superintendent joined the Army, and Cap still has that apartment, but he is seldom alone. There are three beds in the small flat. Scarcely a night passes without some guest from the Outside or a worker from the Healy River Coal Corporation mine sleeping in one of the beds. Once Cap

arrived in Fairbanks unexpectedly late at night and found that his secretary had put three visitors in his apartment. He walked across the street to the Nordale Hotel. There was no vacancy. All the other hotels were full. Cap sat down in a leather armchair in the Nordale lobby. The chair faced a broad plate-glass window. He fell asleep staring at the drawn venetian blinds in his own apartment. About six A.M. he awakened and saw a light, so he walked over, knocked on the door and asked if it was all right for him to come in and shave.

Cap sees very little of his apartment. He spends most of his time—especially since the war—at his coal mine. He feels more at home there than he does in an office at Fairbanks, wearing one of his two best suits. At the mine he can still get dirty and turn a solid day's work.

Cap came into the Healy River mine in much the same way that he got his hands on the News-Miner. The mine had been limping along for some years, but the towns along the rail belt complained of sporadic service. Deliveries were dependent on how regularly the mine owners could meet the pay rolls. Cap bought controlling interest at Suntrana and developed the Healy River veins into the largest coal mine in the Territory.

DURING the war, Cap's ownership of the coal mine made him a vital figure. The Japs were squatting in the Aleutians and their vessels were threatening the Alaska sea lanes. The Army in interior Alaska had to have Cap's coal. Those were his most trying days. "The Army was hollering for more coal this morning," he would say. "This afternoon they drafted four more of my miners."

The year before war broke out, Cap's second theater in Fairbanks, the Lacey Street, was completed. At that date it was the most expensive movie house per seat ever constructed in the United States. The war interrupted his most ambitious building program: a new theater and radio station for Anchorage, the biggest war-boomed city in the Territory. Work was resumed on the Anchorage theater shortly after V-E Day, and its grand opening is scheduled for the late fall of this year.

He hasn't decided what he will build next.

Cap's views on the future of Alaska, on any given day, are likely to sound pessimistic. Right now, for instance, he refuses to predict any outstanding progress for the Territory; he says he is afraid this generation of young men isn't willing to hit the ball and keep on hitting it. But at the same time he sounds off like this, he is making investments that can't succeed unless his forecast is miles off.

Cap's business associates tell him that he shouldn't be too harsh with the younger generation, especially since he has produced no sons of his own. This is usually said jokingly, in the belief that Cap is a confirmed bachelor. Actually, he has a stepdaughter, now middle-aged, in Seattle. He was married to a good-looking widow in 1901. She died nine years later. Cap's only other rival for the place that business has held in his heart was a girl he knew in his youth. While he was building the railroad on Fidalgo Island, he was engaged to a pretty blue-eyed brunette "with a face like the girl on the silver dollar." After the railroad went under, the girl's parents broke off the romance.

They didn't consider Austin Lathrop a good risk.

**THE END**

**A love affair with a spy is unsatisfactory as well as unhealthy.  
Look for the Hollis Alpert story in the next issue of Cosmopolitan**



33 FINE BREWS BLENDED INTO ONE GREAT BEER

*Order it with Confidence ... Serve it with Pride*

A vintage Pabst Blue Ribbon advertisement. The central image is a circular vignette with a scalloped edge, set against a large, dark blue ribbon that forms a bow-like shape. Inside the circle, a man with dark hair, wearing a white tennis shirt with red and black trim, is smiling broadly. He is pouring Pabst Blue Ribbon beer from a bottle into a glass. In the background of the vignette, two tennis players are visible on a court. The bottle label clearly shows 'Pabst' and 'The Ribbon'. The glass is filled with beer and has a thick head of foam. Below the vignette, the text 'IT'S BLENDED...IT'S SPLENDID!' is written in a bold, sans-serif font, followed by 'Pabst Blue Ribbon' in a stylized script font.

**"IT'S BLENDED...IT'S SPLENDID!"**  
*Pabst Blue Ribbon*

Copr. 1946, Pabst Brewing Co., Milwaukee, Wisc.

**TUNE IN THE EDDIE CANTOR SHOW... EVERY THURSDAY NIGHT, 10:30 PM EST...COAST TO COAST N B C**

## Just Human Nature

(Continued from page 68)

flooned down the hall to the sales manager's office. Mr. Tiel was sitting back in his swivel chair, his feet on the desk, reading a current magazine. Miss Eliot had her own opinion of people who never did a lick of work around the place and collected a five-figure salary just because they'd had the luck to hire crack salesmen.

"Here's the report. And Mr. Blakeslee wants you to read this letter and give him an explanation."

Mr. Tiel's practiced glance swept Miss Eliot's figure from eyes to ankles and then, keeping his feet on his desk, he reached for the letter with an air of infinite ennui. Miss Eliot viewed him with loathing.

"My God!" he exclaimed presently, swinging around and putting his feet firmly on the floor. "What the hell kind of mountain is Miller making out of this molehill? He'll get his order when we promised it!" He glowered at Miss Eliot. "Well, don't look at me. I haven't anything to do with it. I only work here." Miss Eliot had never spoken to anyone as she had spoken to Mr. Tiel this morning. Her tongue, she observed with a scandalized objective interest, seemed to be out of hand. "Which is more than you do!" she added with gratuitous malice.

Mr. Tiel handed her back the letter.

"Your opinion of me," he told her with elaborate indifference, "is not going to keep me awake nights; you're not my type. Take this letter in to Rogers and tell him to answer it. On second thought, have him get Miller on the phone."

"Those were not my instructions from Mr. Blakeslee," said Miss Eliot primly. "I will take the letter back to him with your explanation."

"What the hell? Rogers can fix 'em in two ticks, and then you can go back and tell Blakeslee he can relax."

"I don't work for you, Mr. Tiel," she said, turning on her heel. She knew she was behaving badly, but she didn't care. Who was Mr. Tiel to suggest that she wasn't his type, as if she cared what he thought of her?

Men didn't exactly grow on trees these days, and Miss Eliot's social life was in one of its periodical slumps. She was twenty-nine and she wasn't in love with anybody; and although some attractive man would undoubtedly turn up at any moment, she was subconsciously a little scared, and Mr. Tiel's crack about her not being his type was not calculated to reinforce her self-approval. She knew she would never be taken for a cover girl, but everyone said she had pretty legs, and only the other day a strange young man had tried to pick her up on a cross-town bus, so she guessed she wasn't exactly repulsive-looking.

AFTER Miss Eliot had left, the sales manager swore bitterly, using several indelicate epithets which would have horrified the young woman. He was accustomed to flattery from his inferiors, not impudence. The people he hired had a decent respect for his position. Like Rogers, his service manager. He never heard a yip out of Rogers.

He picked up the phone.

"Rogers," he said, "the old man is on the warpath about a complaint that just came in. Miller's raising hell about his order. I want you to call up the jerk and tell him I said to read his contract again."

Mr. Rogers coughed shyly. "I don't think he'd talk to me. Miller won't do business with anybody but a big shot."

"He'll talk to you."

"But he was very insulting last month,



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\$7.50 plus Tax

*Avon* cosmetics

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don't you remember? He refused to talk to anybody but Mr. Blakeslee."

"I don't want to bother Blakeslee with this." Mr. Tiel was suddenly outraged. "Look here, Rogers. Do you work for me, or not?"

"Of course I work for you," the little man agreed miserably, "but—"

"Then call Miller. That's what I'm telling you to do." Mr. Tiel had had enough insubordination for one day. That Eliot girl ought to be fired. And now Rogers, whom he'd hand-picked for service manager, was acting up. The little pipsqueak owed him a debt of gratitude.

Mr. Tiel, thoroughly disgruntled, called up the florist and canceled the order he had just given for flowers to be delivered to his wife. The thought of sending her flowers had occurred to him simply because the sky was cloudless and bright and a gentle wind was blowing. Now, though, the idea struck him as ridiculous. His wife would think he had gone nuts.

Mr. Rogers, his knees trembling with foreboding, made the call, was abused by Mr. Miller and, by the time he had managed to leave his message with Miller's harassed secretary, was in a cold sweat. First Tiel had been harsh with him, and then Miller, and he felt undone. His whole being was in a state of extreme agitation. His position, the best job he would ever have, seemed to be tottering, and he had been needlessly humiliated to boot.

He stalked into the large room where his department took care of the thousands of details connected with sales service. He usually entered the room with a sense of pride and pleasure. The girls were all good-looking and smartly dressed. They were presided over by the chief clerk who was in her middle thirties and looked more like a Harper's Bazaar illustration than a Harper's Bazaar illustration did. Theodora Thew, her name was, a most capable woman, his right-hand man.

MR. ROGERS often wondered how Miss Thew had escaped being made off with by some passionate young man. He sometimes dreamed of marrying her himself, but she was, after all, a college graduate and he had only gone through high school. He had never been able to overcome a sense of inferiority in the presence of college graduates, even though Miss Thew herself had once remarked that it wasn't one's formal education that counted, but one's native intelligence.

Today he felt more keenly than ever the insecurity he carried everywhere with him, and therefore the lovely panorama of his clerks brought him no enjoyment. It seemed to him quite likely that each well-groomed young woman was plotting to steal his job. He eyed them nervously as he passed their desks on his way to the end of the room.

He sat down beside the chief clerk's desk, as he often did, to discuss the Stevens account.

"My idea would be to let them drift for a while," Miss Thew suggested. "They're steady customers, I know, but we've given them more deliveries than anyone else, and I don't think we'll lose them by holding out a little. We have to think of the new customers too."

That had been precisely what Mr. Rogers had had in mind but, under the wicked pressure of his lost self-esteem, he found that he resented Miss Thew's having advanced the idea first.

"You've been here a good ten years," he said sharply, "and by this time you ought to be familiar with the company's attitude toward the old customers who stuck with us all through the war. There's a loyalty there. We all feel it. I guess they don't teach loyalty at college."

It happened that Miss Thew had, just

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Hazel McFerrin—a beautiful Powers redhead—uses Kreml Shampoo to keep her hair sparkling with natural silken-sheen beauty

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the evening before, decided to part with most of her savings in order to help her brother make a down-payment on a house. It was the only way her brother and his wife and children could get a place to live. Miss Thew had been saving her money carefully, making rather painful economies in her domestic life, in order to take a really bang-up vacation when travel conditions got back to normal again, and last night she had decided to give it to her brother. Loyalty had done it—loyalty to her brother, and loyalty to a brave man who had helped defeat the enemy and make the world, she hoped, safe for good people to live in. In spite of herself, though, her decision had depressed her. She had dreamed bad dreams all night and was on the verge of tears this morning.

And Mr. Rogers, that illiterate office boy of a man, had the nerve to talk about loyalty!

She knew she was going to do it—it was too late to stop it—and suddenly she did. She burst convulsively into tears, jumped from her chair, and hurried down the aisle past the desks of the clerks, bound for the ladies' room.

"Women in business!" exclaimed Mr. Rogers in disgust.

No amount of make-up could conceal the fact that Theodora Thew had been weeping. She looked into the mirror and tried out a weak smile. It wasn't very successful, but there was work to be done, and if she kept her face averted when she went back to the room, perhaps the other girls wouldn't notice. As impotent anger rose in her throat again, she poured another glass of water. At that moment Jean Halliday, one of the clerks, came through the door.

"Oh, Miss Thew," she said with characteristic lack of tact, "is something the matter? Have you had bad news?"

"Mind your own business!" said Theodora fiercely as she left the room. She hated herself, but the damage was done.

**LITTLE ELLIE ROBINSON** sat at her typewriter, typing a contract. She was an excellent typist, and she could copy all day long and still think her own thoughts. As a general rule her thoughts were small and contented. She did not ask a great deal of life. She lived with her family, and they all got along well together. She had a good job in the service department, and all the girls were nice to her; the fact that she was not as well paid as the clerks never bothered her. And, best of all, she had Larry.

But this morning she had more than usual to think about. She wished she had a new dress, and a hat to go with it. Larry, the last few times she had seen him, had not appeared to be as madly in love with her as he used to be. He had not mentioned marriage for several weeks now. They had planned to be married as soon as he had a raise, and although the raise had come along weeks ago there had been no talk of weddings.

She thought she must be slipping. The Advice to the Lovelorn columns said a girl ought to keep a man guessing, but that seemed plain silly when a girl was actually engaged. Besides, every time she looked at Larry anybody could see she was terribly in love, and no matter how she might pretend not to be, she wouldn't be able to fool anyone, least of all Larry.

It might be that she had been over-conscientious about saving money for her trousseau. She hadn't bought a new dress in a long time, and perhaps Larry needed a change. A really becoming dress and a smart hat might do the trick.

Why was it, she wondered as she typed, that men got all the breaks. Like her father. He traveled around all the time, seeing

new places and new people, and life was never dull for him; he often said so. Yet her mother had to stay home and keep house, and she'd never been anywhere. And here was Larry, who had proposed to her, in an impregnable position as the all-powerful male, deciding whether to marry or not to marry, taking his time, knowing that a well-brought-up girl like Ellie would rather die than remind him that he had asked her to be his wife. Women simply didn't do those things. And it wasn't fair. It wasn't fair at all.

Although she was only nineteen, and Larry twenty-two, she was absolutely certain that Larry was the only man she would ever love. No one could be half so much fun, or half so darling. Just thinking about him gave her the most exciting gooseflesh. And sometimes she loved him so much that her chest hurt. She wanted to take care of him, and she felt that no other girl could take care of him as well as she, because no other girl could love him so much, or understand him so well. She knew when he wanted to be quiet; she knew when just to hold his hand and not talk. He'd hate it if she went yackety-yackety all the time like some other girls.

It was unthinkable that he had changed his mind about her; they had had such wonderful times together, and their future could be so beautiful.

Ellie indulged in elaborate daydreams about their future, in which she and Larry sat in beautiful rose-colored overstuffed chairs and watched their children. There were four children, two boys and two girls, and they all looked like Larry and were more beautiful and healthy and bright than any children she had ever seen. The girls played duets at the grand piano, their little patent-leather-slipped feet dangling from the piano bench, and the boys were marvelously adept at building things like boats and planes. In these daydreams Ellie wore a pink satin tea gown with lace at the throat and wrists (she was, of course, middle-aged, at least thirty), and Larry wore a quilted smoking jacket like the one she had seen in a magazine at the Blue Bird Beauty Shoppe. Ellie was a wonderful cook; they could have afforded a servant, but Larry simply didn't enjoy anyone else's cooking. So every night after dinner Ellie changed her house dress for her lovely tea gown, and looked beautiful for Larry.

Darn men. What could be the matter with Larry? It couldn't be another girl. Or could it?

The thought stabbed Ellie like a bayonet. She visualized a horrid girl with a sexy figure and mascara on her eyelashes and a low husky voice.

Her hands were paralyzed on the keys, and she looked ahead into nothing, shaken by the awful specter of a deadly rival.

**IT WAS AT** this point that Miss Halliday returned from the ladies' room with an advanced case of injured feelings. Her high penetrating voice cut into Ellie's poignant musings.

"Miss Robinson, will you be good enough to keep your mind on your work? This is not the recreation room!" And she swept past, leaving behind her the detectable odor of Guerlain's Mitsouko which reminded Ellie of the difference in their salaries and brought down around her such a cloud of angry indignation that she began typing too fast and had to erase three times in one line. She hated the contract; she hated the office; she hated Miss Halliday; she almost hated Larry. There was no fairness anywhere.

But before Ellie went out to lunch her sense of injustice had mounted to such a pitch that she made a bold decision. She was of age, and a citizen of the United States of America, and she was

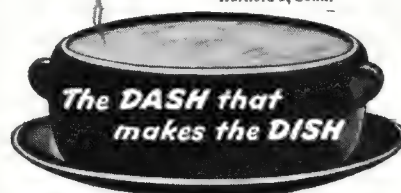


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*Elizabeth Arden*

not going to be put upon by everyone. She telephoned Larry and asked him to meet her for lunch.

The cafeteria was noisy enough to prevent anyone's overhearing the embarrassing words Ellie had to say to her lover.

"Larry," she demanded, coming right out with it as soon as the trays had been emptied and the lunch arranged on the table, "are we going to get married, or not?" She had intended to speak rather severely, as one who stood upon her rights, putting it up to him. But the solemn significance of the moment made her voice sound small and strained.

Larry smiled lovingly at her, and patted her hand. "We are unless you've changed your mind, Sugar."

It was as easy as that.

"Well—" She floundered helplessly. Having worked herself up to a real show-down, she was unprepared for the anticlimax of Larry's simple avowal. "Well," she said, "when were you thinking of having the wedding?"

"Why, that's up to you, Sugar. I've been wondering lately if you'd forgotten we were engaged. After all, I got my raise."

"Yes, I know. Well, there doesn't seem to be any reason to wait, does there?"

"Atta girl. The sooner the better, I say."

"Me too."

Ellie simply couldn't eat a thing after that. The cherry pie remained untouched. She just sat looking at her fiancé with adoration, Larry ate a lot, though; he had a tremendous appetite. It did Ellie good to watch him.

"What was on your mind when you called me up today?" Larry asked.

Ellie looked at him in wide-eyed surprise.

"On my mind? Why, nothing. Nothing at all. I just wanted to see you."

"I thought maybe something had gone wrong at the office. Your voice sounded different. I thought maybe something was bothering you."

"Bothering me? Why, no. Everything's fine at the office." She couldn't think of anything except that she was the luckiest and happiest girl in the world. She couldn't have remembered Miss Halliday's rudeness if she'd tried.

"That's good. If anybody ever makes it tough for you, let me know and I'll beat 'em up."

Ellie laughed. It seemed too silly, the idea of Larry's beating anybody up; he was such a lamb. But he was awfully big and strong, and he could certainly do it if he had to.

"I have to go now," she told him. "I'll be late."

So ELLIE came up in the elevator with her heart singing, and her whole lovely face glowing with love and happiness.

The temper of the service office was at the sizzling point. Usually there was a certain amount of conversation going on. Now every girl sat tight-lipped over her work. Miss Halliday, making a frantic search for a blotter to soak up the ink she had just spilled, opened and closed four drawers in quick succession, making far more noise than the operation demanded. Two of the clerks were on the telephone, and their normally melodious voices were shrill. Miss Thew got up and closed a window that someone else had just opened. A girl at the file cabinet slammed a drawer viciously. The entire office was thoroughly demoralized.

Into this atmosphere of bottled-up fury entered Ellie Robinson, gentle and blissful and innocent of rancor. Miss Halliday immediately pounced upon her, scowling at a page of the contract Ellie had been typing.

"You'll have to do this page over," she



told Ellie irritably. "It's sloppy. All those erasures."

"Oh, I'm sorry, Miss Halliday. I'll be glad to do it over." She smiled at her, feeling honest affection. "I just love your new hairdo; it's so becoming. You look even prettier than you did with it the other way."

Miss Halliday looked at Ellie suspiciously, as if to ferret out some hidden thorn within the compliment. But when she discovered only ingenuous sweetness in the little typist's eyes, the venom in Miss Halliday's veins was miraculously reconverted into blood.

"Why, thank you. Do you really think it's right for me?"

"Oh, yes, I do! But you have such nice bones in your face that I guess you could wear your hair any way at all."

"Not at all! I look feeble-minded when it's parted in the middle. Oh, don't bother about copying that page."

"I'll be glad—"

"No. What difference will a few erasures make to the Brinckerhoff people? They never pay on time anyway."

Miss Halliday had been dreading the ordeal of going back to Miss Thew's desk to ask her a question about the B & K renewal; she hadn't felt like speaking to her after that degrading "None of your business!" But now she suddenly felt good humor toward all mankind, including Miss Thew, and, patting her coiffure, approached the Chief Clerk's desk.

Miss Thew looked up, rather expecting a scene. When it developed that Miss Halliday had evidently decided to forgive and forget, she was so relieved that she apologized.

"I'm sorry I snapped at you this morning. I had just had a disagreeable time with Mr. Rogers, and I took it out on you, which was stupid and uncalled-for. I hope you know I didn't mean it."

"Don't even think about it, Miss Thew. It happens to all of us."

"Well, you're being very nice about it, and I appreciate it."

**THEODORA THEW**, having retrieved her self-esteem, then turned her thoughts to Mr. Rogers who, she felt sure, had been going through hell ever since he had spoken so sharply to her. She knew quite well how regrettably in awe he was of her superior education, and she was sensitive enough to guess that he was now torturing himself with worry over the future of their hitherto amicable relationship. Poor man.

She made an excuse to go into his office and, sure enough, his little round brown eyes smouldered with a whole assortment of ignoble emotions: panic, hurt, suspicion, shame and fear.

"Mr. Rogers," she asked with unmistakable respect, "would you be good enough to read this letter and tell me what you think of it? I'm not sure I've put the point across."

Mr. Rogers took the letter from her and tried to concentrate on the words. He was aware that Miss Thew had never before asked his opinion of a letter she had written. He knew, and she knew, that there was nothing she could not explain in clear precise language. He was, as a matter of fact, in the habit of sending her some of his own letters to rewrite. "I dictated this one in a hurry," he always said, "and I'm too busy to go over it again. Just clean it up, will you, please?"

Yet here stood Miss Thew, not only harboring no grievance against him for the morning's unpleasantness, but actually asking for his advice.

"I think it's fine," he said at last, handing the unread letter back to her. "And about the Stevens account, I think we'll follow your suggestion. I'll come in and



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## CIGARETTES

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talk it over with you later this afternoon."

"That's splendid. And, Mr. Rogers, that's an awfully handsome tie you're wearing."

Mr. Rogers blushed and fingered the tie self-consciously.

"I'm glad you like it," he said.

When she had left, he began to whistle a little tune. He felt good; he must have something on the ball if a young woman of Miss Thew's caliber could respect him, as she obviously did. He wondered why he had been so disturbed by this morning's encounter with the sales manager. After all, Tiel was a human being, and a high-pressure guy like that was bound to go off the handle once in a while; it was a wonder it hadn't happened before. Miller, of course, was a horse of a different color, an eccentric old man with a violent temper. Miller was not his boss fortunately. But Tiel liked him; he had picked him for this job, knowing his work.

As he thought about him, Mr. Rogers's feeling for his boss grew warmer. He called Tiel on the telephone.

"**ROGERS** speaking. I meant to congratulate you on the Badeau renewal. I think it's great."

Tiel's voice came over the telephone as bland as oatmeal.

"Well, that's nice of you, Rogers. I'll admit I was tickled myself."

"I guess every other paper manufacturer in the country is chewing nails."

Tiel laughed heartily. "I wouldn't be a bit surprised. We're quite a bunch of go-getters around here, aren't we? But there's another thing, Rogers: I'll bet no office in the country has as efficient a service department as we've got right here. I may not say so very often, but I'd like you to know that it's a fine thing to be able to count on you the way I do."

"Well, thanks," he said, beaming into the telephone. "We'll try to keep it up."

Mr. Tiel hung up smiling, and was replacing his feet on the desk when Miss Eliot, complete with stormy countenance, entered his office.

"I seem to be an office boy around here," she said petulantly. "This time Mr. Blakeslee wants the salesmen's reports for last month, and you'd better get them up fast."

For some reason Mr. Tiel didn't seem to resent Miss Eliot's attitude.

"They're right here." He looked at her with paternal concern. "What's the matter? The old goat still on the rampage?"

"I'll say he is. Another day like this, and I'll quit my job."

"Everybody knows you're the best damned secretary in the organization. Besides, I don't see how he can be that way with a good-looking girl like you."

"I thought I wasn't your type." She was softening, but the remark still rankled.

"That's what you think! If I weren't a married man I'd carry you off."

"Why, Mr. Tiel!" She picked up the reports and scurried out of the office in delighted confusion. Mr. Tiel, observing that the day was indeed balmy and full of sunshine, reached for the telephone to reorder the flowers for his wife.

**WHEN** Miss Eliot delivered the salesmen's reports to Mr. Blakeslee her eyes were kind and sympathetic. She had just received two compliments, and knew herself to be both efficient and desirable. She could afford to be kind. Besides, big shots were people, in a way.

"About your son, Mr. Blakeslee," she said, "I hope you aren't going to worry about him on account of this one escapade. He's a nice boy, and I'm sure this will teach him a lesson."

"What do you know about it?" he snapped.

"Why, I've known Tom for six years!

And I know that you and Mrs. Blakeslee have done such a good job of bringing him up that you won't have to worry about him, ever. I think it's wonderful that he came to you, that he knew he could come to you. A lot of boys wouldn't have dared. But Tom loves you and his mother, and he made a clean breast of it. I think it shows something fine in him that you can be proud of."

Mr. Blakeslee had listened carefully, considering her words, while his expression changed gradually from a belligerent disapproval to a grudging agreement.

"I never thought about it that way. I suppose you're right. I *am* proud he came to us, now that I think of it. I believe I'll fly up to Cambridge tomorrow and have a nice heart-to-heart talk with the boy. See if you can get me a reservation."

"And, by the way, Miss Eliot," he continued, "I'm sorry I've been such a crank all day. These things are upsetting. You'll find out when you have children of your own."

**HE** was an old darling after all, and it was cute of him to assume that she would one day have children. She breathed easily again. She liked her job, and no secretary had ever had such a wonderful boss—oh, difficult sometimes, of course, but that was because he was so human.

She looked out the window at the Trinity Church clock, and it was almost five, almost time to go home. She wondered why she hadn't noticed before that it was certainly a lovely, lovely day. She felt ashamed that she hadn't been aware of it until now.

It's funny, she thought, how you can be out of sorts for no reason, and then for no reason you suddenly feel good. Oh, well, she guessed it was just human nature.

**THE END**



when a man's on your mind, it's fun to be frivolous in

Carmellate enchantment molded from practical patent. Priced right in fine stores everywhere. CARMO SHOE CO. St. Louis 3, Mo.

*Carmellates*  
shoes for the lovely



## I Miss the Model-T

(Continued from page 74)

automatically became entirely wrong the instant the motor started. A successful cranker was one who could get from the crank to the steering-wheel levers in just under one fifth of a second. Anything slower than that was no good.

**I**N THE summertime both cars were relatively easy to start. On a wintry morning, with the temperature reading ten below, we faced no simple task. In those days antifreeze radiator solutions hadn't been invented—or if they had, we'd never heard of them. We had no heated garage. Every night we drained the water out of the radiators, thereby preventing freezing. This didn't, however, prevent freezing of the oil in the crankcase.

In the morning the first step was to fill the radiator with water—water just as hot as could safely be poured in without cracking any pipes. When we poured the water into the top of the radiator we left the pet cock at the bottom of the radiator open, our purpose, of course, being to flush the radiator with hot water, and then to proceed with several more flushings of hot water.

We had a potbellied coal stove with a huge wash boiler on top of it, so we had plenty of hot water.

I won't go into further details, but if you went about the whole task intelligently, and had good luck, there was no reason why you couldn't get a Model-T started within an hour on even the coldest morning. As a last resort you could always jack up a hind wheel, and crank with the engine in gear. For some reason this worked when the other method failed, particularly with Roughneck. Realizing his back wheels were in gear, Roughneck probably assumed that by starting his motor he would automatically run down whoever was trying to crank him. He never got wised up to the fact that he couldn't get traction with one wheel jacked up in the air.

**D**URING the time we had Lizzie and Roughneck we also had a farm, a small coal mine, and a flock of sheep. In fact that is why we had the two cars—to run errands for the various enterprises.

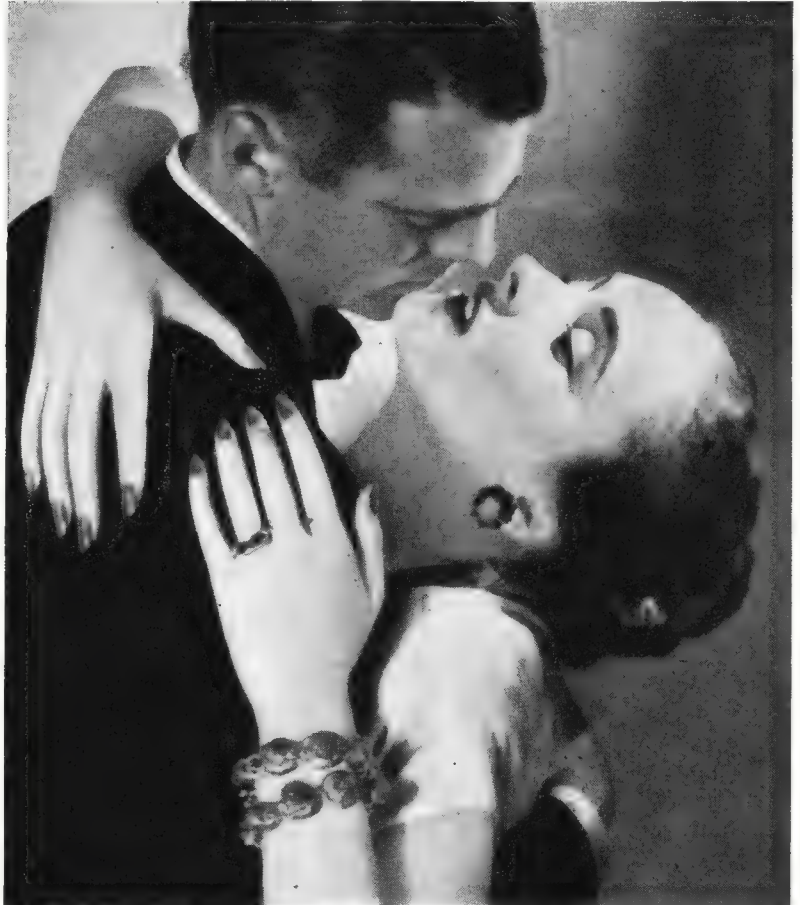
I do not know how many tons of grain, miners, sheep, coal dust, dirt and other assorted cargo Lizzie carried during her career with us but, since she took many trips, the tonnage must have approximated that of a good-sized ocean-going freighter. We decided one winter that Lizzie had earned a rest and laid her up in a neighbor's barn until spring, thus leaving ourselves free to pool our concerted energies towards fighting Roughneck. It wasn't until well along in April that the snow had melted sufficiently to enable us to dig our way into Lizzie's retreat. The little Model-T, we discovered, had wintered beautifully, and had become imbued with the spirit of spring. On her back floor was a beautiful green carpet of oats two inches high.

I would like to record that we subsequently harvested a crop from these sprouts, but everything I have written heretofore in this piece has been strictly factual, and I don't want to spoil that record now. The truth is that after that experience we reformed, and cleaned out Lizzie's rear floor at least twice a year. Later we moved from the Allegheny Mountains to New York City, and sold Lizzie and Roughneck. I don't know what has become of them, but I still miss them both. I can't see the car I have now as an oats-raiser. Its soil is too acid.

THE END

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"All our lives," you say, "I'll hold fast to your darling hands." And I—I'll keep my hands nice and soft, with help of Jergens Lotion . . . Hand care adored women greatly prefer. Hollywood Stars use Jergens, 7 to 1.



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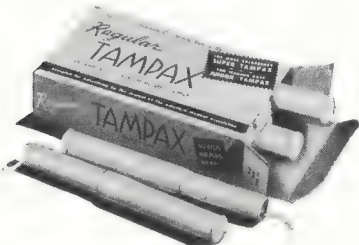
## about social plans and engagements

Going out to a party is often an ordeal when it comes on one of the "wrong days" of the month. A sheer evening dress cannot be expected to hang gracefully over the bulges and ridges that so often result from a harness of belts, pins and external sanitary pads . . . Why not change to Tampax (worn internally) and avoid such strains and annoyances?

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Buy Tampax at drug stores or notion counters. Three different absorbency-sizes. A month's average supply will slip into your purse. Economy box contains 4 times this quantity. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



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mischievous child, hated school and was a steadfast truant. When she did go to school, she'd wear one of her mother's hats or paint her nose red or scrawl a caricature of the teacher on the blackboard. In 1901, her father deserted the family, and they moved to 240 St. Mark's Place in Brooklyn. She helped her mother by clerking in candy stores and making baby dresses for pregnant wives in the neighborhood.

When her mother moved to One hundred thirty-eighth Street in Manhattan, Fannie got a job in a theater on Eighty-third Street. For her eight dollar salary, she sold tickets, painted signs, played the piano and sang illustrated songs. She met a skinny young song writer named Irving Berlin, who was plugging his own songs.

Learning that George M. Cohan and Sam Harris had issued a chorus call for a new show, "The Talk of New York," she applied and was accepted by Harris. At the first rehearsal, Fannie, who literally didn't know her right foot from her left, stumbled through the first number.

Finally, Cohan groaned. "Hey, you," he yelled to Brice, "Out! Back to the kitchen!"

Then she played in the chorus of Hurtig & Seamon's Transatlantic Burlesquers for two seasons. The following season she became one of the principals of another burlesque show, "The College Girls," by lying to the producer, Max Spiegel, and claiming she could do a specialty. During the first week of rehearsals, Spiegel called the principals together.

"Listen, all you specialty people," he announced. "There's a big benefit this Saturday night at Arverne, Long Island, and I want you all to go down there so I can see you work, and I'll have an idea how to spot you in the olio."

Fannie was desperate. She raced to the small offices of Waterson, Berlin & Snyder on Twenty-eighth Street and told Berlin her problem.

"You got to give me a good song," she wailed.

"I'll give you two good songs." He gave her "Doin' the Grizzly Bear" and "Don't Do That Dance, I Tell You, Sadie Salome." They were both comedy songs. She sang the Salome song as if it were a sad ballad.

"Don't do it that way," Berlin said. "Do it like this." He proceeded to render it in Jewish dialect.

She had never heard Jewish spoken at home, and to this day doesn't know more than a hundred words of Jewish which have been taught to her by Sophie Tucker and Eddie Cantor, and with which she likes to spice up her conversation.

Berlin drilled her over and over again in the Jewish inflections and accents until she had the lyric down just right.

FOR THE benefit show she bought a long white dress. Her mother starched it so stiffly she was afraid to sit down on the train, riding out to Long Island. She was hot, tired and nervous when she arrived. It was a heavy, torpid evening in late August, and the heat was stifling. When her turn came, she sang "Grizzly Bear." There was mild applause. Then she went into the verse and chorus of Salome. She found herself gyrating around the platform. She began to be a Salome, but a draggletail, preposterous, ghetto Salome. The audience howled with laughter. She snapped her fingers and darted about. She kicked up her legs in the most fantastic postures. The audience screamed. She took a dozen curtain calls. Spiegel signed her to a ten-year contract.

A few months later, after some dates

on the road, the show came to Broadway. The grapevine buzzed about the eighteen-year-old kid with the peculiar face and gangling legs and instinctively great timing that only the born comedienne possesses. Other managers and producers came to watch the burlesque show. Spiegel knew what they were there for, and he hung around the lobby and waved his contract at them, whistling in their faces.

Florenz Ziegfeld found Fannie was under twenty-one and told her the contract wasn't valid. She went with Ziegfeld for seventy-five dollars a week and was spotted in the Follies of 1910. On opening night at the *Jardin du Paris* Theatre she did three comedy songs and "Lovey Joe," a number written for her. She took eleven encores with "Lovey Joe" and was the hit of the Follies.

During the next twenty-five years, Fannie Brice starred in a succession of dazzling Ziegfeld shows with W. C. Fields, Bert Williams, Will Rogers, Eddie Cantor and Raymond Hitchcock. In all she appeared in eleven editions of the Follies. She did an Indian Squaw, Mrs. Cohen at the Beach, a satire on modernistic dancers, a satire on ballet dancers, a satire on fan-dancers, a hilarious travesty of Theda Bara and one on Aimee Semple MacPherson, the evangelist.

Meanwhile, Miss Brice had been having a strenuous private life, chiefly characterized by the fact that it wasn't in the least private. While "The College Girls" was on tour, she met and married Frank White, an Albany barber. "I married him," she used to say, "because he smelled so nice." They were married in Springfield, Massachusetts, in February, 1910. She left him after three days. A year later she sued for an annulment.

"Five minutes after we were married," she told reporters, "I realized I had made a serious mistake. I simply married White to kill time. When he proposed to me in Springfield, I accepted because I had nothing else to do."

She next fell in love with a chap named Fred Gresham. Ziegfeld had Miss Brice rooming with Lillian Lorraine, a breathtaking Follies beauty, in order to keep the wolves away from Miss Lorraine. Miss Brice, not to speak of Ziegfeld, was considerably startled one day to learn that Miss Lorraine and Gresham had run off and been married.

IN 1912, SHE had a blind date, as part of a foursome, with a tall, dapper, scintillating gentleman named Nicky Arnstein. His real name was Julius Wilford Arndt Stein, a former bicycle racer, who had been nicknamed "Nickel-Plate" because he rode a shiny nickel-plated machine. The name was shortened to Nick. At that time he was a crooked gambler who claimed to have invented several new methods of dealing from the bottom of a deck.

In 1938, Fannie Brice wrote a lengthy and disarmingly naïve autobiography for a confessions magazine. She then stated that she fell in love with Nicky when, while having a drink in his hotel suite in Baltimore, she went into the bedroom to comb her hair and saw his silk monogrammed pajamas, monogrammed silk shirts and pigskin accessories.

"I fell in love," she confessed, "not with the real man, but with the externals."

Arnstein was an exceedingly ingratiating fellow. Wilson Mizner, the noted wit, once said Arnstein was so glib he could sell a bereaved widow a two-pants suit for the corpse.

In 1918, they were married. He hadn't told Fannie he was already married. Carrie Arnstein sued Fannie for one hundred



thousand dollars, charging alienation of affections. The suit was settled out of court. Nicky clarified his marital status, and Fannie and he settled down to two years of happy married life. Their first child, Frances, was born.

Then there was a robbery of five million dollars' worth of negotiable bonds from a Wall Street house. During the hue and cry, the name of Arnstein was introduced as the master mind of the theft. Arnstein went into hiding. For a year, he was the object of a nationwide man hunt. Fannie publicly proclaimed she was sticking by her husband. She sold her jewels and hired the late William J. Fallon, the great New York criminal lawyer, to represent the missing Arnstein.

Meanwhile, in Paris, the dancer Mistinguette had popularized an apache song called "*Mon Homme*." Ziegfeld hired Channing Pollock to make an English translation of the words. With a showman's vision, Ziegfeld saw that "My Man" would be a perfect song for Fannie to sing at this time although she had never done a serious ballad since becoming a star. As anybody over thirty recalls only too well, "My Man" was a song about a woman's tearful love for a man who wasn't good and wasn't true.

At dress rehearsal, she sang it while encased in a tight black satin gown that cost twelve hundred dollars. The scene was a French water front, a glittering Joseph Urban set. It was four A.M., during the long tedious dress rehearsal, when she did her song. Ziegfeld stopped her in the middle.

"It's no good," he said. "The set's no good. The singing is no good. Nothing is any good."

He ordered the lights dimmed. He had two of his assistants dirty up the set. Then he told her to remove the rustling dress, right there on the stage. Then, as she shivered in her underwear, he stamped on the dress, rolled it in the dust, and, with a pair of borrowed scissors, he cut the dress almost to shreds. "Now," he said, "put it on and sing that song."

She nearly wept, seeing the costume spoiled. Ziegfeld told the orchestra to play the song in a different mood, more sobbingly. Now she was a kid in rags. When she sang the song at the premiere of the "Midnight Frolics" it was about a quarter of eleven, the time when an audience grows a little weary. She began slowly, her deep green eyes filled with an eternal melancholy. Everybody in the audience quickly read an extra meaning into the lines.

Hardened Broadway grifters and their girl friends wept unashamedly. Cynical sophisticates broke down. There wasn't a dry eye in the house.

During the years, Fannie made "My Man" a permanent part of her repertoire. Arnstein loathed the song and tried to get her to stop singing it.

"Suppose," Arnstein once remarked, "you were listening to the song, and you knew that almost everyone else automatically connected you with the man who wasn't good and wasn't true and beat her too, how would you like it?"

Arnstein came out of hiding, and spent eighteen months in Leavenworth Prison.

SINCE HER adolescence, Fannie had suffered from the feeling that she had an unattractive face—which wasn't true. Her nose, while large and slightly out of proportion, was not unsightly. But she felt keenly about it, and in 1923, when she made the acquaintance of Dr. Henry J. Schireson, a plastic surgeon who was a friend of Sophie Tucker's, she decided to have her nose remodeled. Dorothy Parker

## COVER GIRL ALMOST MISSES HER BIG CHANCE!



8 A.M. Mary's due for a cover photo at 10. But she's headachy, dull, logy—in need of a laxative. "I can't make it,"

she moans. "Nonsense," chirps sister Joan. "Take this glass of sparkling Sal Hepatica. You'll feel better quick!"



10 A.M. The shutter clicks! And the picture turned out like a dream. Sal Hepatica saved her big chance!

Taken first thing in the A. M., this saline laxative usually acts in an hour . . . brings quick, ever-so-gentle relief.

And Sal Hepatica helps counteract excess gastric acidity; helps turn a sour stomach sweet again, too.

3 out of 5 doctors in a national survey advised Sal Hepatica. Next time you need a laxative, try it.

**ASK YOUR DOCTOR** about the efficacy of this famous prescription! Sal Hepatica's active ingredients: sodium sulphate, sodium chloride, sodium phosphate, lithium carbonate, sodium bicarbonate, tartaric acid. Get a bottle of Sal Hepatica today, remembering this: caution—use only as directed.

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—take gentle, speedy  
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Your friends  
only know  
it's a lovely  
rug...



There's only  
one real Ozite with  
hundreds and hundreds  
of circles... each so soft and  
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but you know it's the  
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When rugs get "ohs" and "ahs"  
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doubles the life of your rugs but  
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delightful, deep-down softness.  
Cushion your rugs with Ozite  
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The finest quality rug and  
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**OZITE**  
RUG CUSHION

Reinforced fabric center.  
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cracked: "Fannie Brice bit off her nose  
to spite her race."

In September, 1927, she filed a suit for  
divorce from Arnstein in Chicago. Her  
complaint alleged, among other things:  
"Four years ago, approximately, your  
oratrix submitted herself to a plastic sur-  
geon, to straighten her nose and other-  
wise improve her appearance. Immedi-  
ately thereafter the defendant changed  
his attitude toward her and developed an  
inferiority complex that is explained in  
his own words:

"Now that you are beautiful you are  
not the same Fannie I married and have  
lived with all these years. You make me  
feel by contrast an inferior person."

"And from that time on, though the  
appearance of your oratrix was improved,  
the said defendant sought the company of  
other women."

**S**HE met her third husband at a small  
speak-easy night club, the Back Stage  
Club, which he operated in 1924. One of  
the singers in the floor show sang a ballad  
that caught her ear.

She thought it was lovely and remarked  
she'd like to meet the writer of these  
words. Her companion said it could be  
easily arranged. She called Billy Rose  
over. He was twenty-five years old, with  
bitter black eyes, straggling black hair  
and an unkempt appearance. Also, he was  
short and slightly chubby. Her face fell as  
she beheld the author of the romantic  
lyric.

He saw her disappointment. "What did  
you expect," he snarled, "the Hudson  
River night boat with spotlights?"

Three years later, when her writer went  
on a binge and she needed material in a  
hurry for a forty-minute vaudeville  
routine, Rose came to her rescue and  
wrote her five specialty songs. She be-  
came fascinated by his relentless ambi-  
tion, his inexhaustible energy and his  
keen brain—one of the shrewdest, cle-  
verest brains on Broadway. She decided to  
marry him then and there.

"I wanted to marry him," she confided  
recently, "because I thought I'd be com-  
fortable with him and his company would  
be amusing and that he wouldn't be able  
to hurt me. I enjoyed every minute of  
our life together. He had a bitter sar-  
castic sense of humor that appealed to  
me. There was no element of passion in  
our marriage. He never kissed me the  
way men kissed in the songs he wrote.  
He isn't that way. He's all brain and  
planning, so cold-blooded. But we were  
honest with each other.

"I never told him I loved him, and he  
never told me he loved me. We were on  
the level. I respected him. But he never  
made my heart jump the way Nick had  
done."

Rose, on his part, had been dazzled by  
her fame, her greatness, the naturalness  
of her personality, her earthiness, her  
appealing vulgarity. She was thirty-eight  
and he was thirty when they were mar-  
ried in 1929 on the steps of City Hall  
by Mayor James J. Walker.

Rose, just another average Broadway  
song writer, found himself overshadowed  
by his wife.

**W**HEN in 1934 he opened a cabaret, Billy  
Rose's Music Hall, he put up his name in  
electric lights on a forty-foot sign. When  
the sign was turned on, he walked two  
blocks away, to Fifty-first Street, so he  
could get a good long-distance view of  
the total effect. For several minutes, Rose  
enjoyed the spectacle of his name. Be-  
hind him a man and a woman were also  
studying the sign.

"Who's that Billy Rose?" the man  
asked.

"Oh, him?" the lady replied. "He's Fan-  
nie Brice's husband."

Gradually, they drifted into separate  
orbits. But they had a fairly pleasant re-  
lationship until 1937 when Rose produced  
the Aquacade at Cleveland, starring swim-  
ming champion Eleanor Holm, with whom  
he fell in love.

Fannie Brice secured her divorce in  
1938. By then she was already fairly  
launched as Baby Snooks.

The genesis of the malicious moppet  
goes back to 1914 when Fannie was play-  
ing the Cleveland Orpheum Theater. She  
was at a party and somebody asked her  
to do the "Poor Pauline" number she did  
in her act. The number was a satirical  
jab at the Pearl White movie serial.

Fannie hates to repeat for a small par-  
lor audience the same numbers she does  
in a theater. It doesn't sound right to her.  
So she sang "Poor Pauline"—but sang it  
in lisping baby talk. It went over so well,  
she did it that way at the matinee per-  
formance next day. It stopped the show,  
so she used it as her closing bit that sea-  
son.

The following season she did another  
baby-talk number in vaudeville, "Poor  
Little Moving Picture Girl," a travesty  
of Baby Peggy.

**I**N 1933 when she appeared in her first  
radio series, Miss Brice, who had been  
brooding about the baby character and  
developing it in her mind, asked the late  
Dave Freedman, one of the great writers  
of comedy material, to compose a baby  
routine. He sneered.

"I expect to get screams of laughter,"  
she said.

"With a baby, you'll get groans, not  
screams."

He refused. Then he happened to be  
looking through his gag file and discov-  
ered an old bit about a father who catches  
his son in a lie and begins to explain the  
story of George Washington and the  
cherry tree. Suddenly, the humorous pos-  
sibilities of Baby Snooks struck him, and  
he dashed off the first Baby Snooks radio  
script. Nobody went wild about it. In  
1937, when Fannie came to Hollywood to  
play herself in the M-G-M movie, "The  
Great Ziegfeld," she appeared as a guest  
on the M-G-M Good News radio pro-  
gram. She asked the writers to give her  
a five-minute spot as Snooks. She re-  
mained on the program as Snooks until  
two years ago when Snooks graduated  
to her own full thirty-minute program.

When the Snooks show was about to  
open for the 1945-1946 season, Miss Brice  
was still recuperating from her heart  
attack. During the first three weeks of  
broadcasting, the writers invented a sit-  
uation in which Baby Snooks runs away  
from home and is missing for three weeks.  
During the three broadcasts, Eddie Can-  
tor, Kay Kyser and Robert Benchley ap-  
peared on the program, helping Daddy  
look for Snooks.

Finally, she turned up.  
"I was lost," explained Baby Snooks,  
"but I found myself."

"Where?" asked Daddy.  
"Where I lost myself," she answered.  
"Where have you been, Snooks?" per-  
sisted Daddy.

"Oh," she said airily, "to the movies."  
After mulling over the explanation,  
Daddy accepted this as a valid excuse for  
her three weeks' absence.

Some students of child psychology claim  
the whole trouble with Snooks is that her  
father is very stupid.

**THE END**

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# Cosmopolitan Cover Girl



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\$1 and \$1.50  
plus tax

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### Cousin Isobel

(Continued from page 28)

called, and then she was in the living room. "Darling," she said, "I didn't hear the door. I'd just collapsed on the bed—just a moment ago."

She slid her arms around his neck and began to kiss him, the way she always kissed him, with a searching, urgent insistence. It was like that even when they were to meet again in three hours; and, conscious now of an overdramatic quality in her embrace, a kind of spurious passion, he found himself wondering what movies she'd seen since he had been away and what novels she'd read from the rental libraries she frequented.

She moved her cheek against his and, still with her arms around his neck, held her head back a little to look at him. "I've missed you terribly," she said. "Terribly. You've been gone forever."

"Flatterer." He grinned. "Five days." "That's impossible. It was much longer." She put her arm through his. "Here's Jane," she said.

The girl was still standing by the fireplace. She had her head ducked down as though she were uncertain in which direction to look; when she made no move towards him, Decker crossed the room and shook hands with her. He said something about being sorry to have missed most of her visit. He said that as soon as he'd unpacked he wanted to hear all about what she and Isobel had been doing. They'd probably been having a lot more fun than he had, he told her. New York had been jammed.

She watched him closely as he spoke, smiling a little so that he could see the glinting line of her teeth, small and even and astonishingly white.

"I've had a lovely visit," she said.

SHE was fairly tall, he noticed. And slender—almost thin. She wore her dark hair in a long rather scraggly bob, and she had a ring on her finger that she kept sliding back and forth between her knuckles. When he turned from her, he stumbled against the fire-bench. She might at least have come out from behind that bench, he thought, and then he thought no more about her until he and Isobel were in their bedroom and Isobel had closed the door behind them.

He began to unpack his bag and to put the shirts and underwear he hadn't worn back in the drawer. Isobel lighted a cigarette and sat on her bed, watching him.

"It's been absolutely grim," she began, her voice held down to kind of a stage whisper. "You've no idea what a siege I've had . . . Four solid days of it."

"How do you mean?" he asked. "What's been grim?"

"Darling, I can't stand it if you're going to be in one of your obtuse moods. I'm going off someplace and cry if you don't listen to me. I thought you'd never come back."

"I'm not in any particular mood," he said. "No more obtuse than usual."

"Don't talk like that, Decker. You know I don't like it when you say things like that."

Catching sight of himself in the mirror, he saw the place on his chin where he'd cut himself shaving. That's a train ride for you, he thought. Joggling against someone in the washroom . . . Jabbing yourself with the razor. "Shoot," he said. "I'm listening."

"Well, what did you think of her anyway?"

"What did I think of who?"

"Of Jane, of course." Isobel sighed.

"Who else would I mean?"

"She's all right, I guess. I don't know—



I've hardly seen her. Look, Isobel, let's—"

"I just wish you'd been here," she interrupted. "The whole time, I mean. Honestly! Aunt Maggie's gay at least. She used to drive me out of my mind because she was so inquisitive, but she's got a little life in her. How she ever produced anyone like Jane!"

"What's the matter with her? Shy?"

"Shy. Wooden—tongue-tied. I don't know what you'd call her. I tried to find out what she wanted to do. She didn't care, she said. Anything. I asked her if there were any of her friends down from school she'd like to call up. No. Period."

"So what did you do with her?" he asked.

"What didn't I do? Lunch. Shopping. I bought her a dress—her clothes are impossible. I even bought her a hat. A new hat is supposed to do something for every female living. Except for Jane . . . I can't tell you what it's been like. She has absolutely no conversation. She adores me, of course. She clings to me. I tried to get her to go to the movies Wednesday afternoon when I played bridge. I told her exactly where I'd meet her, but do you think she'd leave me? She would not. Maude Jenkins gave her a book to read, and she went off into the library to read, but she kept coming back and standing in the doorway. To see if I'd eluded her for a minute, I suppose. She looked terribly gauche, just standing there. I messed up two perfectly good hands and lost about seven dollars. Maude was furious at me over one of them. She was my partner. She kept pointing out how I could have made it—you know how she is."

**H**E FELT his attention wander as she talked, and he began to think about his trip to New York and the sale that hadn't come off very well. Not really well at all. He might have done a better job, he thought, if he'd had more time. Or if he'd stuck by his first price. He heard Isobel's voice stop, and he forced his mind back to what she'd been saying.

"Maude's a stinker," he said. "What she doesn't know about bridge . . ." He sat down on the edge of his bed, facing her. "Did you say you tried the theater?"

"No, I didn't say it. But I tried it all right. Once. It's awfully hard to get tickets, you know, and we had rotten seats. It was a stupid play. Jane acted as though she were hypnotized. I don't know whether she liked it or not. The only time she said anything, she asked me why they had the epilogue. Imagine! I don't know why they had it—because they wanted it, I guess. Anyway on two other nights I took her to the movies. I couldn't just sit here with her. She's got a way of watching me, and when I look up she's looked the other way. Honestly, Decker . . ."

She shoved the pillows up behind her and leaned back. The bed light, shining on her head, made her hair look very blond and silken. He took her hand and began to move his thumb against her knuckles.

"You've let her get under your skin," he said. "She's just a kid. Don't make such an episode of it."

"Try spending four days with her, then. Just try it. I know she's young, darling, and she hasn't been anywhere but Mississippi—I know all that. But then neither had I when I first came to Chicago. I was about her age. I was just seventeen when I first came here. You should have seen me, Decker. I can't help thinking about it when I'm with her. The difference . . . My lord!"

He looked at her, trying to imagine what she had been like at seventeen. She



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was thirty-two now, and they had been married nine years. Under the strong rays of the light her face and her mouth, pouting a little, looked sharp—rapacious, almost. And at seventeen she had looked the same, he imagined. Only a little younger. Fresher. Perhaps a little less determined. He tried to remember exactly how he had felt about her during the first years of their marriage when all the little situations she built up—the little crises she erected and magnified and played out to the end—had seemed amusing to him. And interesting. He had been in love with her then, and how was it he had felt? . . . For the life of him, he couldn't remember.

She put her arm up, shielding her eyes from the light.

“Tired?” he asked.

“Absolutely done in. If she weren't leaving in the morning, and if the Beesoms hadn't asked us to meet them tonight—”

He released her hand. “That's not tonight, is it?” he said.

“Of course it's tonight. Darling, I don't know how many times I've told you. Mitch is back from California. You remember him, don't you? Alice Beesom's brother?” She sat up and began to slide her fingers through her hair, smiling a little now. “He made quite a to-do about me, remember?” she said. “And they've asked the Wainwrights and the Reynoldses—it's Dutch, of course—and that McRae creature for Mitch.”

“That crew,” he said.

“Don't be such a stick, Decker. You've been in New York. You've been having yourself a time, while I—”

“I was in New York on a job,” he said. “I wasn't having such a hot time.”

“Well, anyway, you like Harry Beesom, don't you? And the Colony—that's where we're going—you like it there, don't you?”

“What had you planned to do with”—he nodded his head in the direction of the door—“with Jane?”

“She'll just have to come along. I told Alice I'd have to bring her. It was too appalling thinking of getting a man for her. We don't know anyone her age anyway. Aunt Maggie wanted me to show her Chicago, though. Well she can't say I haven't tried.” She sat up and put her hand on his arm, her voice sinking a little. “Ah, darling, I've been absolutely smothered. Really I have. I mean if I can't get out somewhere tonight where it's gay—you do want to go, don't you?”

He sat there looking down at his hands, knowing, of course, that he'd go. He might hedge a little or try to reason with her. Or lose his temper. But he was too tired, he realized, to face what he'd have to face if he didn't go.

“Sure,” he said. “But let's have a drink and dinner. And what's your wooden Indian doing now? Oughtn't we to have a look at her?”

He shifted his position a little, wondering suddenly how long Isobel was going to continue to lean over him and to keep her hand on his arm.

THEY hadn't arrived until late. Past ten. They'd had to wait for a cab; and it had taken Isobel a long while to get ready. She'd insisted that Jane wear her new dress and hat, and, when Decker saw her in it, he could imagine the kind of mood Isobel had been in when she selected it. And the kind of store she'd bought it in. The dress was green, green enough to make Jane look paler and more washed-out than when he first saw her. The lines hit her all wrong, accentuating her thinness, and the hat sat insecurely on her head and trailed a wisp of veil down along her neck. Some of the irritation he



felt at Isobel drained over to the girl for letting herself be talked into wearing such a rig.

Jane had sat through dinner nibbling at her food like a scared rabbit; and, after one or two tries at talking to her, he'd left her alone. He had problems enough anyway, he thought—what with the New York business lying heavily on his mind. And he'd meant to go to bed early, hoping that by tomorrow he'd think of a way to explain the deal he'd finally made.

In the taxi Isobel began to hum in a kind of withdrawn, mysterious way; and he knew that she was pointing herself for the evening. Getting in the mood. He wished then that he'd stuck to his guns and stayed at home and gone to bed. Because he'd seen it all before. If it wasn't Mitch it was somebody else, and he'd seen all the angles. The cheap ones. The silly ones. He'd watched Isobel run for cover when she got beyond her depth—she never wanted to get in very deep—and he'd listened to her make quite a story of it afterwards. He leaned his head against the back of the cab.

AFTER they arrived, though, and said hello to everybody he found himself sitting beside Harry Beesom. And that was a break, he thought. Because, though Harry would never set the world on fire, he was a good enough sort of fellow. Better than Wainwright, much better than Charlie Reynolds. Harry asked about his trip to New York, drew him out a little, and Decker, conscious of his interest, began to tell him what he'd been up against. He didn't know how long he'd been talking to him when Alice Beesom interrupted them. He'd seen Isobel get up to dance with Mitch. The glass in front of him, he noticed, was only half empty; but then he was a slow drinker.

"Please stop talking business," Alice said. "You're ruining the party. For me, at least. I'm being completely ignored."

"Well, that'll never do," Harry said. "Not if I'm to have a peaceful week it won't."

He looked back as he led his wife to the dance floor and winked at Decker, and Decker, glancing down the table, saw that the McRae girl, having lost Mitch to Isobel, was consoling herself with Charlie Reynolds. The Wainwrights had left the table and Maizie Reynolds was leaning across the vacant seat beside her, smiling at Decker, her shoulders moving a little to the music. She was shorter by a good deal than he was, and she had a way of nuzzling her chin against him, he remembered, when she danced. The music beat into his ears. He hesitated and, turning his head away from her for an instant, saw that Jane, who had been sitting between Alice Beesom and Isobel, was now quite alone. She was doing something with her handkerchief, her head bent over so that the ridiculous hat seemed to perch on her forehead. Watching her, seeing the tiny jerking movement of her arm as she wadded up her handkerchief and unfolded it again, he felt something stir inside his mind. A sense of pity, perhaps. Of pity, darkened a little with remorse. For she must be having a thick time of it here, he thought.

He got up and went around the table and pulled out the chair beside her. "How's it going?" he asked.

She looked up at him. "Oh, it's awfully nice," she said. "It's awfully interesting here."

He sat down and, pushing back the glasses, leaned his arm on the table. "Look, how's your mother?" he asked. "You haven't told me anything about her. And how's—what's the town—Somerset?"

"Somerville," she said. "Mother's fine;



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I hear from her twice a week. She writes me on Tuesdays and on Fridays. She tells me what's happening." She bent her head a little so that the dark hair straggled across her cheek. "But I've been away a long time, you know," she continued. "Since September, the seventeenth."

When she looked up again he was surprised to see the change in her face. The color had come up in her cheeks, and her eyes, wide and glittering a little, made him wonder if she were going to cry. He started to speak and stopped as Charlie Reynolds burst into laughter and clapped his hand down on the table with such force that the ice tinkled against the glasses. Jane's glass, almost full, teetered for an instant, a little pool of the liquid slopping over the rim and trickling from the table down onto her dress. She took her handkerchief and began to scrub at the spot, not helping it any but making the stain spread wider on her green skirt. Again Decker felt pity move in him.

"Let's see what it's like outside on the terrace," he said, speaking carefully as though he were afraid he might startle her. "Would you like to do that?"

He helped her on with her coat. "We're going for some air," he said to the others.

As he led her around the edge of the dance floor and through the maze of tables that separated them from the terrace, he wondered what had made him suggest it. Boy Scout stuff, he thought; and he decided that it might have been easier to go ahead and dance with Maizie. In spite of the way she nuzzled, it might have been easier. He hoped that Jane would let that beastly little handkerchief of hers alone. Any woman ought to know how to stand still, he thought.

But when they reached the terrace, he discovered that Jane could stand perfectly still. Once outside, away from the people and the aching blare of the music, she seemed to change a little, to hesitate, somehow, on the edge of a pure and distant serenity. She didn't assert herself—not at first, or demand anything of him; and he was glad that they had come.

There was no one else on the terrace, and they walked down to the end where a jutting corner of the building protected them from the breeze. He hooked his foot through a rung of the balustrade and leaned over to look down. She stood behind him, her back against the side wall; not speaking, not moving at all.

NIGHTTIME Chicago lay in a glitter of lights above and around them. He could hear the whine of the tires on the pavement below them; the traffic cop's high, insistent whistle; the cars rushing forward again as the lights changed.

"Quite a sight, isn't it?" he said finally. She came over and stood beside him.

"It's lovely," she said. "I'm glad to see it like this."

"That's the Lindbergh beacon going over—the big one. It's on top of the Palmolive building. There," he pointed.

"I see," she said.

"The sign just south of it is as big as they come," he went on. "Or it used to be—my statistics may not be up to date. And the white building, the one all lighted up—that's the Wrigley building."

She turned, her eyes following where he pointed. "There are so many lights," she said. "I've never seen so many before." She tipped her chin then and wheeled around a little, gazing straight up overhead. "Only they hide the stars, don't they?" she said.

She had a soft voice, the Mississippi drawl slurring her speech a little. Standing like that, her head tipped back, the strong young line of her throat rising from her coat collar, she seemed to lose,

for a moment, all the hesitancy, the uncertainty, that had irritated him.

"You like the stars, do you?" he asked. "Oh, yes," she said. "I love them. Don't you? Don't you like to look at them? At home there aren't many lights. It's flat, too, and you can see a lot of the sky."

She moved back against the building then, seeming to retreat, to huddle into the corner. "But of course it's not anything like this," she said. "It's not anything so wonderful as this."

He lighted a cigarette. The smoke disappeared in the clean night air.

"Don't pretend you like it if you don't," he said. "Relax, why don't you? There's nobody here but me. You don't have to pretend."

"It's nice of you to say that."

"Well?"

"But I'm not really pretending," she said, her words coming now with a soft rush. "It is wonderful. And it was wonderful of Isobel to ask me. I was hoping she would sometime—not really believing it, you know—but hoping she would anyway. And then her letter came. . . . In the morning mail. I read it in study hall. I kept reading it over and over instead of studying. You can't talk to anyone there, you know. But, as soon as the bell rang, I ran to show it to my roommate."

HE LOOKED at her, remembering the letter Aunt Maggie had written to Isobel, remembering almost word for word parts she had read aloud to him over the breakfast table.

"I hate to ask you to do this," she'd read, "knowing how busy you must be, but if you could find time to have the poor child down. I knew you couldn't at Christmas—she stayed at the school then—but she will have four days after her spring term exams, beginning on the fifteenth. She's been lonely, I'm afraid, being so far from home—and if she could be with you. . . ." There was a good deal then about Isobel. She'd read him that, and then she'd skipped a page or so. But there'd been a postscript, he remembered. "If you can manage to have Jane," Aunt Maggie had written, "don't let her know that I suggested it. Please don't. It would spoil the whole thing for her."

This last had seemed to Isobel the most preposterous of all.

"Look," she'd said. "She's got it all underlined. It's just like Aunt Maggie, pushing this off on me and wanting me to pretend it's all my idea. And how would I know when Jane had a vacation anyway? Unless somebody told me?"

"Most schools," he'd pointed out, "have vacations about that time."

Watching Jane now, he wondered how Isobel had phrased the letter that had given her such delight. Not wanting to write it, putting it off from day to day, she must finally have done a good job.

"And now that you're here," he said suddenly, "you've just been having one hell of a time, haven't you?"

"You mustn't think that," she said. "You mustn't think I've not been having a nice time. Or tell her—promise you won't tell her. It's just that—"

"What's been wrong?" he asked.

"I don't want to tell you."

"Scared?"

"A little."

"Of me?" he asked.

"No, not of you. . . . I was at first. In the apartment, I was. But not now. I don't know why, but I'm not any more. Because you're. . . ." She hesitated. "Well, I'm just not."

He leaned back against the balustrade, smiling, feeling a light, skimming sensation of pleasure wash through him.

"I'm scared of Isobel," she said. The



words, when they reached him sounded far off, drowned. "I'm afraid she won't like me . . . I've made an awful mess of things. I oughtn't to tell you this—about being afraid of her, I mean."

"Why not?"

"Oh, well . . . I just oughtn't. But you see, Mary—that's my sister; she's younger than I am, she's still in high school—Mary and I had always heard about Isobel. Mother was always telling us about her. And then I got to come and see her . . . Mary sent me her turquoise necklacc to wear, and it all sounded so wonderful, and then—"

"And then it didn't turn out to be so hot?" he asked.

"But it was my fault. Because I got scared and stiff, and I couldn't think of

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anything to say. This is the first time since I got here that I've said anything at all. Honestly it is . . . And I oughtn't to be telling you this now."

"Go on," he said.

"But that's all. Except that Mother'd like me to be like her. I know she would. And I'd like to be. But I keep watching her and trying, and I don't know how to start."

**HE LAUGHED;** and then he stopped laughing and leaned forward. Jane was standing in the shadow cast by the wall of the building but, even so, he could see the worried, anxious expression on her face. Looking at her, he tried to remember how it was when you were that young, when your life was streaming out before you and you were still trying to decide what sort of person you wanted to be.

"You know what I'd do," he said. "If I were you. I wouldn't try to be like Isobel. Or like anybody else. I wouldn't worry about it. Not for a minute. You're all right the way you are. You're lucky to be like you are."

"But I'm not, really." Her voice strained towards him, and she moved her tongue over her lips. "You're nice to say it. But I'm not even very good at school—about making friends, I mean. It's different at home. Down there I'm—well, I don't know, it's just different."

"Homesick?" he asked.

He watched her tuck her chin down into the collar of her coat and turn her face away from him. "Well have you ever been away from home that long?" she said. "Since September?"

He tried to stretch his mind back into his past; but he was still thinking of her, finding the stubborn, reluctant attitude of her body, the angle at which she held her young chin, suddenly and intolerably moving.

"Have I?" he said. "Well, let's see . . ."

"Maybe it's different when you're from a city. I don't know. Maybe you don't feel the same."

"But I was born in Kansas," he said,

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"You must know how it is then." Her voice lifted. "And when you go back—"

"But I don't go back."

"Not ever?"

"Not for a long time now."

"But why? Why wouldn't you go back?"

"I don't know. I was a kid when I left there—fourteen, I guess. That's a long time ago. I went to St. Louis then. I went to school there, and later I came on up here. I don't think I've even thought of Kansas—not for years, anyhow."

She was silent for a while, and then she came over and leaned beside him on the balustrade.

"I'd die if I couldn't go back to Somerville," she said. "I really would. I can't imagine not going back. Why I know everybody there. I know how it looks—the country, I mean. And all the people."

HE FELT his mind stretching back again, burrowing into his past and seeking out the dim outlines of the little Kansas town.

"I think I see what you mean," he said. Ghostlike, he felt parts of the town begin to take shape in his imagination, gray little houses, untenanted at first, and then the people gradually emerging—remembered now. "You mean 'Hello Mr. Bandy, can I borrow Pete's bike?' You mean that?"

"Yes. That's what I mean, I guess. Part of it anyway." She looked out over the balustrade. "Hello, Mr. Dorsey," she said, her voice very light and clear. "How's the new gin? ... That sort of thing."

"Any nibbles, Sam?"

"Hello, Jethero," she said. She cupped her hands over her elbows, hugging her arms to her. "You should see Jethero." She began to laugh. "Why I haven't had so much fun in months. Really I haven't."

Just talking about it. It's like a game."

He had not heard her laugh before, he realized; and he moved so that he was facing her. "Let's see you without the hat," he said.

He thought at first that she had not heard him, or, hearing him, had not wanted to do as he asked. But, after a moment, she unpinned the hat and took it off. The breeze, stirring against her head, lifted her hair. The green dress was hidden beneath her dark coat; and afterwards, when he thought of her, he liked to remember her as she had looked then—her neck rising white and slender from her coat, her young face watching him, a curious, waiting expression in her eyes.

"Do you like me without it?" she asked.

"Yes," he said slowly. "I like you without it."

And, you'd better get inside, Decker, he thought to himself. Before you've made an ass of yourself, you'd better get the hell out of here. Abruptly he put his arm through hers and started toward the door. "And I wouldn't put it on again," he said. "Not even for Isobel, I wouldn't."

He hadn't meant to dance with her. He'd meant to take her directly back to the table; but, seeing her watch the dancers as they approached the floor, seeing the look of longing, almost of envy, on her face, he hesitated.

"How'd you like a dance?" he said.

He put her coat and hat on a chair by a vacant table, and, dancing cautiously at first, holding her loosely for fear she would not be able to follow, he started around the floor. Almost immediately he discovered that she was a good dancer. She was easy to lead, a feeling of light, clean rhythm coming into her body.

"Say," he said. "Why didn't you tell me you could dance like this?"

"I like to dance," she said.

Her face was near to his, and she was

smiling so that he could see the lifted contour of her mouth and, between her lips, the even lines of her beautiful, young teeth. He did not look at her or speak to her again; but, holding her closer, he moved more certainly across the floor. Through her dress he could feel the thin, bony ridges of her ribs. She was tall, almost as tall as he, and her body, in motion, had a fresh and limpid quality—a sort of fluid grace that he would not have suspected in her. Not even out there on the terrace would he have suspected that it would be like this dancing with her. He shifted the position of his arm, drawing away from her a little, as the music grew softer and finally stopped.

When he took her back to the table he found that, except for the Beesoms, it was deserted.

"Look after Jane a minute, will you?" he said. "I'm going to hunt up Isobel. It's about time to shove off."

ISOBEL was at the bar with Mitch. He found her easily enough, but it took him a while to get her started. She was sitting on a stool at the bar, and she had just started a drink. She kept pointing at the glass. "But I can't waste this, darling," she said. "It's sinful to waste it."

Mitch was standing beside her. He had begun to weave a little on his feet, and his handsome face had a pale, disheveled look. "Have a drink," he said to Decker.

"No, thanks. We've got to get home."

"Jealous?" Mitch asked Isobel, tipping his head towards Decker.

"Insanely," she said. She lolled back against the bar, smiling at Decker over the rim of her glass.

"That's too bad," Mitch said. "It's an awful mistake to be jealous. My motives are pure. Ask anybody—anybody you happen to meet. Just ask them."

"Come on, Isobel," Decker said. "It's

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late. We've got Jane. She's getting tired."

"Don't be ridiculous, darling. And what if she is? It's good for her."

"Who's Jane?" Mitch asked.

Isobel put her glass down on the bar. "You met Jane. She's a cousin of mine. A kind of a dreadful cousin," she whispered. "I've had her for four days, and I've just passed her on to Decker."

"Poor Decker," Mitch said. "Have a drink, Decker."

Decker shook his head. He waited a minute, watched Isobel pick her glass up again and empty it.

Then, "We're ready to go," he said, his voice sharpening. "If you want to come with us, come on. If not, we'll see you later."

Isobel climbed down from the bar stool. "The trouble is," she said, "the whole trouble is this: Jane keeps a diary. 'Dear Diary,' she'll write. 'Tonight Cousin Isobel didn't come home with her husband.' And tomorrow she'll send the news on to Aunt Maggie. And that makes a situation for poor little Isobel."

She leaned over and began to whisper to Mitch. Decker saw Mitch put his arm around her. He turned then and started away from the bar.

Isobel followed him. "Darling," she was saying, "I wasn't nearly ready to leave. I was just beginning to enjoy myself. You know I don't like to leave so early."

And back at the table, and even in the taxi on the way home, she would not let it drop. He did not try to stop her or interrupt her; and, giving up finally on him, she centered her attention on Jane.

He couldn't be sure, when she told Jane about Aunt Maggie's letter, that she had meant to do it at all. She was not really malicious—only thoughtless, and dead set on her own interests. She had had a little too much to drink. It might have been that, or it might have been that she just stumbled into it before she realized what she was saying. He didn't stop her. He couldn't think of anything to do short of putting his hand over her mouth, and it was over, anyway, before he had a chance.

"Aunt Maggie wanted me to show you the town," she said, leaning across him. "Decker would have you in bed with the chickens, but Aunt Maggie said in her letter you were to be gay. That's exactly what she wrote, you see. 'I want her to have a little fun,' she said. And so—if we hadn't gone, or if we'd come home any earlier, think how she'd—"

"Mother wrote you that?" Jane interrupted. "You mean she asked you to—well, to write me?"

He sat forward then and said something to the cab driver, something quite obvious and unnecessary about how to make the right turn. But it was too late. In the little yawning instant of silence before Isobel collected herself and started to talk again he knew that Jane had understood. She'd got the drift all right. And, whether Isobel had meant to tell her or not, it was too late now to do anything about it.

WHEN they were back in the apartment, and Jane and Isobel had gone to their rooms, he stood for a minute in front of the fireplace. He set his heel against the fender, pushing the logs down between the andirons and dragging them back again with the toe of his shoe. After a while he went into the kitchen and made a sandwich and poured out a glass of milk. He sat down at the table and drank the milk. When the sandwich was half finished he pushed the plate away from him. She never did put that hat back on, he thought; she didn't do that, anyway. And then he didn't think of anything at all. Sitting there, he felt his mind grow



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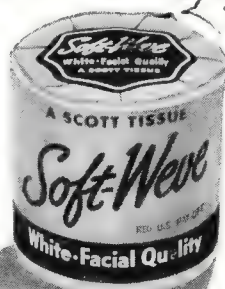


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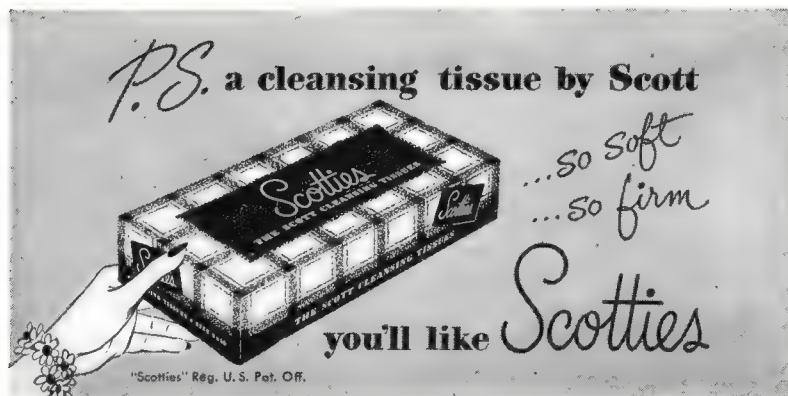
ADV. BY H. W. AYER



It wasn't till I put Scott's new Soft-Weave in our bathrooms that my family agreed on toilet tissue. Now they'll have no other! It's soft—really soft like cleansing tissue yet firm as a toilet tissue should be! I suggest you try it!



*Cleansing tissue soft  
...toilet tissue firm*



cold and numb and wooden inside him. It was when he was on his way to bed that he heard Jane crying. Barely audible through her door, the secret, muffled sound of her sobs reached his ears. He hesitated, frowning, straining a little to hear, before he turned away from the door and went on into his room.

Isobel was in bed. She had left the light burning on the dresser, tipped so that it did not reach her eyes.

"For a person who's anxious to get to bed, Decker," she said, "you have the oddest way of going about it."

He sat down and began to take off his shoes and socks. When he had on his slippers he went over to the dresser and took his wallet and his change out of his pockets.

"Jane's crying," he said. "I heard her—just now. I think you ought to go see what's the matter."

"But what on earth is she crying for?" Isobel asked.

"I don't know." He looked at himself in the mirror and began to undo his tie. "That was a little thick in the taxi—"

#### IS DELINQUENCY NECESSARY?

I am deeply concerned, as a parent, that since 1938 there has been an over-all increase in juvenile delinquency of sixty-seven percent. These are the figures of the Children's Bureau of the United States Department of Labor, and they are frightening to any thoughtful parent.

The reasons for this increase, of course, are varied. But back of many of these reasons one can find the war and its brutalizing effects.

What can the Red Feather youth services of your Community Chest do to remove this fearful specter from your community without adequate funds? Unless you are generous in your gifts to the Chest this fall, it will be difficult, if not impossible, for your Red Feather services to help halt the advance of this evil.

Combined with your Community Chest appeal—at least this is so in most cities—will be the USO. By providing homes away from home for the youngsters just inducted for military service, the USO will be able to keep the new inductees from homesickness and boredom in strange territories and lands.

In my own interest—for the good of my child—and in yours, I urge that you contribute generously to the USO and your Community Chest this fall.

—Clifton Fadiman

telling her about her mother's letter. I don't think it was necessary to do that."

"Well, I'm sorry," she said. "I don't know how I happened to say it. I wasn't thinking, I guess. But why bring that up now?"

"I had an idea," he said, "that that might be why she's crying."

"Oh, heavens, darling, don't be so serious. All young girls cry in their beds. I even used to cry in mine."

He turned away from the dresser and looked at her. "I'd go in there anyway, if I were you," he said. "I'd go see what's the matter with her."

"Now?"

"Well it won't do much good if you wait until morning."

"But I was just getting sleepy." She stretched her arm out under her pillow. "It can't be anything terribly important."

"I'd go anyway," he said again, watching her, speaking slowly now. "And, if I were you, I'd try to be a little nicer to her than you've been."

"Oh, darling, that's not fair of you. That's not fair at all—after all I've done;



and I didn't mean to tell her about the letter. I've said that already."

She lay on her back, looking at him; and then, suddenly, she was up. She jerked her robe around her and started for the door. "All right," she said. "Only once I'm out of this I won't be silly enough to get into anything like it again."

He was in his pajamas when she came back. She had not been gone very long. He was sitting on the side of his bed, smoking; and, as she came into the room, he saw that she was smiling. She got into bed and pulled the covers up around her before she spoke.

"It wasn't anything," she said. "Just something to do with her visit being over . . . That, and . . ." She began to laugh, holding her hand over her mouth as if to conceal the fact that she was laughing.

"What's the joke?" he asked.

"Oh, it really is funny," she said. "Pathetic in a way, I guess—if you want to look at it that way. But funny. She's over the deep end about you . . . I was nice to her. We had really a nice, intimate sort of chat. And she thinks you're so-o-o perfect. She wants to be sure I'm good to you . . . Isn't that wonderful?"

"Wonderful," he said.

"She'll go back to her little cell and dream about you, I suppose. All young girls dream about older men."

"You seem to be up on young girls tonight," he said.

"But why not, darling?" she answered. "I was one myself not so many thousands of years ago. Not exactly that sort, though . . . No, not really that sort at all." She was silent for a moment, and then she turned on her side, facing him. "Don't just sit there looking at me, Decker," she said. "And good night, darling. Can't we have the light off now? I've been in, I've seen her, I've comforted her, and my head's beginning to ache."

He got up and switched off the light. Crossing the room, he pulled the window down from the top and leaned his arms against the sash. Before he had finished his cigarette he heard the long even sighs Isobel's breath made as she slept.

He leaned out of the window then, turning his shoulders and craning his head so that he could see the sky. But there was not much sky to see. There was only a little, triangular section visible between the tall shafts of the buildings. And, if the stars were there, he could not see them. How would it be, he wondered, to be eighteen now—or twenty? To be twenty, and to be someplace, say in Kansas, in Mississippi, where the little towns didn't give off much light at night, where you could see the sky from horizon to horizon. How would it be to have a girl down there, and to take your girl out somewhere and sit with her, looking up at the close and beautiful stars?

He heard Isobel stir, sigh once and turn over.

You knucklehead, he thought. You stargazer. What you ought to be doing is thinking of something to say tomorrow to explain the lousy deal you made in New York. Or you ought to be in bed asleep at least, so you'll have your wits about you . . . Some of them, anyway.

He flipped his cigarette out into the dim areaway and watched it fall, spiraling a little, sending off a brief trail of sparks as it descended.

#### THE END

In view of the volume of manuscripts now being received, may we remind our contributors to attach a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Sending stamps only delays the return of manuscripts which are not suitable

ARE YOU  
REALLY SURE  
OF YOUR  
PRESENT  
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## TO YOUR GOOD HEALTH



### WHAT'S NEW IN THE FIELD OF MEDICINE

**A BRAND-NEW VITAMIN** that needs advertising is a flavone glucoside, which is known as rutin. It is a real boon for all who know the frightening experience of a sudden hemorrhage in the retina of the eye. One route to blindness in old age, such a hemorrhage may occur early in life. It comes from the same fragility of the fine capillary blood vessels that results in cerebral hemorrhage. Doctors have discovered that rutin can help prevent this condition. Abundant supply is assured by the recent discovery that rutin can be extracted in volume from the leaves and blossoms of young buckwheat.

**Q176** is about to double the nation's supply of penicillin. A new breed of the soil mold that makes penicillin, Q176 is to penicillin what the Holstein cow is to milk. It was developed by selective breeding, plus a few tricks that the cattle breeders have yet to try. Original ancestors of Q176 were a naturally high-productive strain. Generations ago, they were exposed to Xrays, which caused revolutionary changes in their family characteristics and multiplied their penicillin producing power 185 times. Descendants of these X-rayed molds have recently been treated with ultraviolet light. Result is Q176, five hundred times more potent than its ordinary cousins.

**HAY FEVER VICTIMS** are promised new relief with the debut of a drug called Benadryl, which has just been released for prescription by physicians. It doesn't cure, but it does bring quick reduction of the symptoms that cause so much misery. In trials, it scored positive results for seventy-five percent of the hay-fever cases tested. Against such related distresses as hives, migraine and asthma, Benadryl demonstrated less positive but still promising effect, which indicates that it will shortly be established as a boon for sufferers from allergies of all kinds.

**SOOTH THAT** nagging cough in your toddlers with cough drops on a stick. Medicated all-day suckers, especially designed for youngsters, have recently been placed on the market.

**STOMACH ULCERS**, that affliction of high-speed civilization, have for years been chalked off as incurable. Soft diets of milk and eggs could ease the attacks, but nothing could restore a child's digestion to the victim of stomach ulcers. Now it looks as if predigested proteins can do just that. They are amino acids, more properly called protein hydrolyzates. Fluid hydrolyzates can contain the equivalent of pounds of beefsteak in one glass, can be fed into the veins of people who cannot take food into their stomachs. Since they are neither abrasive nor irritating to ulcers, the hydrolyzates may be the answer to the complaints of worry warts.

**INFLUENZA VIRUS VACCINE** has reached the pharmacies of the United States for the first time. Used during the war by the armed forces, the vaccine is reported to give a four-month immunity.

*Medicines mentioned in this column should be used only on the advice of a physician.*

By **LAWRENCE GALTON**





# *'Vibrant'*

*new Paris-born color by Coty*

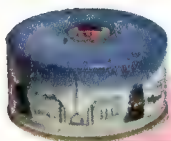
Paris on your lips... on your skin!

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**'SUB-DEB' ROUGE**  
**'SUB-DEB' LIPSTICK, \$1.**

(All prices plus tax)

*Coty*





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normal children outdoors playing. All I had to mumble by way of magic words was, "I'll never be able to run again, will I?" This sad, little speech—rhetorically speaking—flung everyone within hearing flat on their faces in abject servitude. The moment was ripe to make almost any demand. As a cousin of mine in reminiscing about our youth, once said, "You sure were a little stinker!"

On the particular occasion which was to prove prologue to the inevitable ripping off of the velvet glove, we had a caller. It was Mrs. Royce, an old friend of the family. She made a great emotional flutter over me. She sniffled into her handkerchief and claimed to have a cold, but she didn't fool me—not for a minute!

"And what shall I bring to this little girlie next time I come?" she cooed at me between her attacks of pseudo-sinistritis.

"Well—" I pondered carefully and commercially. "I can't run or anything anymore, you know. I can only sit on the floor and play all by myself." Long sigh. Pause. "I think I'd like to have you bring me an electric train."

I knew well enough the financial magnitude of my aspiration. Electric trains had been discussed frequently in our household. I had about as much chance of getting an electric train from Father as I had of getting fifty-one percent of the preferred stock in the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe. However, I could see that my speech had worked new havoc on Mrs. Royce's cold, and I was confidently expectant.

Father cleared his throat noisily and said, "Louise isn't going to have an electric train."

"You see," Mother brought up reinforcements. Obviously, in her own mysterious manner, she was reading Father's mind. "We think electric toys are dangerous. She might get a shock."

"Oh, yes—a shock. She might at that," Mrs. Royce agreed reluctantly. "I'll think of something just as nice and more suitable for a little girlie."

Farewells were said and Mrs. Royce departed, after patting my cheek.

"I won't either get a shock!" I cried, as soon as the door closed.

"Not from an electric train, you won't!" said Father, and there was a regretful but determined look in his eye. "But you're due for a shock right now."

He headed straight for me. He lifted me gently out of my wheel chair and carefully tilted me over his knee. I saw the tortured expression on Mother's face and heard her gasp. But she didn't make a move to rescue me, even when I screamed, "Mama! I'm crippled!" with all the wicked chicanery of my little black heart.

Father spanked me. My honeymoon with my handicap was over.

GRANDMOTHER telephoned the night my crutches finally arrived. "I heard the crutches have come." She sighed deeply and with apparent regret. Grandma was a cynic. "I expect you'll be tramping around the neighborhood into all kinds of trouble again. Now, listen to me, you probably think you know it all about handling your crutches, but let me remind you that there are plenty of older and wiser heads than yours."

"I can walk just fine, Grandma," I bragged.

"That's what you say," Grandmother sniffed. "You are to go over and see Mrs. Ferris tomorrow, and she'll teach you how to walk like a lady if you've got

sense enough to pay attention to her."

Mrs. Ferris was eighty-three and had been bedridden for seven years, ever since she came to town to live with her daughter. It seemed beyond possibility that the withered, little wisp could teach me anything, least of all, how to walk.

As a matter of fact, Mrs. Ferris knew a great deal. She had been injured in an accident and for fifteen years of her active life, she had walked on crutches.

"First of all," Mrs. Ferris instructed me, "do not lean on your armpits and do not swing your whole body when you take a step. Experts can walk easily with no saddle-tops at all on their crutches. Lean all your weight on the palms of your hands. The only time it is necessary to bear weight on the tops of your crutches is when you are carrying something in your hands."

Mrs. Ferris and I spent an hour together every day for several weeks. I strutted up and down her bedroom while she criticized my technique. My most persistent error was spreading my crutches out to form a wide tripod and swinging my whole body with each stride instead of stepping out with my foot in a normal walking motion.

"Hold them close to your sides! Make them look as if they grew there!" Mrs. Ferris repeated over and over. "Keep your body perpendicular! Walk with your foot, not with your torso."

Before Mrs. Ferris graduated me from her kindergarten, she had me walking with a full cup of water in my hand and two books on my head.

"When you can recite your multiplication tables as you walk down the street, without once thinking about your crutches, you have really succeeded," Mrs. Ferris told me.

I didn't know my multiplication tables, but I took her literally and started studying them. By the time I'd mastered my eight's, I'd practically quit walking in favor of running, and so I never did learn my nine's.

"Now, LISTEN to me, Mother." On rare occasions Father was bold enough to stand up to Grandma. Louise is nine years old and she wants some roller skates for her birthday. Is there anything so strange in that? Bernice had roller skates when she was nine.

"That's different. Bernice didn't make an unnatural spectacle of herself using them. Everyone will stare and first thing you know, Louise will become a disgusting little exhibitionist and skate off with a carnival or something and you'll never see her again. It's a pity she isn't a little lady, content to learn to sew and do water colors and read good literature. I never skated when I was her age and I had both my limbs."

When Grandmother spoke of her own legs, she called them limbs, as if they were slightly more refined than ordinary appendages.

But Father bought me the skates. I had already experimented with Barbara Bradley's and knew I could manage. With a skate on my one foot, I gave myself propulsion with a crutch on each side.

When developing my skill on roller skates, of course I fell frequently. Every child sprawls when learning to skate. I am not convinced that I spread myself out on the sidewalk any more often than a normal child does. But this is the curious fact. My playmates, wise in their childhood, accepted my spills as inevitable to the process of learning—but adults didn't. No army of rescuers advanced double-quick time to pick up any



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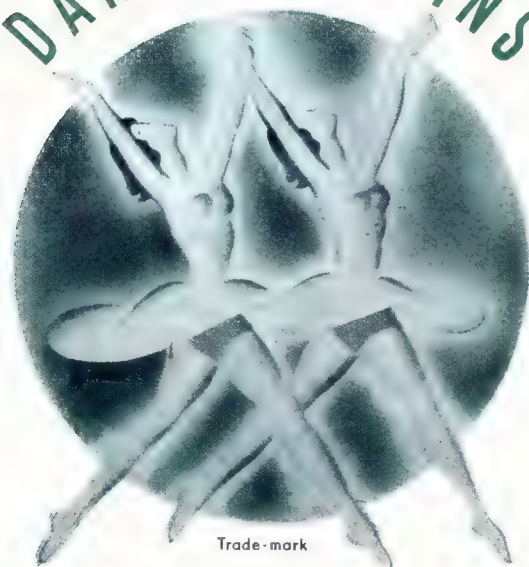
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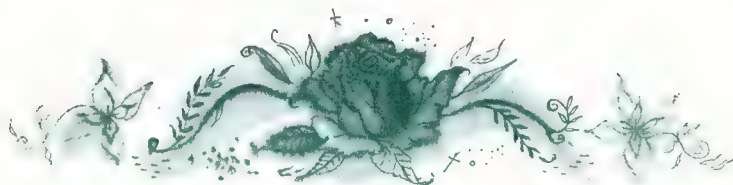


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Look for the Seal of the DANCING TWINS on the box, wrapper, or stockings themselves . . . at all the better stores. It means the highest quality obtainable in nylons. Ask your dealer to supply you with DANCING TWINS seam-free nylon hosiery.

*New patented heel\* with two-way fabric elasticity is precision-knitted to hug the instep; slenderize the ankle, banish wrinkles. Patented toe provides extra flexibility for comfort. Complete absence of seams improves both leg beauty and foot comfort.*

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other youngster in the block when he came a cropper. But whenever I fell, out swarmed the women in droves, clucking and fretting like a bunch of bereft mother hens. It was kind of them, and in retrospect I appreciate their solicitude, but at the time I resented and was greatly embarrassed by their interference. It set me apart and emphasized my difference. For they assumed that no routine hazard to skating—no stick nor stone—upset my flying wheels. It was a foregone conclusion that I fell because I was a poor, helpless cripple.

"What must her mother think!" was a phrase with which I became very familiar. I know now what my mother thought. Inside our house, she too kept her eye on the crack in the blind, and she wrung her hands and took to biting her fingernails while she developed a lot of fortitude. For Mother differed from the other women in only one particular. She never ran out and picked me up. I believe that Father, a normally devoted husband, threatened homicide if she did.

Eventually, of course, nobody paid any attention to me. The women abandoned their watchful vigils at windows and went back to more pressing problems—their baking and dishwashing. I rolled up and down the street unheeded. I was no longer good box office.

However, the roller-skating incident left its mark on me, and consciously or unconsciously, it influenced my future approach to physical activity. I was by nature energetic and athletic. I wanted to engage in all sorts of "inappropriate" games and sports, but I became overly sensitive to failure—foolishly so. I had a stubborn pride that was wounded by any hint that my handicap was a "handicap."

When I learned to swim, I insisted that my father drive me out to the country to a friend's ranch where, in guarded privacy, I went through my dog-paddling period in a muddy irrigation ditch. I forewent the greater comfort and the companionship of the public swimming pool until I not only swam as well as other eleven-year-olds (the age at which I took to the water); but better. Then, when I made a public appearance, no one even noticed my handicap, I thought.

MY SWIMMING ability, in point of fact, probably was more conspicuous than utter ineptitude would have been. But blissfully, I had no such realization. In the water, my arms and shoulders, disciplined into extra strength by my crutches, compensated in the Australian crawl for my one-cylinder flutter kick. I felt completely anonymous—happy moron me! Actually, I wasn't the least bit anonymous, although my family encouraged me in this wild surmise. My sister tells me that my red bathing cap, bobbing about in the water, was invariably pointed out to bystanders. "See the little girl in the red cap? Would you believe it, she only has one leg!"

The same was true of tennis, which I learned in semi-secrecy. Father taught me in the early morning hours when the courts were unpopular. My father didn't permit me to luxuriate in a lot of fancy complexes, but he was sympathetic with my reluctance to display physical clumsiness. Tennis presents more limitations for an amputee than swimming. The basic constraint is the necessity of holding one crutch with just the upper arm, leaving a hand free to manipulate a racket. I heard of a man with a left-leg amputation who played tennis with only one crutch. I always used two since I am both right-handed and right-crutched and could not control both a racket and a completely weight-bearing crutch with one arm.



Friends who know me and with whom I play frequently don't care whether I win or lose. We just play tennis. Some of them avoid cutting and lobs because it keeps our game more rallying, but they are not offensively patronizing to me.

I once confronted across a net, by the conniving conspiracy of some school friends, a boy who was notoriously cocky on the tennis court. The essence of the cunning plot was that I must defeat this self-advertising atom-smasher so ignominiously and completely that he could never again hold up his arrogant head. I had no confidence in my ability to do this and frankly, neither did my conspiring boy friends. It was such a superb scheme, however, that they were all willing to co-operate on its success. They concluded that if I won, it would be magnificent irony—a baby stealing candy from a man, for a change.

Two boys were assigned to pound away at my backhand for a week, and spies reported my unsuspecting enemy's weaknesses and strengths. He was definitely not the ball of fire he advertised, but he was better than I, it was mournfully agreed. However, everyone hoped that I could at least give him enough competition to make him feel foolish.

**I**N ANALYZING mine and my opponent's weaknesses, one great big one was overlooked. The outcome of that game was not traceable to technique and tenacity and my newly-polished backhand, although all these helped no doubt. The game was won on temper—both mine and Charlie's. When I was introduced to him with contrived casualness, the Cock's first sentence contained fighting words as far as I was concerned. He said, with a patronizing air, "Sure, I'll take her on if you guys don't want to bother. I don't mind a bit."

I let this go by unchallenged. I merely seethed. Then he suggested that he should be handicapped if he played me. "I'll give you fifteen," he offered pompously. This was red flag to my bull!

"Pooh! I'll give *you* thirty," I counter-offered. This was red flag to his bull!

We marched out on the court as mad as if we'd just blacked each other's eyes. Temper warms up my reflexes, but it completely melted Charlie's. He belonged to the racket-throwing persuasion.

As soon as Charlie and I spun for serve, all the tennis games in progress on the other courts stopped immediately, and the players became our spectators. They all belonged in my camp, and they helped me by none-too-sporting maneuvers. They worked poor Charlie into impotent fury by cat-calls and other impertinences.

When he missed a shot or netted a serve, they'd all yell, "What's s'matter, got a Charlie—horse?" This was regarded in our high school intellectual circles as overpoweringly witty.

"Maybe you need some crutches, Charlie!"

"Fault!" they'd yell before Charlie's serves even bounced. To insure a modicum of fair play, I had to call all the shots myself.

In spite of the tremendous nuisance value of my audience and the demoralizing effect on Charlie of his own temper, I had a desperate time beating him. We ran the set, most of the games long deuce-score ordeals, to twelve-ten before I won. Charlie walked off the court and broke up his racket by bashing it against a post. He wasn't a very lofty character.

I rode a brief wave of delirious ecstasy while a crowd of what I regarded as exceedingly smooth boys banged me on my aching back and shouted my praises. Then I staggered home to soak my weary, heroic bones in a hot tub.

## The Princess Guy de Polignac

A zealous worker for the French Red Cross, the Princess de Polignac belongs to one of France's most distinguished old families. Her Titian hair and golden brown eyes give her an unusual beauty of coloring.

The 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream is a favorite with her. "It makes my complexion look clearer and feel so much smoother!" she says.



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Father peered at me over his paper as I came in and collapsed on the davenport.

"Good God!" he gasped.

"I beat Charlie," I puffed proudly.

"Why was it so important to beat Charlie?"

"Because he's so darned cocky—that's why. Jerry and Frazier and Donald Manker and some other kids thought it up and planned the whole thing."

"Why didn't Frazier beat him?" Father asked with deliberate denseness. "Frazier's the best player in high school."

"Oh, for goodness' sake, Father, are you dumb or something? Can't you see how much worse this dope would feel having me beat him?"

"I get it," Father sighed deeply. "Well, all I can say is that I'm disappointed in you."

"Disappointed in me! Every single person in this whole town thinks I'm wonderful, that's all!"

"Well, I don't!" Father snapped. "I thought you'd long since decided it wasn't sporting to take advantage of people because of your crutches."

"Father—for heaven's sake, what's the matter with you? I didn't take advantage of him. I beat him fair and square. He played just as hard as he could. The score was twelve-ten—that shows you. The kids called a lot of the shots wrong, but I corrected every time in Charlie's favor. And he offered me a fifteen handicap, but I threw it right back in his face."

"You certainly salted his wounds, didn't you?"

I stared, incredulous, at Father.

"You know—" Father paused to frown at me, "you present a very complex moral problem and I don't have any good precedents to follow in rearing you properly. But of this I am convinced. You took greater advantage of that boy today than if you'd frankly cheated him. You had a physical and personality advantage over him that must have made his defeat insufferable. If he'd beaten you twelve-ten, you'd have walked off the court the victor, just the same."

"That's absolutely silly!" I protested, although this was true and I knew it. We'd counted on just that in our plot.

"It's complicated, I grant you, but not silly. This isn't complicated, however. I'm glad you can swim and play tennis and ride a horse, but the only reason I'm glad is because these things are fun. That's why you and everyone else are supposed to do them. When you play a game just to demonstrate what hot stuff you are on your crutches, it's time you quit and took up china painting, as your Grandmother would have you do. Remember Grandma and your first roller skates? She was afraid you'd join a carnival if you learned to skate. Well—for my money, you were too close to the carnival for comfort today."

I started to cry as I left the room.

"By the way, you must have played inspired tennis today," father called after me.

He was furious enough with me cheerfully to shake out my molars. But at the same time, reluctantly and in spite of himself, he was proud. The ethics of being crippled were, I decided, exceedingly complicated and obscure. But clear enough, nevertheless, so that I never bragged to anyone about beating Charlie.

MY PARENTS, like me, had no idea in mind except to get me onto an artificial leg as promptly as possible. It was our complete expectation that I would go through life with two legs—one detachable. Crutches were only a temporary substitute to keep me ambulatory while I waited impatiently for over a year, on



the advice of my surgeon, before being fitted.

This delay was undoubtedly unfortunate. It was responsible in great part, I am sure, for the fact that I habitually walk on crutches today. During that year my yellow pine sticks became almost anatomical. They were as good as grafted under my arms.

However well I walked on crutches, I was still convinced that I would do much better on a leg and I was fretful to get going. My father studied all the brochures carefully, interviewed the salesmen, and solicited impartial advice wherever he could get any. He finally selected an excellent small firm in Oakland, California, to fashion my first prosthesis. A very easy-stepping representative from the company called on us to make preliminary arrangements. He not only was minus a leg—he was minus two. My eyes bulged when he rolled up his trousers and displayed his artificial limbs. No gentleman had ever rolled up his trouser legs in our parlor before. Much more fascinating than his exhibitionism, however, was the fact that he had his socks held up, not with garters, but with thumb tacks. The pleasant picture immediately crossed my mind of me sitting in the midst of an admiring circle, pounding nails into my leg, while my horrified audience waited breathlessly for me to bleed.

The salesman was very much on his timber toes. He was jovial and lively. He even rakishly grabbed my startled sister and waltzed her around the room to some vocal "tum-te-tahs" that were vaguely Straussish.

The salesman didn't call my attention to his sites of amputation. He had both his natural knees. Regrettably, the great advantage of a surviving knee is usually skimmed over lightly or ignored when artificial limbs are being advertised.

The salesmen took all my measurements. He traced the shape of my surviving leg as a pattern for my new model. He gave Mother instructions for binding my stump with elasticized bandage—an uncomfortable but apparently necessary procedure for shrinking it to fit the socket of a prosthesis. Father agreed to take me to Oakland for a two-week stay when the appliance neared completion so that the final fitting would be exactly right, and so that I could learn from experts the technique of walking.

Father drove us to Berkeley where Mother, Bernice, and I were to be the guests of some old friends. Father returned home to keep things going at the office and fill the kitchen sink with dirty dishes.

Every day Mother and I took a trolley ride to the leg makers in Oakland. It was a fascinating place. Every employee from the owner down to the lowliest chore boy wore some sort of a prosthesis. This situation has been common to every orthopedic appliance concern I have visited throughout my lifetime.

I had presented a right shoe to the manufacturers so that they could build the new foot to size and adjust the ankle mechanism to heel height, but we forgot all about stockings. I habitually wore half socks. I felt somewhat crestfallen and old-fashioned when Mother dashed out and bought me the long, ribbed, white cotton stockings necessary to conceal my new steel joints. My first leg didn't have a hip-control belt. This efficient device was not yet invented and also, I had no consequential hips at the age of ten. I wore a rather complicated over-the-shoulders harness onto which the appliance was fastened by snap hooks.

From the beginning I managed quite well. Every day I paraded up and down



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a back room at the shop, supporting myself on the hand rods of a walking lane which had a mirror at one end so that I could watch myself. I wasn't particularly impressed, I was surprised that I limped.

Although everyone was delighted with my aptitude and progress, we were advised to remain in Berkeley a few more days to be certain that no hip or groin pain developed to indicate an improper fit.

For practice every morning I walked round and round the dining-room table, an excellent training place since the table edge served as an emergency support. Every afternoon Bernice and I went out for a little walk. If I grew tired, she put an arm around me as an auxiliary aid on the way home.

One afternoon we were on our usual stroll through the university campus when an "unusual" California rain began to fall. We were in danger of being drenched, and since my leg hadn't yet started to run, our progress was slow and laborious. In hurrying, I slipped precariously on the pavement. My new knee was cutting perverse capers.

My sister had on a new and very becoming pink challis dress. Bernice was fifteen and very pretty and consequently thought about her appearance constantly. "My dress will be ruined," she yowled.

"I'll tell you what!" I was inspired. "I'll take off the leg and hop home." I was an old hand—or rather an old foot—at hopping.

Against her better judgment, Bernice, who was a strict conformist, agreed. I hid behind some bushes, lifted up my dress, and unhooked my hindrance. Shades of a good sadistic, ax murder—my sister then slung the very realistic stockings and shoed leg under her arm. She glanced furtively in all directions, and we started home as briskly as the somewhat unusual

circumstances permitted

We must have presented a startling picture. Certainly the staring, astonished policeman at our first street crossing looked as if he'd seen a ghost.

Not by design, I am sure, but by sheer confusion, he chose his perfect lines. "What's coming off here?" he demanded gruffly.

Bernice, in her acute embarrassment promptly dropped her encumbrance. It was her first guilty encounter with the Law.

The policeman leaned down and warily touched the leg before picking it up. "Thank the Holy Mother—it's wood!" he gasped. Then he called for a Black Maria and we were chauffeured home at the city's expense, a very satisfying experience.

HOME AGAIN, I called in all the neighborhood gang to see my new leg and listen to me brag about my Berkeley adventures. The new kicker was only a one-day wonder however, since it wasn't something that could be passed around for everyone to ride on.

Then, after only three months, my mother noticed that my right shoulder was sagging. It wasn't the leg's fault, I was growing—and like a weed apparently. Off we went again to Oakland where I was once more measured carefully. We left the leg to be lengthened.

The leg was in Oakland three weeks, during which interim I went back to my more lively crutches. This was the first step in my reversion. When the leg returned by express I gave it a rather frosty welcome. But I donned it again.

The lengthening had been done in the shank only and a solid, rather than a hollow piece had been inserted. The result was a much heavier load than I was accustomed to. Also, as a consequence of

extending only the lower leg, the over-all device wasn't quite properly proportioned aesthetically to my natural leg. I wasn't satisfied, but I wore it.

In a few months, my posture was once more beginning to show slight distortion. The local shoemaker helped me temporarily by putting a slight raise on my right shoe sole. But Nature being as one-tracked as she is, I kept right on growing.

When another alteration was again inevitable, Father decided after consultation with factory experts that I'd better have a completely new leg. The family budget had to be revised to accommodate itself to two legs a year instead of one. Father was an ill-paid social worker. I know that both he and Mother went without new winter coats to compensate for this added expense but they never admitted it nor begrudged it. They would have mortgaged our house gladly, I am sure, so that I could luxuriate in new legs.

For another year the warfare waged between my physical growth and my leg's inelasticity—with my active, athletic ambitions throwing their weight in with my physical growth. Each lapse in use, during the leg's necessary absences in Oakland for repairs or lengthening, I grew more attached to my crutches. Finally I pleaded with my parents to let me abandon the appliance completely. They agreed, and we hung it on a nail in the garage, not knowing the proper disposal of a defunct leg.

Had I been adult when my accident occurred—or even sixteen—I probably would have walked gracefully and happily through life with the constant help and the aesthetic advantage of an artificial leg. Certainly I approve of them, and I really wish this had been the case. As it was, the best prosthesis in the world simply wasn't able to keep up with

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me. It is regrettable that those youthful years on crutches set this situation into a permanent pattern. I have worn legs since then. According to the manufacturers, I walked exceptionally well. I have even been called upon to demonstrate on a few occasions for discouraged users. I make this boast not out of vanity but merely to point out that it isn't any sane reason that keeps me off an artificial leg. On a leg I feel conspicuous and crippled. On crutches I don't. I ought to have my head examined.

**T**HE YEARS from fourteen to eighteen are probably the darkest ones that a handicapped person must struggle through. Adolescence is not only a period of mercurial moods, it is also a period of great conformity. A batch of schoolgirls are likely to be almost monotonous in their similarity. If an oversize man's shirt, with the tails flapping in the breeze, is the chic rage of the hour, all the girls promptly rig themselves out in such monstrosities. If "wizard" is the momentarily approved adjective and anything exciting is supposed to "send you," all adolescent girls recite by rote, "It's wizard"—"It sends me." They only feel secure in complete conformity. It is much later that the equally strong urge for individuality develops. So—during my adolescence I suffered inwardly because crutches weren't sufficiently fashionable to start a wave of amputations.

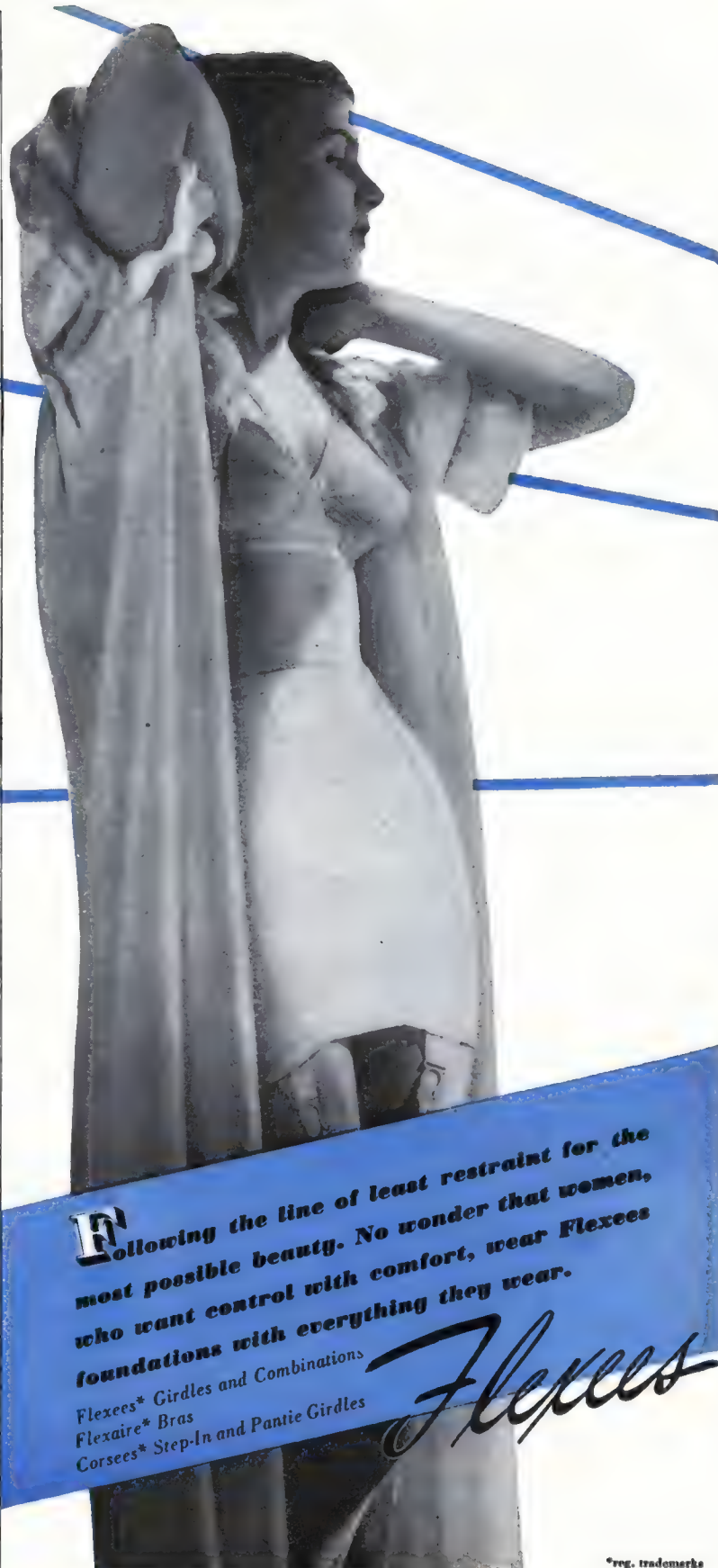
The weight of my crutch-borne individuality was heavy upon me. However, if I had only recognized the fact, it served me well. I was easy to identify. In one semester, in that large metropolitan high school of some four thousand students, I became almost as well known as the best quarterback. I was also friendly by nature. I became a sure thing on a political ticket.

I began to be nominated and elected to all kinds of school and club offices. Practically everyone knew my name and was on speaking terms with me. Also, I had the solid political support of all the smooth girls in school. They figured I'd never beat their time with any of the boys who rated sufficiently to serve with me on the Student Council. I am not obtuse enough to insist that my crutches alone made me "The People's Choice," but I do know they had a great deal to do with it.

**A**DOLESCENT boys are precisely the conformists that adolescent girls are. My male classmates all picked carbon copies for girl friends. At the age when the height of achievement is leading a prom grand march with a gangly pimpled youth, I was a great gal with the gavel. It wasn't adequate compensation. I was pretty enough, all Grandmother's direct prophecies to the contrary. My wardrobe was tasteful and adequate, and magnificently reinforced by illegal pirating of my sister's closet. So far as I know, I had none of the awful afflictions that advertisers lead one to believe make wallflowers out of glamour girls. However, I led the sort of life that prompted my mother to say, "Isn't it wonderful that Louise isn't boy crazy? Remember Bernice at that age. My goodness, we couldn't sweep the place clean of boys. Louise is so sensible."

Dear Mama! I was about as sensible as a Mongolian idiot. I was just as boy crazy as Bernice, but I was infinitely more frustrated since I didn't have Bernice's reassuring following.

Oh, I got my hand squeezed a few times. Boys took me to the movies occasionally and played tennis with me and I regularly helped several classy dunderheads with their homework. A couple of



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WATCHES

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boys even kissed me when I was sixteen, but one of these was a Lothario who made a bet that he would kiss every girl in the senior class who didn't have eczema or buck teeth. And with the other, I suspect, kissing was a reflex action that came automatically with the words "good night." I was just a "dandy pal"—a nauseating phrase—to the boys. But I wasn't the least bit pleased with my "wholesome relationships." For all the good it did me, moonlight might have been an impractical invention of the Mazda Lamp Company. I certainly would have had one hell of a time becoming a juvenile delinquent.

"Make her practice her music lessons," Grandma used to say. "Or teach her stenography. She'll never get a man." I took my second husband out to Grandmother's grave a couple of years ago, just to show her! I heard Grandma rotating like a whirling dervish.

However, in my teens I shared Grandma's grimmest expectations. I decided to be an Intellectual—the toast of Bohemian salons! I even took to writing poetry—a charitable way of putting it. My effusions were of the "Oh, Love, let us flee—our souls are stifling" school. I read books—uninteresting, uplifting, deep ones, with now and then a detective story tossed in, just to keep me in tune with the world. I would much rather have misspent my youth in riotous living.

But like a lot of bad-tasting medicine, all this dosage resulted in eventual good. The reading made a permanent impression on me. More important at the time—or so it seemed to me—I got a masculine following! The long hairs who likewise had stifled souls, began taking an interest in me. They were mostly pasty-faced lads who just despised football. They got straight A averages in school but ran to drooping shoulders from carrying heavy books and thick glasses from eye strain. I'd have traded them three to one, for a really dangerous, muscle-bound deadhead. But at sixteen, a girl on crutches counts her blessings by quantity not quality.

"I wonder where those boy friends of yours go at night?" my sister once asked. "Into dank holes? I bet they weren't born either—I bet they were spawned."

"You're just jealous!" I raged. "Just because nobody ever admired *your* mind. They are brilliant, misunderstood boys. They are stifled—" I ran down suddenly and faced reality. "Oh, Bernice—do you think, with only one leg, I'll ever get a really wonderful man without brains?"

TO MAKE my adjustment to higher learning as easy as possible for me, my parents packed me off to Pomona, a good, small, coeducational college in a country town. Father, with his usual studied approach to a problem, digested the brochures of countless colleges and universities, and carefully selected one with high academic standing, high moral tone, and no sororities. He was afraid I might not be bid to a sorority and would consequently have my life warped.

By the time I was seventeen, however, it would have been hard to warp my life. I had tossed off most of my adolescent complexes and so, apparently, had my contemporaries. In college—such is my trusting opinion, anyway—I stood pretty solidly on my own personality, without either excess support or excess unbalance from my crutches.

I was no raring, tearing charmer, but I don't mind saying I even began appealing to brainless men. In fact, Father says that for a year or so there, he doesn't think I had a nibble from anyone with an IQ over seventy—judging by their conversations.

But, being completely perverse, I

promptly started admiring mentality, a tendency that got completely out of hand, in fact. During my junior year at the age of nineteen, I fell flat on my face, with frightful coronary symptoms, for a professor. He never had a peaceful moment, poor man, until I had him at the altar three years later. From then on—he never had a peaceful moment until he escaped via the divorce court.

But I must have left some sort of an impression on him. I know I improved his taste in neckties, and apparently I didn't embitter him permanently against amputees. After our divorce anyway, he started beauing a one-armed woman.

Grandma couldn't get over my snagging a man, and she thought I ought to be committed to an institution when I let him off the hook. "What are you thinking of!" she gasped. "What did they teach you in college? You ought to know that lightning never strikes twice in the same place. Besides—" she added as a pious but unconvincing afterthought, "divorces are wicked. Still—he isn't a citizen. That would have parted you eventually. Kings and such like—always having to call on God to save them!"

Exactly what Grandma meant I am not sure. She was an isolationist. It was her studied opinion that only sixth-generation Americans were admitted to Heaven—and even then, it helped outwit the red tape at the Gate if they happened to be her blood kin.

EVERYONE who has walked on crutches knows thoroughly the great streak of curiosity that seems to be part and parcel of the American character. From the time I hobbled forth on my first pair of crutches at eight, right up to yesterday, perfect strangers not only have stared at me as if I were a bearded lady from the circus, but they have stopped me on the street, nailed me down in railroad cars, accosted me in stations and stores, and asked me blatantly, "My poor young lady, whatever happened to you?"

This used to cause me acute embarrassment. I didn't have the necessary defiance to say, "It's none of your damn business." Besides, my mother didn't allow me to swear. I always paused and politely related my unimpressive little bicycle-meets-automobile foray.

It was Mr. Fultz, a friend of mine, who conceived of putting drama into this situation. "This is your chance to do a little acting," Mr. Fultz told me. "You see, these people aren't really interested in you personally. They are merely starved for excitement. Why not hand them precisely what they want? They're asking for it." His game—"Ham and Legs"—provided all the answers.

For a couple of evenings Mr. and Mrs. Fultz and I went into hysterics planning my attacks.

In the beginning, I wasn't very adroit. I felt an habitual soap-in-the-mouth guilt the first time I explained to nosy old bats that I was the unfortunate victim of a shark or an alligator or that I lost my leg by falling off a high tightrope where as a child I habitually played with my dolls.

Like most sinners, of course, I eventually became quite cavalier about my personal wickedness. The Ham came juicier and juicier with the Legs.

One of my choicest little epics was the heroic account of a swooping venture on skis. Down a precipitous mountainside I slalomed, a sick baby in my arms, only to collapse at the doctor's door, the infant saved, but my poor right leg frozen stiff as a poker. It was so completely refrigerated, in fact, that the doctor, without administering so much as a whiff of anesthetic, chipped it off with an ice pick.



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The flapping-eared recipient of the latter fancy cheerfully swallowed the hook and was all agape for the line and sinker. How did it happen that my left leg was so providentially spared?

"Well, I've been educated about weather," I said. "Me, I'm a Nørska from Oslo. I was smart enough to anticipate chilblains. I decided I'd preserve at least one leg. Owed it to myself, I figured. I skied on only one foot, after pinning up my spare in a blanket."

The only questioners who really ruffle me are children. "Mama, where's that lady's leg?" Junior invariably points his finger at me. Very promptly, and as firmly as if he'd just taken the name of the Lord in vain, he is silenced by Mama.

Sometimes the child asks me directly, however. "Where's your leg, lady?"

"I'm almost as tongue-tied then and twice as embarrassed as a young thing out on her first date. Usually I say, 'It's all gone,' and run like hell. If the dear little inquiring mind belongs to a child old enough to digest a good moral tale, I often pause and deliver. With that hearty cheerfulness that is so unbecoming to an adult talking to the very young, I croak, 'When I was a little girl like you, I didn't mind my mother when she told me I mustn't play in the street and I got very badly hurt.'"

"A car hit you and your leg broke off, huh?" Children brought up on the bloody adventures of current so-called comics can take a mere loss of leg with unflinching calm. But I can't hand it out with similar detachment.

"That's right," I agree and hotfoot it for cover.

I like my adversaries to be of voting age. Then they get no quarter. In this game there are some very special gambits. My favorite is the death-dealing Fool's Mate. This is only applicable when some hopelessly snoopy old biddy is stupid enough to leave herself wide open.

"My poor girl, I see you've lost your leg!"

That's the opportunity for the touché, "Yes, how careless of me."

There is a certain freemasonry among amputees. I am always interested in meeting others of my species. Whether or not I coveted such encounters, however, I could hardly escape them. Friends, absolutely puffy and plummy over their cleverness, are constantly digging up one-legged people for me.

"Oh my dear, you know the other day I met a girl who only has one leg?" They usually begin. "I don't know her really, of course, but I asked her to come to tea so that you two can meet. You're certain to be great friends. You have so much in common."

In some respects this is just as adept socially as tossing off a party to which only persons who have had their appendices removed are invited. It's true the appendix-bereft would have quite a bit to say to each other. "My Doctor says . . . never saw a worse case in my life . . . Under anesthetic two hours . . . what I suffered . . . You should see my scar!"

Appendicitis may be an excellent ice-breaker but it's only worth a one-night stand as a feature attraction. It's not a sound basis on which to build a beautiful friendship. The same is true of amputations.

There are two classes of amputees, however, that I make particular effort to meet. Others I merely take as they come. I always try to acquaint myself with newcomers to the freemasonry, the re-

cently maimed. Then I am probably as obnoxious as a first grader who has learned to spell "cat" and lords it over his little brother who is still in kindergarten. I pass out advice with the assurance of an established seer. However, I know from experience the value of a veteran's suggestions to the new recruit. I regard my knowledge as inherited wealth that I am obliged to preserve, increase, and pass on to the next generation. Often I correspond with the recently handicapped in an effort to give encouragement during the inevitable anguish that precedes adjustment to the new way of life.

In addition to the recently handicapped, from the grossest commercial motive, I am always on the prowl for females of the species who have missing left legs and who wear a size five and a half, B, shoe. Here is a solid foundation on which to construct sodality. We exchange our odd shoes.

Ruth Rubin, an enterprising woman in St. Louis, a trained nurse, has as her imaginative and helpful hobby, a shoe exchange. She encourages one-leggers to write in their shoe sizes and she mates up feet all over the country. My foster foot, for instance, lives in Burbank, California. The enterprise operates on the principle of a shoe for a shoe.

Especially during shoe rationing this exchange proved useful to me. Unipedes are inclined to be more destructive to footwear than ordinary people since their entire weight rests in one shoe. Moreover, to maintain their balance, amputees tend to grab the earth harder with their single foot. With the limited number of shoe coupons provided, I would have been a scuffy-toed derelict if it hadn't been for the shoe exchange which kept me in slick footwear for the duration. My contributions similarly kept someone else well shod.

Once well adjusted to life, there is, of course, no necessity for an amputee seeking his associates among the similarly maimed. In fact, too prolonged an interest in a personal physical abnormality is likely to breed an unhealthy introversion or sentimentalism.

I have a uniped acquaintance who almost makes a profession of her handicap. I recognize this as a defense mechanism, but I don't condone it. She writes me long six-page typewritten letters that are concerned from start to finish with her one-leggedness. She has been handicapped for many years. She is a contented wife, secure financially, equipped with a good mind, and in excellent health. But her one major interest in life is her physical abnormality. It's a strange perverted narcissism. If she could discuss some little feminine fripperies, flower arrangement, the breeding and care of canary birds, or methods for removing spots from fabrics—almost anything—I would continue writing to her. But I simply can't read six pages every two weeks devoted to her mental contortions over her long-buried extremity.

Not that my thoroughly one-legged friend is grim in her attitude. On the contrary, she makes a fetish of cheerfulness. She has gained great spiritual strength from her suffering, and she never forgets it or fails to remind me of her beautiful burning inner light. It embarrasses me acutely. You have spiritual strength or you don't have it—so what? It's as bad taste to mention it as it is to brag about ancestors or a bulky bank account. If it's there, spiritual strength, like good breeding, shows itself.

THE END

The foregoing is an excerpt from a new book soon to be published by Whittlesey House



## Tea-time Treat

### Ginger-puffs

made with DUFF'S



Bake gingerbread in muffin tins. When cool, cut cones from top of cakes, fill with your favorite custard and replace cones.

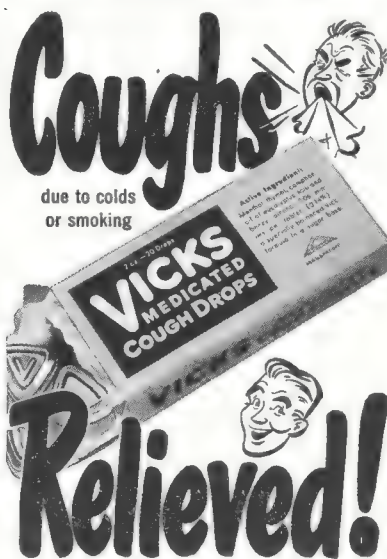
Try these delicious serving suggestions

- Gingerbread squares topped with fresh apple sauce.
- Gingerbread served as a hot bread with baked beans.
- Soft ginger cookies filled with raisins, nuts, or candied fruits.

Just add WATER—that's all!



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When everybody's rushed . . . and tastes are critical . . .

# Try this new instant coffee made especially for breakfast!

Kenny

(Continued from page 25)



**S**URE, the whole family appreciates how *convenient* instant coffee is—particularly at breakfast when folks are in a hurry.

"But," you say, "just how *good* is this coffee? Show me an instant coffee that really *tastes* like my favorite ground coffee—and I'll buy it."

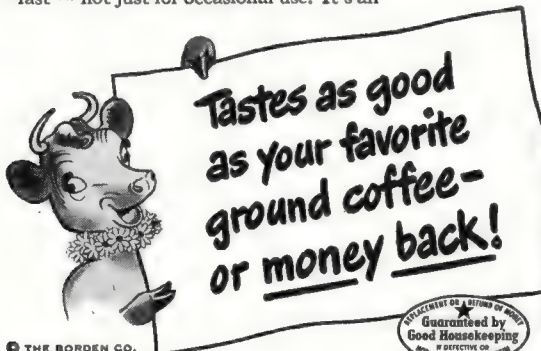
"Agreed!" says Borden. "Either Borden's has it, or you don't pay! It'll taste as good as your favorite ground coffee—for breakfast every day—or your money back!"\*

You see, Borden's was *made* for breakfast—not just for occasional use. It's all

coffee—100% pure coffee—not just a half-and-half "caffé"-type mixture! And what coffee! Serve it by the cup or by the pot—to the whole family—every meal! If you don't find we're right, the treat's on us!

**IMPORTANT:** 

Don't use too much Borden's. Remember, Borden's is 100% pure coffee. Use ½ to ¾ of a level teaspoonful.



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\* Use at least half a jar of Borden's. Then, if you don't agree it tastes as good as your favorite ground coffee, send us the jar with the unused contents, and we'll cheerfully refund your money. The Borden Company, 350 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.



been tinkering for perhaps five minutes when I felt suddenly that I was being watched by *something*. It was not simply the old fantasy of the eyes of the wild things; it was much stronger than that—a sensation of *not being alone* any longer on that high, lonely hill. Without any conscious effort of will I looked behind me and saw him for the first time.

The sight of him startled me, not because I suddenly discovered his presence, but because of his face. It was as if I had turned suddenly and caught a faun or Puck himself watching me out of the thicket of sassafras along the fencerow. It was an impish face with blue-gray eyes beneath a tangled mop of black curls in need of trimming, and the ears were a little pointed at the tips. He was eleven or twelve years old and as he stepped toward me grinning, I saw that he was wearing nothing save a pair of ragged blue denim pants held up by a single shoulder strap. From head to foot, he was deeply tanned and the color of his skin gave the blue-gray eyes a weird look.

When I discovered him, he grinned and said, "Hello, Pete." And I found myself startled as if a bird or a small animal had suddenly addressed me. There was only a faint impudence in his greeting. It was natural among country people, even small children, to address neighbors by their Christian names.

I said, "Hello! What's your name?" Then he came out of the sassafras thicket and stood with his bare legs far apart, as grown men who are close to the soil often stand, as if their feet are rooted in the earth itself.

"What's your name?" I asked again.

"Kenny."

"Kenny—what?"

"Just Kenny."

I said, "But everybody has two names."

"Well, I haven't," he said with a kind of impish triumph. "They found me on the steps of the courthouse. That's what Mrs. Pulsifer called me at the orphanage—Kenny. That's all the name I've got!"

The concrete facts of the courthouse and the orphanage brought me a kind of relief. At least I wasn't talking to a wood pixie or suffering from delusions.

"Where do you live?" I asked.

"I used to live up at Buckwalter's."

"But *now* where do you live?"

"No place."

"What do you mean—no place? People have to live someplace."

"I run away from Old Man Buckwalter."

"Why?"

"Because he made me work all the time, and he beat me."

"Where did you sleep last night?"

"In the Indian Cave on your place." He pointed down the side of the hill above the Jungle. "That one down there!"

For a moment I looked at him. It seemed to me his story was getting a bit thick. The Indian Cave was an awesome place, even in daytime and for a grownup. I wouldn't have slept there myself at night. It was a deep, high cleft in the sandstone rocks with a spring bubbling out of its depths. It was the only place on the farm where one sometimes still encountered a rattlesnake. It is said to be haunted at night. People from the valley had reported that even in the daytime there were strange goings on in the damp, deep undergrowth surrounding it.

"Weren't you scared?" I asked.

"What was there to be scared of?"

"There's foxes and a pair of catamounts in the Jungle."

"Aw, nuts," he said. "They won't hurt



you." And proudly he said, "I made myself a bed out of branches and leaves."

"What did you eat?"

He laughed. "Some stuff out of your garden and I stole a couple eggs out of the hen house and et 'em raw."

This was surely a remarkable kid. I began to suspect that he was also an accomplished liar—or at least a fantasist. "You don't believe me, do you?" he asked.

"No, I don't!"

"Well, it's true. I ain't as scared of catamounts as I am of Old Man Buckwalter."

"What are you going to do now?"

He seemed to turn shy for the first time. He looked down at his bare feet and dug his big toe deep into the bluegrass. "That's just it," he said. "That's why I was waitin' for you. I knowed that you was working up here pretty near every morning." He dug a little deeper with his bare toes and said, "I want to work for you."

I grinned. "What can you do?"

"I can do everything," he said defiantly.

"Well," I said, "I'll tell you what I'll do. You get up here on the hood of the tractor, and I'll drive you down to the house. It's pretty near time to eat anyway. How'd you liked a good square meal?"

"Fine," he said, and climbed like a monkey on to the hood.

**I**N THE quadrangle surrounded by my farm buildings, we met Vincent leading the big Angus bull. Vincent had black hair like Kenny, but his eyes were black instead of blue-gray and very quick and shining. At that time he was about twenty-four, well-built and well-muscled. In summer he rarely wore a shirt, and he was deeply tanned and hatless. It struck me suddenly that he looked like Kenny—almost as if he were a brother. At sight of us he stopped and the big blue-black bull lumbered to a halt. Vincent leaned on the great shoulders of the beast, grinned and said, looking at the tractor, "What—a breakdown?" He looked curiously at the strange boy.

I said, "This is Kenny. I just found him up on the Ferguson Place. He's been living in the Jungle."

Vincent looked at me sharply. "You trying to kid me?" he asked.

I turned to Kenny, "What about it?" I asked.

"Sure," said Kenny. "That's right."

I told him about Kenny's running away from Old Man Buckwalter. Vincent said, "Well, I can't blame you for that!"

As their glances met, something very curious happened. I saw that they understood each other, as if they had known each other before; I was suddenly shut out. For an instant I had the impression of having gone backward through time and space to the borders of mythology... with the man leaning against the powerful shoulders of the big bull looking up at the small boy astride the tractor. There was an antique beauty about the scene which one seldom finds in these times.

I found myself trying to force the acknowledgment of my presence. I said, "Kenny's coming up to the Home Farm to—" I checked myself and finished the sentence differently from my intention, saying, "to stay awhile." And the boy looked toward me with a sudden flash of gratitude, as if he understood why I had changed the sentence.

"What'll Old Man Buckwalter do?" asked Vincent.

"Probably raise hell!" I said...

I left the tractor to be put in order and walked with Kenny trotting by my side up to the Home Farm. There I turned him loose in the bathroom to have a good bath and wash his hair. He stayed there for a long time, thrashing about and en-

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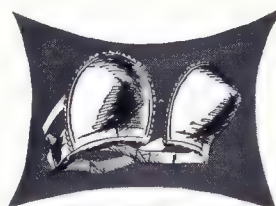
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joying the warm water. Then I sat him down at the table, and Mrs. Erskine, who kept house for me, fed him until he couldn't eat any more.

While he sat there still in his ragged pants with a shirt of mine hanging on his sturdy shoulders, he kept looking about him with shining eyes. He kept saying, "It's a mighty fine house." And then shrewdly, "Some day I'm going to work myself up to a house like this."

Sitting there with his curly black hair and bright eyes and tanned chest showing through the open neck of my shirt, he was like a small, half-tamed animal. Now and then, I caught him watching me as a small caged animal might do. I thought: He doesn't belong here. I won't know how to treat him. Whatever I do, it'll spoil him.

I couldn't see him fitting into my hard-working, serious, rather dull life; and there were long periods when I had to be away from home. I experienced a sudden feeling of depression, such as I have felt before when I impulsively undertook what could only turn out to be trouble, failure and disappointment. My instinct told me that I had embroiled myself in a problem. And I suspected that I had been buffaloes, hypnotized, cajoled by a mixture of flattery, impertinence and pathos. I had not brought him home with me. He had brought me home.

And then I noticed the dogs. They were big, fierce dogs and none too friendly with strangers, but they had taken Kenny over as their own. They were sitting in a circle about his chair watching him. It was as if he and the dogs were old friends. I thought: He can't be the little liar I thought, or they would have known it.

Then he slipped out of his chair and said, "I'm going out to look at the cattle." He went out and at the door slipped off my shirt as if it bothered him. The dogs went with him, running after him as he crossed the pasture and passed the cattle without even looking at them. He went straight toward the barns, and I knew suddenly where he was going—to find Vincent. He was as polite to me as his strange upbringing permitted him to be—but I didn't count. I was an outsider.

THE next part of the story belongs to Vincent and Martha.

They arrived at the farm one dreary morning at the beginning of the Great Depression in a broken-down jalopy. From the window of my office I saw the strange vehicle coming like a ghost car up the long lane through the fog and cold rain. The dogs ran out to surround it. Usually a stranger would not get out until they had been called off. But these strangers showed no timidity at all. When the car came to a halt among the leaping, barking dogs, they stepped boldly out among them and the leavings and barkings changed into ecstatic tail-wagings. The strangers were two young people. They looked—the boy and the girl—scarcely more than eighteen or nineteen. It was as if they already knew the dogs and had been at the Home Farm before.

They were shabbily but neatly dressed. The boy was a little over medium height with dark hair and black eyes. He moved easily with the grace of a young and muscular man. The girl had very clear blue eyes and flaming red hair, half concealed beneath a shabby hat. When I opened the door to greet them, it struck me that they were a pair of precocious, tired children.

The boy said, "We'd like to see the boss."

"I guess that's me," I said and invited them to come in.

In my office, they sat down shyly and the woman loosened her coat, wet from the fog and rain from which the old



jalopy had been unable to protect them.

I asked, "Wouldn't you like some coffee? It's a nasty day." And the girl said shyly, "Yes, thank you. We've been driving for a couple of hours."

I went and told Mrs. Erskine to bring us all coffee and when I returned, the boy said, "We've just come to see if you could use some extra help."

He was sitting on the edge of his chair, turning his cap in his hands, and for the first time I noticed that he not only looked like a gypsy but was extraordinarily handsome in an animal kind of way, with high cheekbones and large close-set ears and a full, sensual mouth. The girl was pretty although she looked thin and tired. There was something proud and defiant in the way she sat, very upright, as if challenging the world and defying defeat.

I said, "Could be. There's always plenty to do here. Are you from the country?"

"No," said the boy, "I've just come from Pittsburgh, and my wife has been working in St. Louis. We've been to see the children. They're in Cincinnati. So we just got an idea and drove up here." The speech set me back on my heels, for it seemed they were barely old enough to be married let alone have children.

"Do you know anything about farms?" I asked.

"No," the boy answered. "Not much. My wife lived with an uncle on a ranch in Nevada when she was a kid."

"Do you think you'd like farm life?" "Yes, I know I would."

Feeling that this was a strange interview, I asked, "What have you done before?"

The boy looked down at his cap, and a blush colored his dark skin. "A little of everything. I've been a mechanic. I've worked in a grocery store. I've done all kinds of work in mills, but I don't like any of it—and now they're laying off people; there isn't any work anywhere."

Mrs. Erskine interrupted us by bringing in the coffee. She was a big, strong woman—the wife of one of our neighbors with a heart as big as her body and she had brought not only coffee but coffee-cake and toast and homemade jam. She put the tray on my desk and when she had gone I poured coffee and moved the tray to the low table beside the girl.

The both drank eagerly, the girl shivering a little as she swallowed the hot liquid. And then shyly, almost as if it were acting without her consciousness, her hand reached out and took a piece of coffee-cake. I guessed they had had no breakfast—that perhaps they had no money. I made conversation about the weather and the farm while they wolfed cake and toast and jam. Then the girl said abruptly, "Why don't you tell him everything, Vinny?" And the boy said, "Maybe he wouldn't be interested."

I said, "Go ahead. I'm sure I would."

"Well," he said, "it's like this. You see, we're trying to find some way to stay together and keep the kids." He looked down at his cap. "I know we look young, but I'm twenty-three and she's twenty-two." He coughed and added, "You see, we have three kids." And then I noticed his hands. They were big hands, but well formed, even beautiful and they were calloused and scarred with traces of oil and grease which can never be wholly removed from the hands of a hard-working man.

"You must have been married when you were very young?"

The girl answered me nervously, "Vincent was eighteen, and I was seventeen."

Clearly she was impatient with the boy's awkwardness, but in the impatience there was sympathy like that of a mother troubled by a child's backwardness but eager for him to show his best side. And

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then suddenly she took over, the words pouring out of her in a torrent. "You see, I didn't have any family, and Vincent's family wasn't very good to him. We got together that way and got married out in Colorado. He was working at a filling station, and I was working at the lunchroom. And we had three kids. Maybe we oughtn't to, but we did. The oldest is four. It seemed all right at first, and then everything seemed to come apart. We didn't have enough money and I had to give up working to look after the kids. And finally just to keep going we boarded out the kids in Cincinnati, and I went to work again. And then they began firing people, and sometimes we had work and sometimes we didn't; we had to take work where we could find it in order to eat and pay the kids' board, and most of the time we were separated, not even in the same town."

I listened, aware that it cost the girl an immense effort to tell me all she was telling me. It was as if she were tearing it out of her insides by force. And I noticed other things—the curious passion which existed between the two of them. You could see it in the boy's dark eyes as he watched her. What she was really telling me, despite her pride and reticence, was a beautiful love story of two lonely children who wanted to stay together, desperately in spite of everything.

As the girl neared the climax of her story, a real passion and despair entered her voice. She said, "I'm scared, mister. We haven't been together for two years. It ain't any way to live . . . just seein' each other a couple of days now and then. We can't go on like this—never havin' a home, never seein' each other or the kids. And now there ain't any jobs anywhere especially for Vincent and me who don't know how to do anything." The tears came into her eyes and she had to stop.

While I waited for her to regain her self-control, it was borne in upon me that there was a quality of innocence about them both, and of health, of real decency and naturalness. What they wanted was what all decent young people wanted, and they couldn't have it and were puzzled because they could not understand the reasons, so much too intricate for their comprehension. They were plainly frightened.

Presently the girl went on talking. "You see, mister. All we want is to be together again and get a fresh start. We just want a roof over our heads where we can bring the children. I can't sleep right any more because I keep wondering about the kids—if they're being treated right and are getting enough to eat." The desperation entered her voice again. "We've got to get organized or go to hell. We can't do it in the city. We're willing to do anything, mister. It doesn't make any difference. Anything is better than the way we're living."

I looked at the boy. He was watching her with admiration because she found it so easy to talk, to say the things for which he could never find words. And suddenly I found myself thinking how, in spite of anything you could do in life, you were always getting mixed up in the lives of other people, how you became responsible for things and people without even wanting or meaning to. Even if I were to send them away, I'd still be mixed up in their lives and those of the children I'd never seen. I might be sending them all to damnation as the girl had implied.

We didn't actually need another man on the place, but I found myself trying to invent reasons why we did need someone. I knew that Tom, my partner, would raise the devil when he found I'd engaged another worker. It was easy enough to get farm hands. The cities were col-

lapsing and people were hurrying back to the country to find security, a roof over their heads and enough to eat.

All this was going through my head, but there was something else as well. I had a feeling that these two kids were all right, and I found stirring in me something which had always played a big part in any decision I had ever made. It was a kind of animal thing, stronger than my own conscious judgment or my intelligence.

And I heard myself saying, "We've just bought a new farm. It isn't a very good farm, and the house is in pretty bad shape, but there's a good spring and the roof doesn't leak. If you don't mind living there until we get it fixed up . . ."

The girl said dully, "It'll be all right—even if we have to sleep in a barn."

"When could you come?" I asked. An extraordinary light came into the girl's dark eyes. "You mean you'll give us a chance?"

"That's it," I said.

"We could come as soon as Vincent could get some things together and I get the children from Cincinnati."

"That's fine."

The shabbily gloved hands began fiddling with the handbag again. She looked down and said, "There's one more thing."

"Yes."

She didn't answer at once and the black-haired boy, summoning all his strength, said, "It's about money. Could you let us have a little money—in advance. We'd work it out."

I thought: Here I go again—being a sap. Maybe it's just a racket they work everywhere. But weakly I found myself asking, "How much will you need?"

The girl answered, "I think a hundred dollars would do it."

I wrote out a check and gave it to the boy. He looked at me out of those honest black eyes without saying anything.

The girl said, "He didn't want to come here, the way we look"—she glanced at her own shabby clothes—"but I told him we had to because it was our last chance."

I went with them to the door and watched them go toward the old jalopy, walking hand in hand, and the boy's sturdy back seemed even straighter than before.

FOR A WEEK there was no sign of the new couple nor any word from them, and I thought: They've just walked off with the hundred dollars. I suppose their racket is as good as any other in times like these.

Then one morning my partner Tom stopped in. He was a practical man, hard-headed, stocky, efficient and realistic. He said, "The new couple have come. They moved in this morning."

That was all. I knew he disapproved, so I asked, "What do you think of them?"

"A pretty seedy lot," he said.

He had always managed his own life efficiently and well. He had a good wife and three sturdy children, and was a partner in a prosperous business—a farm, which couldn't go too wrong even in black times like those in the beginning of the 'thirties. He was stubborn and at times impatient.

Then he said, "I wouldn't have known they were there but for the smoke. I thought something was on fire down at the Hubert Place. I went to investigate and found them already there, cleaning the place up. They came in by the back road through the woods. I don't see how they ever knew about it. It's mighty funny they didn't come by the ordinary road and stop by the house first."

After noon-day dinner I went down to see them. It was a warm day of the false spring which comes in late March to our part of the country. Around the old gray



farmhouse the first pale green leaves of the big lilacs were showing. The house was big and old and shabby, but it had the beauty of old, worn houses that, however dilapidated, have been much lived in. And nothing could spoil the beauty of the site halfway up the hill with a view over the whole valley.

The boy, Vincent, was burning the rubbish left behind by the last occupants of the house. They had been a fly-by-night tenant family, coming for a year to take what they could of the poor worn-out farm and going away again leaving behind them all the things they had broken or used up during the year. The girl, Martha, was carrying out the rubbish and heaping it on the fire.

The baby, about eighteen months old, was tied into a broken chair by a big lilac bush. The other two kids were playing with a barn kitten on the grass by the side of the pond below the old spring-house. The oldest child, a girl, had red hair like her mother, and the two younger ones were dark like their father. All three had a wild look, with shaggy uncut hair. They all looked pale too and thin and undernourished. The two older ones were wearing castoff clothing much too big for them. Yet there was something pleasant about the scene, and something primitive too. It was like one of the first families coming into the country when it had been a wilderness. It was a family making a fresh start in life.

We greeted each other, and I said, "There's plenty of rubbish in the house. You'll have quite a job cleaning it up."

Martha answered happily, "Oh, that's part of the fun!"

And then I asked if they'd made arrangements about milk and eggs and meat and if they knew where the root cellar was with the potatoes, apples, squash and carrots from last season.

"Yes," they said. Mr. Warren had been to see them and taken care of that.

"The kids could stand some fattening up," I said.

"And how!" said Martha. "The woman who boarded them was cheating on me."

"How about giving you a hand?" I asked.

But Martha didn't want it. "No," she said. "I don't want you to see the inside of the house until I get it cleaned up."

In the days that followed, I went back again three or four times and each time, the girl made excuses for my not entering the house; but at last the day arrived when I came with the plasterers and painters and it had to be done. Then I discovered why she had not wanted me to come in. Inside they hadn't anything at all—no beds, only three mattresses with cheap, coarse blankets. There were two broken chairs, left behind, which Vincent had repaired and a table made out of a packing case he had found in the barn. There were three or four pots and pans and some paper plates.

The face of the girl flushed, and in defense she said, "We're just camping out until our furniture arrives from the West."

For the benefit of the workmen, I said, "I think it's arrived. I had a bill of lading this morning."

There wasn't any bill of lading but the lie satisfied the workmen. And the girl gave me a sudden brilliant look of gratitude. When the workmen went away I sat on one of the two chairs.

"Sit down," I said, and the girl obeyed me by sitting in the other chair. "We've got to come to an understanding."

She looked away without answering, and I went on, "You know I lied to those men."

She still did not answer.

"We've got to understand each other," I said. "You've got to understand all the

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people on this farm. They're very nice people, and they want to help you. It isn't going to do any good if you put up a lot of false pride. We've plenty of stuff around here—extra beds and things and chairs. And I'll advance the money to get dishes and cooking stuff. Everybody on the place wants to help if you give them a chance. You see, it isn't like the city where everybody is fighting everybody else just to live. In a way, there's plenty of everything here. You've got to get used to that. You've got to let people help you because they really want to."

She had begun to cry, and I saw that there was no stopping her. It was as if all the pent-up pride and emotion of months and years had broken loose. I said, "That's right. Go ahead and cry. It'll do you good. And when you've finished, don't be proud any more. Just let things work out naturally. Just take it easy."

**T**WO DAYS later Tom came into the office. I knew by his look that he had something on me. He said, "I got the pay-off about your friends."

"What's that?"

"Well," he said, "You know they came here with nothing, not even—" and he used an expressive but inelegant phrase.

"Yes," I said.

"Well, yesterday Vincent sent his wife to a farm sale with ten dollars to buy something for them to sit on or eat out of. Do you know what she brought home?"

I grinned. "No, what?"

"An old-fashioned country organ," he said. "She spent the whole ten dollars on it."

He didn't say, "I told you so," or "No wonder they didn't have a nickel." But his whole manner said it. "I was down there last night," he continued, "And she was painting it baby blue and pale pink. What the hell will they do with an organ when they haven't anything to sit on?"

And one day there appeared out of nowhere a shaggy pony, and when I asked where it came from, Vincent said, "I bought it. I know you think I'm crazy and maybe I should have spent the money on clothes for the kids, but they aren't old enough to go to school yet and don't need clothes, and they'll get a lot more fun out of the pony."

There didn't seem to be any answer to that piece of logic.

In the meanwhile all of us on the farm went through attics and haymows, and we found a lot of old furniture. It didn't match up too well, but anyway it was furniture, and the old farmhouse, once so dilapidated and dirty and empty began to look like a home. Martha did a good deal of cleaning up around the outside, and she wrestled with the tough old grass until she managed to create a patch of new lawn which she kept neatly mowed. Then began the animal phase.

They seemed to come from nowhere and everywhere. There were two or three families of cats and three dogs of uncertain breeds, one with a litter of puppies. And then a she-goat, and a calf which was to be sold for veal but which Vincent asked to be allowed to bring up because the children liked it. And there were chickens and turkeys and ducks on the pond. It was a wonderful place for children, and slowly, from the redheaded eldest child I found out why to them the farm was unadulterated Paradise.

They had lived in a gloomy house fallen into decay in a shabby part of Cincinnati. There was only a back yard surrounded by a high fence, paved with cinders and partly shaded by a soot-laden alanthus tree. The house and that gloomy patch of ground had been their only playground, winter and summer. There were no toys, no animals, nothing

but a cinder-paved back yard and a gray sky above it. And now they had a whole world of green with fields to roam across and animals and pets. Sometimes you would see a whole procession moving across the high pastures against the blue sky—kids, a pony, a calf, a she-goat and three or four dogs. Sometimes even a tomcat or two accompanied them on their excursions into the field. Seen against the sky there was something ancient and Biblical about the procession of children and animals.

But on the farm Vincent was becoming a problem. He worked, voluntarily, long hours, with enthusiasm and a desperate desire to make good and preserve the fantastic, happy little world which had grown up around the old Hubert Place. But he couldn't seem to get his work organized and his effect upon machinery was appalling. On a highly mechanized farm this was a serious thing. It was as if all the machinery was hostile to him. It was always fighting back at him, skinning his fingers, cracking him on the head. A power mower would fall apart at his touch and a baler or a combine would develop all sorts of kinks and trouble the moment he was put in charge of it. Tom, in disgust, said that "Vincent had the power of a poltergeist" and that very likely at home he could make chairs and tables fly across the room. And so, eventually, I proposed that we take him away from the machinery altogether and simply let him take care of livestock.

That was where he belonged—with the livestock. Even Tom came to admit it after a time. He said that when Vincent went into the chicken house he became a chicken, and when he went into the barns he became a cow or a horse. It was a simple way of expressing something much bigger than that. When Vincent had charge, the hens in the poultry house grew healthier and laid more eggs. The cows, even a cantankerous old Jersey, grew so gentle that they would come in out of the pasture at the sound of his voice. The dairy bull still put up a great show of pawing and bellowing, but with Vincent around it was only a show. He would rub his head against Vincent like a big kitten. And between the shining black Angus bull and Vincent there grew up a warm and close friendship.

And then one night very late I saw that a light had been left burning in the big barn and when I went to turn it off, I found Vincent. He was sitting in the straw of a box stall, holding in his lap the head of a sick, four-day-old Percheron colt. It had pneumonia, and the veterinarian had gone away that evening saying there was nothing to be done and that the colt would be dead by morning.

When Vincent saw me, he looked up, embarrassed. "Maybe you think I'm crazy," he said, "but I didn't want the colt to die. I'm goin' to set up with it."

"What can you do?" I asked.

"Nothin' . . . really, but I didn't like to think of the little fella being just left alone here to die. Maybe I can do some good." He grinned sheepishly. "You know—faith healing."

I looked down at the colt. It was breathing so slightly that it seemed not to be breathing at all. I said, "The vet says as soon as its lungs fill up, it'll be dead."

Stubbornly Vincent shook his head. "The vets ain't always right."

Then he looked down again at the sick colt with an extraordinary expression of tenderness and began pressing gently in and out on its ribs to keep it breathing. And I was aware then of what I came to believe finally—that there was between Vincent and all animals and children and even trees and plants a strong and in-

(Continued on page 162)



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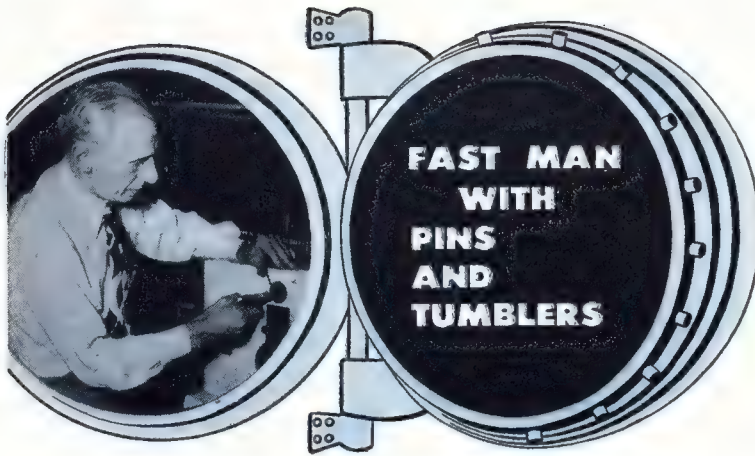


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When officials of a New York shirt-making firm found their safe ransacked one morning and police could discover no signs of tampering, they sent out an S O S for Barney Zion. He took one look at the safe lock, frowned and toted it off to his jam-packed shop off lower Broadway.

Within two hours, he showed the police, through a magnifying glass, a tiny hole on the lock which had been drilled by a bit 20/1000ths of an inch in diameter and through which a needle had been inserted to trip the tumblers of the mechanism. This evidence narrowed the field of safe-cracking suspects, and in short order the crooks were apprehended.

In 1928, Barney Zion was just another Manhattan salesman of many products. A relative talked him into demonstrating a radically different key-cutting machine, and when Barney earned fifteen thousand dollars in commissions within six months, he fell in love with locks and set out to learn everything there is to know about pins and tumblers. Today, Barney is a "locksmith's locksmith," an indispensable, though unofficial, "member" of the New York Police Department, and a real friend-in-need of Federal authorities.

Barney's number one invention is his "Lock Aid Gun," which looks like Buck Roger's own pistol and will slide into a keyhole and knock the tumblers of any lock into their normal opening position. Shady characters have offered him as much as one thousand dollars for the device, but he sells it (for fifteen dollars) only to bona fide locksmiths and law-enforcement officers. Every gun is registered, and Barney knows where all of them are.

The G-men paged Barney during the war to open five trunks and four suitcases belonging to a clever spy ring. He calmly opened them in a New York hotel room within twenty-five minutes, sixty seconds before his deadline, and tossed the agents a made-on-the-spot set of keys for good measure.

The most closely guarded papers aboard United States warships are the Zion-authored instruction leaflets on operating his key-cutting machines which are standard equipment on all naval vessels.

Part of his two-hundred-thousand-dollars-a-year business comes from the sale of books you'll never see. These are the key-and-lock codes for the products of all manufacturers. Since lock companies never issue code books—even to locksmiths—Barney bought up old keys in junk shops, peered at their cuttings and numbers, and re-constructed the correct codes by himself. An auto-lock code book sells for twelve and a half dollars. A trunk-key handbook is worth fifteen. But only registered locksmiths can buy the volumes.

Among Barney's customers are the Empire State Building, J. P. Morgan and Co., Western Electric, Columbia Broadcasting System, Standard Oil, and the National Maritime Commission. When sextons lose the keys to their churches, they call up Barney. So do the janitors of schools and museums when locks get jammed up.

"Folks never learn," Barney comments, "no matter how many times they lose or forget keys. New Yorkers alone carry twenty-one million keys. Each day twenty-five thousand are lost. You'd think every one of the losers comes to Barney Zion with his troubles!"

**by Stanley S. Jacobs**

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(Continued from page 158)

explicable bond. He understood them with an understanding that was beyond any of the rest of us, and they responded, trusting and believing in him. I began that night to understand many things about him, that the whole menagerie of animals and birds at the Old Hubert Place were a part of the whole thing. But most curious of all was his sudden, flashing likeness to some creature out of another world and another age. There was something strange, antique and faunlike about the tanned muscular body, especially in summer when he went about stripped to the waist or when on a hot day the men knocked off work and went swimming in the clear water of Goose Creek. Of them all, only Vincent seemed to belong there, naked, in the clear water and the brilliant sunlight against the background of willows and wild yellow flowering iris. About the others, there was always something "modern" and misshapen, as if they bore the stamp of our times. Vincent, diving, splashing, swimming, belonged there. He was something out of the remote past.

It was the beginning of strange speculations which have gone on and on and which are really what the whole story is about. They are speculations which reach into realms which most of us seldom touch even on the fringe—realms reaching to the borders of reincarnation, of mysticism and metaphysics.

I began to understand why children and animals followed him about. I began to understand that strange, intense passion which the redheaded girl felt for him. I began to understand why the three children had happened and why there was another on the way.

And I began to understand another thing—very curious—that Vincent seemed to have brought luck to the farm. There were many things which explained this:

He had a genius for livestock; he had a feeling for plants and trees that was beyond science or anything science had ever discovered. Nearly all of these things lay in the realm of the un-understood or the un-understandable.

At eight in the morning after the incident of the sick colt Vincent appeared at my office door, grinning. "Come on out," he said. "I want to show you something."

He led me into the barn and into the box stall where the dying colt had been. The colt was still lying down, but not on his side as I had last seen him. His head was up and at sight of us he gave a faint, weak whicker of recognition.

Vincent grinned again, "That's one on Doc. I called him up and told him."

Now to go back to Kenny: The business of Kenny wasn't easy. It was a great deal more complicated than you might think. We got him some decent clothes and then, after a couple of days, Old Man Buckwalter found out where he was and wanted him back. Until then he hadn't troubled to look for him or even to find out whether he was dead or alive.

Old Man Buckwalter came storming up the walk to the house. He wasn't really old. He was not much over fifty, but in the neighborhood he'd been known as Old Man Buckwalter for at least ten years, perhaps because of his looks and disposition. He was the kind of farmer who thought what was good enough for his grandfather was good enough for him, and any newfangled ideas were just so much hogwash. As a result his farm got a little poorer every day, no matter how hard he worked, and for the shrinking income and waning fertility he always found excuses. It was the weather or someone had cheated him or it was plain hard luck. Misfortune, even though he brought it on himself or perhaps because

of that fact, had turned him bitter. He didn't like the people on our place because we did well. At fifty, he was already a bent and worn-out old man. His own two sons had left him as soon as they could to go to the city.

I met him at the door and he said abruptly, "I've come to get Kenny."

"Come in," I said. "Let's talk it over."

He sat on the edge of a chair in my office, aggressive and hostile. "I've had to do the chores all alone for three days. Where is he?"

"I don't know," I said, which was the truth; I had told Kenny to keep out of sight.

"Don't try to hide him. The law is on my side."

I began to feel angry not only at Old Man Buckwalter but at the system which permitted him to take over an orphan boy like Kenny. So I said, "There's no good trying to bulldoze me. He's not going back with you unless the court orders it. We might as well get that straight now."

His eyes narrowed shrewdly; he asked, "What's he been tellin' you about me?"

"Never mind. It wasn't very nice."

"He's a dirty little sneak and a liar. I clothe him and keep him and take him to church on Sunday."

I looked at him directly. I knew his type. "He was wearing nothing but a pair of pants," I said, "And don't bring up church-going to me. It doesn't impress me in this case. Besides, he says if they do send him back, he'll only run away again."

"So you want to make trouble about it?"

"Yes, I'm willing to."

"All right! I'll have the law on you."

"Suit yourself."

He went out and I watched him drive off in his broken-down car. As I turned Kenny was standing there in his new

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overalls. "Where were you?" I asked. "I was listenin'." He grinned at me.

"Don't you know people don't do that? It's not the right thing to do."

"If I didn't listen, how would I know what was goin' on?"

Then I understood. He was looking out for himself. He'd learned that because he had had to learn it.

"Well, then I don't need to tell you what happened."

"No." He looked puzzled for a moment and then asked, "What are you gonna do—see Mrs. Pulsifer?"

"Yes."

"They'll all tell you I'm a liar and a sneak."

"Who's all?"

"Mrs. Sampson and Mrs. Barnes." They were the wives of farmers in the county.

"Did you live with them too?"

"Yes. But they was glad to get rid of me."

"Why didn't you tell me that before?"

"Because I thought you'd send me away without givin' me a chance."

I laughed. "Give a dog a bad name—"

Kenny grinned. "That's it."

"You're going to behave yourself here?"

"Sure. Watch me."

"What makes you think you'll like it here?"

Then he said a very old wise thing. "You can tell a lot of ways—by lookin' at the animals and the grass in the fields. I could tell I'd like it the first day when we stopped and talked to Vincent."

"You like him, don't you?" I asked.

"Sure I do. I've been helpin' him regular with the chores."

"Okay! Better go and help him now."

As he went out he said, "Vincent showed me how to feed the calves. He lets me do it every night." The impish face glowed with pleasure and pride.

"Didn't you help Old Man Buckwalter?" I asked.

"Yes, but that was different. He used to belt the calves around if they wouldn't drink. I like to feel 'em sucking on my finger to get 'em started." Then he ran out and down the path toward the barn.

The next morning Mrs. Pulsifer stopped in to see me. She was a tall, rather grim woman who appeared hard and dressed in a mannish way, but she was sentimental at heart.

I told her everything Kenny had told me and then I asked, "Why did you send him to Buckwalter?"

She grew indignant. "The report was all right. Buckwalter wanted to take Kenny with the idea of adopting him."

"Buckwalter's own sons ran away from him as soon as they could."

"Most farm boys go to the city."

I grinned, "Well, they're coming home now in droves—to get a roof over their heads and something to eat."

"Besides Kenny was very troublesome at the orphanage. He was always disappearing. He didn't think anything of spending a night in the woods. I must say there's something queer about the boy. He's very wild—as if he were marked."

"What's his history?" I asked.

"Nobody knows who he is. He was left when he was two days old in a basket on the steps of the courthouse."

"What's his other name? He says he hasn't got any name but Kenny."

"That's absurd. His name is Kenneth Powell. We took the names of two employees at the orphanage and put them together."

I said, "Well, it's clear you can't send him back to Old Man Buckwalter. And Kenny hates the orphanage. Maybe he'd better stay here for a time."

"Do you mean to adopt him?"

"Perhaps."

"It'll be difficult for you—a bachelor—"

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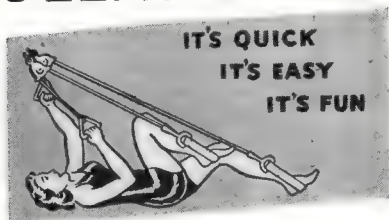
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with no women around to care for him."  
"I can manage. He's not used to being babied."

"You'll have to see Judge Knapp. Mr. Buckwalter has signed the first papers."

"I think we can manage that."

She stood up. "I must say I think it's a great opportunity for Kenny. I'm not so sure about you. I don't think you know what you're taking on."

She went away and in time we all appeared before Judge Knapp in Juvenile Court—Old Man Buckwalter, Miss Pulsifer, myself and Kenny. The boy told his story and told the judge that if he was sent back to Old Man Buckwalter he'd only run away again. He looked very small, standing in the big courtroom, and very wild, despite his clean, new clothes and all the efforts he had made with the hairbrush to keep his black, curly hair in order. He wasn't afraid or shy and answered quickly when the judge put questions to him. As I watched him I thought I had never seen a child with so much charm and such wild good looks. He was like a young colt—like the colt Vincent had saved by sitting up all night with its head in his lap *willing* it to live.

When the hearing was over, the judge announced his decision—that the boy was to stay on our farm for a period of probation, and if things went well, we could go into the question of adoption later on.

Kenny left the courtroom, wearing a broad grin. He had got what he wanted. It came out exactly as he had planned from the first day when he watched me from his hiding place in the sassafras thicket. I regarded the grin with alarm and with some suspicion.

It was a suspicion not without foundation. After having had him on the farm and around the house for more than three weeks, I still couldn't make head or tail of him. He had, I must say, behaved himself except for an inclination to tell tall stories. He had a way of disappearing suddenly to be gone for hours—where, nobody could make out from the stories he told on his return. The only certain thing was that he could not have gone very far in so short a time, so that it must have been to the Jungle or into the wild country surrounding the farm.

Once he returned with a wonderful tale of having come upon a litter of fox cubs outside one of the caves and told us that he spent the whole afternoon playing with them. It was a long, imaginative and detached story and while reason told me that the tale was impossible, the details of the noises made by the cubs, the way they ran into their den and then came out again, and even the scratches on his hands which he said came from their milk-teeth, were so realistic I found myself listening, wrapt with interest and belief.

And then one hot night with a full moon coming up over the valley I could not sleep and went to the kitchen for a glass of milk. On my return I stopped as I passed Kenny's room and opened the door quietly to look in on him. The room was empty; the bed had not been slept in. The house was empty and in the moonlit barn there was no sign of him.

It was a wonderful night with a low, faint mist hanging over the valley. By the light of the full moon you could see the cattle far down below. The shadows of the trees lay black across the grass, and for a moment I felt an overpowering urge to leave the house, to quit the whole place to which I was anchored by every possible bond and simply walk off through the mist into that enchanted moonlit world in the valley below. In the pond and along the creek the frogs were singing, and in the garden the birds were making the soft, startled, rustling noises which birds make at night. Across the

Valley a hoot owl kept up its monotonous hair-raising cry and once one of the catamounts screeched from the direction of the caves. The mood passed quickly, and I was again a sober, responsible, middle-aged farmer.

Twice more that night I wakened and went to Kenny's room, and each time it was empty. When Mrs. Erskine called me for breakfast, Kenny had returned and was sound asleep.

Later in the day when I asked him where he had been, he looked at me in alarm and said at first that he had been in his room asleep all the night, I kept questioning him, and he finally admitted he had come in just before daylight. He hung his head and sulked as if my questions were an unwarranted prying into his privacy.

"I didn't do anything," he said. "It was hot and I just went and slept in the pasture."

"Where?"

"By the big spring."

"Why didn't you tell me the truth?"

He didn't answer at once, and after a moment he said, "I didn't think anybody would care." Then he made a curious remark: "I went out because I *had* to."

"What do you mean by that?"

"I don't know. I just *had* to. I couldn't stop myself."

That was as far as I ever got, but I understood why Old Man Buckwalter and the two farm women had called him a hopeless little liar and why the women had finally turned him back. His going and coming at night must have disturbed their peace of mind to a point at which they were afraid of him.

But it wasn't his lying and his disappearances during the day or his night excursions that disturbed me most. It was my utter inability to establish any real bond of affection between us. I never knew what he thought. It was impossible to know whether he experienced any feeling toward me save as someone he had tricked into giving him what he wanted. It was as if he were not quite human. He was like a raccoon which I had once found in the woods and made into a pet. The little beast finally grew so tame that it lived in the house along with the dogs, but in its heart it always remained wild and, like Kenny, disappeared at times, to come home only when it wanted to be fed.

Beyond the satisfaction of watching him, I felt no satisfaction whatever in Kenny, largely, I think, because in those weeks we had been together I had never succeeded in establishing any sort of human relationship. I had the feeling at times, when I caught him watching me unawares, that he was far wiser and older than myself and that there was something inhuman about him. I was a convenience and a protection in a strange world where a child like himself had no freedom or dignity unless there was someone to protect him, someone who also allowed him utter freedom. (On the morning I questioned him about his night escapade, he had given me a single glance that seemed charged with actual hatred.) I think I was jealous too because although I wanted to like him and he lived under my roof and ate my food, he always ran away to Vincent and the animals. I had a feeling that there was some secret between them and that, behind our backs, they mocked me and all the others on the farm who were so close with machinery, and for whom the hens fell off in their laying and the cows fell off in their milk.

So, as I left the courtroom I had, at sight of Kenny's broad grin, a feeling that I had been tricked and that I had taken on a responsibility in which there was no reward or satisfaction.

Later the thing solved itself perfectly, to





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the satisfaction of all concerned. Martha had her baby, a little red-headed boy, and two days later Vincent stopped me in the lane and said, "Could I ask you something?"

"Sure, Vincent. What is it?"

Then he blurted out, "Martha and I want to take Kenny to live with us."

For a moment I didn't know what to answer. I said, "But you've got the new baby. That makes four besides all the kids that are always hanging around your house. How can Martha manage?"

"That's just it. The baby is going to keep Martha busy. Kenny is old enough to help her with the older kids."

I couldn't picture Kenny as a nurse-maid. I said, "You know what he's like?"

"He's okay," said Vincent. "The kids are nuts for him."

I felt a great sensation of relief but I had to keep up appearances so, although in my heart the decision was already made, I said, "I'll think it over," and Vincent walked away down the lane toward the pasture with that animal grace which was always beautiful to watch. As he disappeared I felt a curious pang of envy for it seemed to me that there went a happy man, without an inhibition, simple as Nature itself, who loved a wife who loved him, passionately, who kept right on having children because he liked them and because that was the natural thing to do. These two had now found the place where they belonged. They lived in plenty, simply, in their emotions, their love for each other and their pleasure in their children.

They were, I thought, the only really happy people I knew.

That night I said to Kenny, "How would you like to live with Martha and Vincent?"

It was as if I had somehow set a fire inside him, as if the whole of the small body gave off an illumination.

"That would be wonderful!" he said.

I wanted to say, "You ungrateful brat! You might have at least pretended you didn't want to leave here." But at the same time I wanted to laugh.

That very night we packed up his clothes so that he could be off early in the morning. I think he would have liked going that very night.

OF COURSE, I was a damned fool not to have known that the arrangement was perfect. Kenny moved in and was immediately a part of Vincent and Martha's family and from the very beginning it was clear that this too had been a part of his intricate plot—a part I hadn't even suspected. He now belonged to a big family, with a home like other kids and brothers and sisters, and a real mother and father, for that was exactly how it was. I could never see, even from the beginning, that they made any difference between him and the others, and even before he went to the Hubert Place to live there was a friendship and an understanding between Kenny and Vincent which is shared by few fathers and sons.

I must say Kenny took the three kids off Martha's hands. During the long hot summer days they would disappear for the whole day, sometimes into the Jungle and sometimes into the wild country around the lakes. The dogs went with them and sometimes the goat and, if there were not too many fences, the pony. The fences made no trouble for the goat. She would simply lie down on her side and squeeze under the fence or daintily climb up a post brace and leap to the other side. Chuckling, I watched the procession many times crossing the fields.

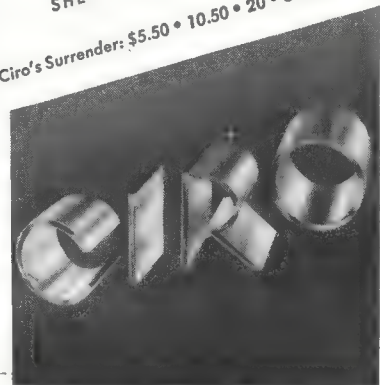
They must have been delirious excursions—exploring, swimming, fishing with Kenny who knew everything about the woods and the wild things. The other kids



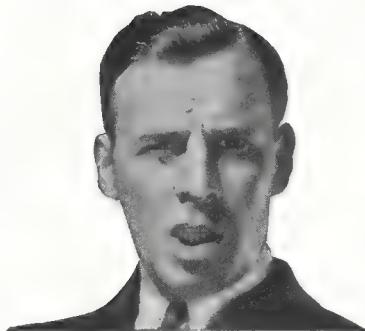
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would come home at early evening ragged, half-naked, trailing behind Kenny. Martha gave them a bag of sandwiches in the morning, but when they came home there was a big supper waiting with meat and vegetables and pie and quantities of good milk. The change in the kids from that first day when I saw them was fantastic. They were strong now and brown, and all their shyness was gone.

Sometimes on Sundays Vincent went with them, and once or twice I went along. Kenny, it was true, knew every coon tree and fox lair for miles around. He knew where the big bass lay hiding on a hot day and where the mallard nests were hidden in the marshes. And once he led us to the shallow water where acres of big carp were thrashing about, churning up the water, in an orgy of reproduction. For him and for the kids there was nothing remarkable in the mating of carp or of any farm animal or the mating of humans.

A year after Kenny went to live with Vincent and his family, I asked Vincent if Kenny still kept up his old trick of staying out all night. Vincent looked at me with suspicion, almost as if I knew something I should not have known. "Why, yes," he said. "How did you know?"

"He did it once when he was staying with me. What do you do about it?"

"Nothing," said Vincent. "He can take care of himself."

The curious thing was that it always happened at the time of the full moon.

AS KENNY grew older, his amazing likeness to Vincent became more and more apparent. It wasn't only the black, curly hair but the carriage, the rippling muscles, the dark tanned skin and the cat-like grace—indeed all the things which made other men seem somehow misshapen and awkward. Strangers always took Kenny without question for Vincent's own son, and I am quite certain that in the end Vincent regarded him as a son whom he had himself begotten, although the difference in their ages was scarcely great enough for that.

In school Kenny made no shining record. He read and wrote badly and never really learned to spell, yet he knew things which others did not know and could never be taught by any school on this earth. In sports and games he led all the others in the village school. He swam and dived as easily, as gracefully as a seal. And from the time he was fourteen he had a strange, heady effect upon the girls and even upon older women. The schoolgirls would gather in little groups, watching him, talking about him and giggling and, as he walked along the village streets, middle-aged women would turn to look after him, as if a faun had suddenly appeared in the quiet community or as if they saw in him something for which their spirits and bodies yearned, something which they had never known or would never find.

But of all this he seemed unaware. There was a curious cleanness and chasteness about him, and it may have been that always there was only one girl on his mind and that was Maisie. Maisie was Vincent's and Martha's oldest child. She was a redhead like her mother, though her hair and eyes were darker—the hair a deep auburn and the eyes violet. From the time Maisie was twelve she no longer went on the long, all-day excursions into the wild country. She stayed at home to help and slowly there grew up the knowledge between her and Kenny that they were no longer children.

And as they grew up there was a cloud growing in the world outside which touched neither Vincent, nor his family, nor Kenny. It had nothing to do with

them, yet it was that cloud which was to strike them, more deeply than it struck any of us on the farm.

War came, suddenly. I am sure to the family at the Hubert Place, but not to the rest of us. The sudden knowledge of it seemed to have a strange and unexpected effect upon Kenny, exciting and absorbing him. It came right in the midst of the awakening of himself and Maisie to the fact that he was a man and she was a woman. We had noticed the thing happening. In the evenings they would slip away alone together into the woods or they would take Vincent's car and drive off to return late at night. I have never seen a more natural courtship, with no simpering or giggling. There was a dignity about it which prevented the rest of us from making the jests, which are a habit in the country.

I do not know what went on during those long excursions nor, I think, did Vincent or Martha. Once walking with the dogs through the Jungle in the evening, I came upon the young pair by the side of the small creek in the thickest part of the wood. She was sitting on the bank of the stream with Kenny's head in her lap. I would have spoken to them but as I was about to, the girl leaned forward and the boy raised his body a little, reaching up to clasp both arms about her neck. They kissed then, as her dark auburn hair fell over his face, hiding them both. It was a long and passionate kiss and his body turned toward her with the slow sensual movement of a panther as he buried his dark curly head in her breasts.

I turned quickly away, a little startled by what I had seen, and went on my way. Again for a moment it was as if time had turned backward. What I had seen for a second was no simple awkward, half-clumsy romance. The whole picture, with its natural animal beauty and the slow movement of the boy's body against the background of the pool, the trees and the heat of the long summer evening, was something wild and filled with beauty, which belonged to the remote past in which none of us had had any fear of that in us which lies so near to all the very core of the earth and the pattern of the universe. And I knew that the memory of it would remain with me as long as I lived, a symbol of those things which had been lost out of the lives of all of us in a world in which machinery had made slaves of us and time and speed had become our rulers.

Then one Sunday morning Kenny and Maisie came up to my house dressed in their Sunday best. They came in and sat down and one of the puppies climbed immediately into Kenny's lap and as his strong, brown hand began caressing it, the puppy fell asleep. Kenny said, "Maisie and I are going to be married this afternoon; we want you to stand up with us."

I was more flattered by the invitation than I had ever been by any honor in my life, but what came next pleased me even more. He said, "I never had any real father, and Vincent can't stand up with me and give Maisie away at the same time, so I want you to be my father."

They were going to be married in the Valley Church at four o'clock and, oddly enough, it was Kenny who wanted it to be like a real wedding with a best man and the father giving away the bride. I wondered at the haste and suddenness, but Kenny gave me the reason. He was going to join the Marines. They would go away on a wedding trip for a week and then he was going to war.

My quick impulse was to dissuade him—but I knew from long experience there was no use trying. Kenny always knew what he wanted to do, and Maisie seemed happy about it, accepting it as a natural



thing for a boy like Kenny. Then he said, with a shade of disappointment in his voice, "I'd like to be a flier, but I don't know enough. I guess I should have worked harder in school."

"Well," I said, "the Marines are a good outfit with a good tradition." But somehow I felt his disappointment within myself. He belonged in the air flying toward the sun.

So they were married at the Valley Church that afternoon with the bright October sun shining through the windows and afterward everybody on the farm went to the Hubert Place for supper. It was a warm night of Indian summer, and we all ate the big meal Martha and her girls had prepared at long tables made of boards laid on trestles under the trees.

The bride and groom sat side by side at the head of the table and the Walker brothers, two old men who were the township fiddlers, and Jim McKewan, with his guitar, provided music. There was fried chicken and a dozen vegetables and three kinds of pie and lots of beer and hard cider and elderberry wine, and as it grew dark Martha and the girls lighted the Chinese lanterns which hung from the lower limbs of the big maple trees. And once or twice, I felt tears coming into my eyes and a lump into my throat, over what I am not quite sure, except that it had something to do with the human race in general, with its struggles and blunders and general lovability. And the figure of Vincent had something to do with it. Moving about, happy, simple, jovial, filling the glasses and asking the fiddlers and Jim McKewan to play, "Old Dan Tucker" and "Red River," he was the essence of friendliness and satisfaction. He was in his thirties now with seven children, eight counting Kenny, and now the boy he and Martha had taken in and whom he loved like his own was marrying his oldest daughter, and he was happy because nothing would be broken up. He was the herdsman now and the part owner of fat cattle—an important farmer and citizen.

Even the old house had changed: Instead of being what it had been for years—the unloved, battered refuge of fly-by-night tenants—it was loved and alive once more as it had been a century earlier.

I was present at the party and yet not present, for while I enjoyed the fun, another part of me—the part which set me apart from people like Kenny and Vincent and complicated all my life—was standing behind my own shoulder, watching. And then someone cried, "Look at the moon!" and we all turned toward the distant hill above the Jungle and a sudden silence fell over the whole party. There above the distant wooded hills appeared the great, red full moon of October. For nearly a minute we all stood in silence watching, and then the fiddlers struck up a tune and Vincent brought out another keg of hard cider. Then I thought: It's the full moon again, and remembered how Kenny as a little boy had disappeared on such nights. I thought: He's going away again at the time of the full moon, only this time he's taking a nymph with him...

At last the party came to an end. Much cider made the music of the fiddlers and Jim McKewan more and more uncertain and discordant, although no one noticed it. The dogs, stuffed with what was left over from the table, were curled up asleep under the lilac bushes where people with uncertain feet could not trample them. The younger children lay on the grass or in their parents' arms as simply and as soundly asleep as the dogs. And overhead the full moon, now high in the sky, had lost its voluptuous red beauty and turned clear and chaste as Diane,

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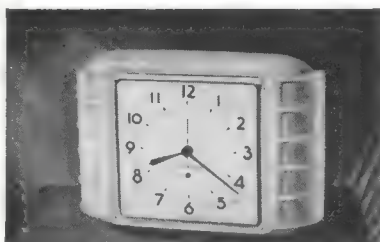
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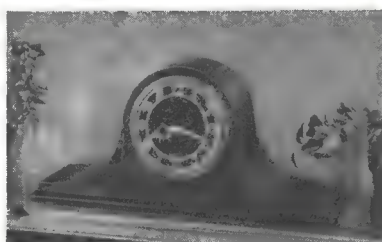
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lighting all the scene with a clear light.

The party was over. Kenny and Maisie came out of the house with brand new suitcases and were pelted with rice as they climbed into Vincent's car to drive off. And then just before they went away, Kenny leaned out of the car, his eyes shining, and took my hand. He said, "Thanks, Pete, for everything—always."

It wasn't only the words which gave me pleasure. It was something in the bright blue eyes and the shake of the hand which told me what I had been wanting to hear almost from the moment I had caught sight of the impish face watching me from the sassafras thicket. With the eyes and the handshake he had said it all at last. He had taken me into the society of himself and Vincent. He had told me that I was one of them.

It was the last time I ever saw him.

THE ROUTINE of the farm went on its way and one by one the younger men were drawn away into the war and everyone had to work longer hours to produce the food the country and the world needed so badly. As the boys left, a certain slow sadness fell over the whole place, but I think it was Kenny whom we missed most of all. You would be working in the barn or in the fields and find yourself thinking about him, as if he were still there and then suddenly you missed the contagious laugh and knew he was gone away. I think the animals missed him too in their own way for Vincent had now only an old man to help him with them, and the old man regarded animals largely as nuisances. It meant long hours for Vincent who could not sleep if every animal was not dry, warm, fed and well.

While Kenny was in training Maisie went twice by day coach halfway across the country to visit him at camp, and then he was sent suddenly to the Pacific. She read his letters or those parts of them which were not too intimate to all the rest of us on the farm. Kenny was enjoying the experience and became almost eloquent in his letters, but the bad spelling and grammar persisted. Whatever he did in life, he did with all his body and spirit, and something of his enthusiasm came through in the pencil-written, badly spelled letters. Before he sailed they had made him a top sergeant. That too was inevitable because other men always loved him and respected him. Where women fell in love with him, men admired him. And presently out of the letters there emerged a figure called Buck who was Kenny's pal. Buck came from Tennessee and he was, we gathered, a big fellow with a prankish sense of humor. He was always with Kenny. They went out on Saturday nights together and once over a week end when there was not time to make the journey home. Kenny went with him to visit his family.

There was indeed so much of Buck in the letters that I think for a time Maisie grew a little jealous. And when they had gone to the Pacific the bond between the two boys seemed to be intensified. In each letter it was always Buck, Buck, Buck. Then came a letter saying that both of them had been made Second Lieutenants and with it a snapshot of them standing together against a background of palms.

In the photograph Buck showed up big and blond, a few inches taller than Kenny. Buck was a good-looking kid, about nineteen or so, with a big muscular frame and a wide grin. They were photographed in shorts with their arms about each other's shoulders each with a beer bottle in his hand. It was a gay photograph. They were enjoying themselves in spite of everything. Kenny looked a little thinner and very dark, but he had lost none of the wild faunlike ap-

pearance. In one corner of the picture there was a little dog sitting with his head cocked on one side, his ears erect. Clearly he had been interested in the business of picture taking. He was short-legged, white with dark spots and a tail that curved up over his back—a comical little fellow. Vincent said, "Kenny was sure to have a dog. I could have guessed that."

The sight of Kenny in the photograph upset Maisie. Martha said she found the girl crying alone in her room twice and that she had taken to going off alone to the Jungle or the wild country about the lakes, as if by returning to the places where she had followed Kenny as a child and where later on they had courted each other, she could somehow come closer to him. She was very disappointed too because she wasn't having a baby. Martha said she was sure it would have been all right if she had been . . .

Then one spring morning, Vincent came into my office carrying a telegram in his hand. I had never seen him look as he looked at that moment, his strong, broad shoulders drooping, his feet dragging as if he were very tired, with all the light gone out of his eyes. I knew what was in the telegram. I simply took it from him and read it without speaking. Then I looked at him and I knew that we were both thinking the same thing. We had known always in our hearts that Kenny, was never coming back.

After the telegram there came two letters from Kenny, written before he was killed. He had been in the fighting and enjoyed the danger. He and Buck had been in charge of two platoons engaged in a tough job of landing behind the Japs on a small island. Kenny with all his experience and his nearness to animals, the trees and the earth itself, had been a natural for jungle fighting. I remembered suddenly how he had always been able to see things in the dark which were invisible to the rest of us. He had eyes like a cat or an owl. Those night excursions during the full moon which he had made into the woods as a boy had paid off in the end. With Kenny leading the way, he and Buck and their men had wiped out the Japs on the little island.

The two letters had a curious lyric eloquence. They described the phosphorescence of the sea as they splashed ashore. "It was like fire," he wrote, "splashing up all about the fellows." And he wrote of the damp smell of that other jungle on the other side of the world and the night cries of the birds and the jokes Buck made even under the heaviest fire. Vincent read us those parts of the letters which were meant for our ears. While we listened we were hypnotized into the belief that Kenny was still alive.

It was hard to believe that we should never see him again. He had been so much a part of the farm. A dozen times a day the knowledge would come up and slap you in the face—at the sight of his cap hanging in the milk parlor, or the sight of the heifer he had raised so carefully or the sound of someone whistling in the mow of the fat cattle barn or the sound of foxes barking in the moonlight on the ridge. All these things brought back the memory of Kenny and the knowledge that he was not coming back.

As for Maisie she seemed to have no more interest in living. She dragged herself about the house and she grew thinner and thinner. She carried Kenny's letters with her always, inside her dress, and Vincent said that she read them over and over again until they became ragged. And once Martha said, "You know, the boy wrote the most wonderful things to her . . . the kind of things which a woman loves to hear. He made it seem each time she got a letter as if he was with her



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again, making love to her. It's a funny thing that even if he couldn't even spell very good, he could write like he did, telling her the things she wanted to hear, reminding her of the little things that had happened between them. What he wrote would just tear your heart apart."

Three months after the news came of Kenny's death, Vincent had a letter from Buck. He had been wounded in the same fight in which Kenny was killed and he was still in the hospital. It was the first chance he had had to write. He was sorry about that because he supposed maybe they had wanted to know all about how it happened. He wasn't writing direct to Maisie because the letter might be too much for her. Vincent could judge about showing her the letter. He wrote:

We had a tough job to do, and it was a tough night on which to do it; with a bright, clear, full moon and the sky full of stars. If you stuck your head up the Nips could see you and take a pot shot. We tried to get away without Stinky because we were afraid he'd bark. We had him pretty well trained so he'd keep quiet, but we couldn't be sure. So we tied him up and went off without him.

I guess maybe I'd better tell you about Stinky in case Kenny didn't write you about him. He was just a mutt dog we found in Australia. I guess he didn't belong to anybody, but from the moment he saw Kenny, he said to himself, "That's my boss," and he stuck to Kenny like glue. When we left Australia we smuggled Stinky along with us inside a duffle bag. He was a smart dog and kept quiet as a mouse, and once we were aboard ship it was all right. He always slept right close to Kenny, and if the goin' wasn't too tough he'd go along with us. He was a funny-looking cuss with short legs and a tail that curved up over his back.

Well, this night we tied him and left him behind but just as we were getting into the jungle where the going was tough, Kenny felt something cold in the palm of his hand, and it was Stinky's nose. He'd chewed through his rope and come along. Kenny said, "Quiet, Stinky!" and Stinky flattened out with his belly on the ground like an old-timer and crawled along beside us.

About that time the bullets began to whizz and zing. The Japs was just shooting at nothing. I guess they was nervous and knew something was up, but pretty soon they began lobbing in heavy mortar shells. It was just guesswork because they didn't know where we were but we spread out and dug in to lie low till they stopped lobbing in them shells. So Kenny and I was separated, and Stinky found himself in the same hole with me and pretty soon in the moonlight I seen Stinky crawling toward Kenny's foxhole on his stomach, quiet-like, just like an old-timer. He was trying to get back to Kenny.

We was only about fifty feet apart but some S.O.B. (Excuse the language) must have seen the white spots on Stinky moving in the moonlight and shot at him. He hit Stinky but didn't kill him, only the dog couldn't get up. He must have been kind of paralyzed because he kept raising himself up on his front legs and trying to drag himself along toward Kenny. And then I seen something dark moving; it was Kenny, crawling on his stomach to fetch the little dog. That was the last thing I remember because a big mortar shell

landed right between us, and when I woke up I was back at the base with a piece of shrapnel in my shoulder.

I guess that's all there is to tell except that they never found anything of Kenny or Stinky. They just went up to heaven in a burst of fire.

The rest of the letter wasn't important save, perhaps, that Buck said that as soon as he was well he would visit us.

When I had finished the letter, Vincent said, "Well, anyway, he's got Stinky with him. That's what he would have liked."

But I was thinking of something else—of two lines in Buck's letter: "They just went up to heaven in a burst of fire." And "It was a . . . night . . . with a bright, clear, full moon." There had always been a full moon when Kenny went out into the woods. Then Vincent, with an odd look in his eyes, said, "Funny. There was a full moon."

THE rest of this story is really Maisie's. Vincent let her read Buck's letter and, strangely, it seemed to make things easier for her. Perhaps the letter made Kenny's death final, made her believe at last that she would never see him again. She seemed more cheerful and she began to eat again, but she didn't give up her excursions alone into the Jungle and the wild country. Some of us began to believe that somehow she met him there in the woods among the wild things which he loved and understood so well. And sometimes, if you permitted your imagination to carry you away, you believe that when Kenny met her, he had with him a little mutt dog, white, with black and tan spots and a tail curved high over his back.

The June of that year had been more lush than usual, with the meadows deep and rich and the undergrowth in the Jungle very nearly impenetrable. Late one Sunday afternoon I was sitting with Vincent on his front porch which overlooked the Valley, and while we were talking we both noticed something which stopped the words in our mouths.

Out of the Jungle into the deep meadow came the figure of Maisie. But she was not alone. There was a man with her, and I knew that in Vincent's mind the same thought occurred as in my own. He thought: Kenny has come back. But almost at once we saw that the man couldn't be Kenny because he was taller.

Neither of us said anything for a long time but simply watched the two figures coming toward us. We knew that Maisie had gone off after Sunday dinner alone into the Jungle, and we knew that there was no road anywhere near that wild part of the farm and that no one save people from the farm ever went there. And now Maisie was coming back accompanied by a stranger.

As they came nearer we saw that he was young—not more than twenty or twenty-one. He was blond, dressed in brand new clothes and carried a small suitcase and a coat over his arm. A moment later they crossed the road and came through the gate into the garden. Then Maisie looked up and saw us on the porch and said, "This is Kenny's friend Buck. He's come for a visit."

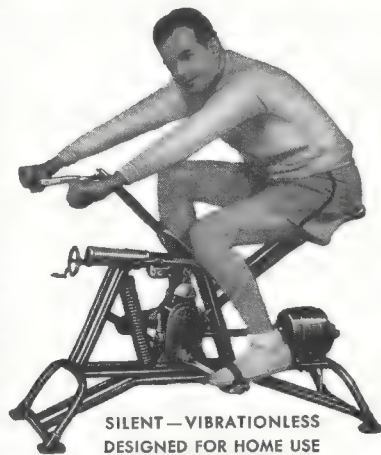
But Maisie seemed dazed with a wild, bewildered look in her eyes. It was the look of someone who had just been through an experience that bordered upon the supernatural. We shook hands with Buck who said, "Pleased to meet you!"

WHAT had happened Maisie told me later when she came to talk with me about the other strange things she could never quite understand. What had happened was simply this:

Maisie had gone as usual into the

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Jungle to wander along the creek bank. As she told me the story she said, "Maybe you think I was foolish, but going there helped me a lot. You see whenever I thought of Kenny it was always in connection with the woods and the birds and the wild things, and I used to go there and sit and listen to the sounds of the woods. I used to watch the minnows in the ponds and the killdeer running along the wet ground. I used to remember to how when we were kids he used to take us there swimming and fishing and exploring the caves. So when I was there it always seemed he was somewhere near."

On that Sunday afternoon she had gone to the pond where I had come upon her and Kenny making love. She lay on the bank close to the water, and in the drowsy heat she presently fell asleep. How long she slept she did not know but presently she was awakened by the presence of some one near her, and as she opened her eyes she heard a voice saying, "Hello! Are you Maisie?" For a second she thought the voice was Kenny's voice, and when she sat up she saw a stranger who said, "I'm Buck!"

For a moment she felt the old jealousy, but it went quickly in her astonishment at seeing him standing there with the paper suitcase and the raincoat over his arm, far from any road—in the place where no one had ever come but Kenny and herself and her brothers and sisters. And she said, "Where did you come from?" And Buck said, "From home, in Tennessee. I came to pay you all a visit."

Then he sat down beside her in a friendly way, as if he had always known her, but her curiosity still wasn't satisfied and she asked, "How did you get here? How did you know your way?"

He said, "It was Kenny told me. He used to talk a lot about home and about you, especially at night when we were sleeping near each other. And I got so that I knew exactly what the farm looked like. I guess I could have drawn a map of the whole place. So I hitchhiked out here and they dropped me off on the back road where it turns off the highway, and I just followed the crick in. I thought I might find you right here by this pond. He told me that's where you both came . . . And it was just like he said."

Maisie accepted his explanation but still she couldn't quite believe it and after other things happened she believed his story even less. That was why she came to me. There was something about the whole thing she couldn't understand.

Anyway, she brought Buck back to the house and he stayed for a visit working about the place with Vincent, and presently one day he came to me and said that he thought he'd like to stay there and work, and we took him on.

He was a big, pleasant fellow, powerfully built, but with the extraordinary gentleness toward everyone which big, strong men often have. He was very good with animals and a great help to Vincent. He didn't have that understanding Kenny had always had, as if he and the animals had some power of communication. It was different. Buck was like a mother to them and soon the calves began following him about as they had followed Kenny.

The odd thing was that he seemed already to know everything about it; he also knew everything about the house itself and the barns on the place. On the very first day he pitched in without asking any questions. He knew where everything was—the feed, the tools. He even took down Kenny's cap where it had hung ever since he went away and took to wearing it, without asking whose it was or whether he had permission to use it. To all of us he was a godsend, not only because we needed help badly on the



farm, but because somehow he filled up the strange emptiness Kenny had left behind him. The hurt over Kenny's death grew easier, like a wound healing at last. Buck never asked questions about what Kenny used to do. He seemed to know.

At first Maisie was a little strange with him, holding herself aloof from him. She was polite but distant, and one had the feeling that she was watching him, partly in astonishment and partly with a faint hostility. I only found out later why this was so—because he had seemed simply to move in and take Kenny's place without asking permission of her or of anyone else. It was as if he assumed that that was what he was meant to do. Of course, he wasn't the same as Kenny—I don't think anyone could have filled Kenny's place entirely—but gradually without our realizing it, he almost did so.

I think in the end it was Buck's engaging grin and his gentleness which won Maisie over—those things and a certain warmth and tenderness he displayed for her from the beginning. She resisted him too because she had some foolish idea that she should be faithful to Kenny for the rest of her life. But the longer he stayed and the more the thread of his life became entangled with the threads of all the other lives on the place, the fainter grew the image and the memory of Kenny. Buck took to calling Vincent "Pop" exactly as Kenny had always done. It pleased Vincent who grinned each time he used the word. And after Buck had been there about three months, he and Maisie began to go out sometimes in the evening to a square dance or into the village for ice cream. About their relationship there was no atmosphere of courtship; they were like brother and sister.

I myself had a feeling that there was something strange about the whole thing, something which belonged in the realm of the things which we do not properly understand, but I said nothing to the others because I thought that perhaps they did not notice it. So I was surprised on the morning Maisie appeared at my house and said, "Pete, there's something I want to talk to you about."

She looked very serious and young and troubled as she sat down in the big chair in my office. "It's kind of hard," she said. "I can't make out what's going on. I'm scared. That's why I wanted to talk to you. I don't think the others would understand."

I said, "Sure. Go ahead!"

"It's about Buck," she said. "Are you going to keep him on?"

I said yes, if he wanted to stay, that he was a nice fellow and a great help. "Why?" I asked, "Do you want him to stay?"

She was silent for a moment and then said, "I don't know. So many funny things have happened. You see when Kenny was killed I thought I'd never love any other man or ever marry one. I'll never love anyone the way I loved him. He was special—and different." She looked at me. "You knew that, didn't you, Pete?"

"Yes. But what has this to do with Buck? Is he falling for you?"

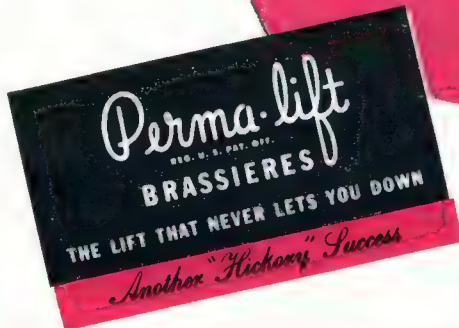
"I don't know. Sometimes I think he is, but he never says anything. He never gives any sign."

"Maybe he's waiting for you to help him. He was Kenny's buddy." I waited for an answer but there wasn't any, and I said, "You understand what I mean?"

"Yes." Again she hesitated and then said, "You know, Pete, I have a funny feeling that it's what Kenny wants. Sometimes I think Kenny has sent him here."

It was odd that this was exactly what I had thought once or twice. I told her so and she said, "That's why I came to talk it over with you."

And then she told me how she had



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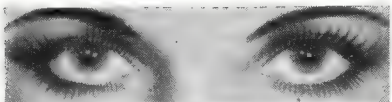


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wakened that hot summer afternoon by the side of the deep pool to find Buck standing beside her and of the strange conversation in which she could not believe. And there were other things that happened, small things, intonations of voice and fragments of conversation that all seemed as if Buck had always lived with them at the Hubert Place. The odd thing was that Buck himself seemed to think there was nothing unusual about any of the things he did or said.

As she finished she said, "It's all as if Kenny had sent him to take care of me." "What do you think about Buck? Do you love him?"

She smiled an absent, bemused smile. "I don't know. I like him. You couldn't help liking him, and he's very kind to me. But it isn't the way I felt about Kenny. I think I loved him from the time I was a little girl, long before he ever loved me or even thought of me in that way. There were times when I loved Kenny so much I thought it would kill me."

I said, "That was because he was Kenny. You couldn't ever expect to find that again, ever. I never knew any other boy like Kenny." I looked at her for a moment wondering if I dared say what I wanted to say and then took the plunge. "You see, I never really believed that Kenny belonged on this earth in these times. I was never quite sure that he was human like the rest of us. He knew things we didn't know and can never learn." As I spoke I watched her face and saw the pleasure growing in it. I said, "And Maisie, you were lucky to have had Kenny ever for a short time . . . Did you ever study Greek mythology in school?"

"A little bit," said Maisie. "We had a teacher who used to tell us stories about the gods and goddesses."

I said, "You remember about how the gods sometimes came to earth in human form and about the fauns that lived in the forest."

The brightness grew in the girl's face, "Yes . . . yes."

I said, "Well, for me, Kenny was like that. Nobody ever knew who he was and as Buck wrote he 'went up to heaven in a burst of fire.' Maybe you were very lucky even to have loved him for a little while. I know all this sounds foolish, but there are lots of things we don't know."

"I don't think that it sounds foolish at all," said Maisie. "I'm glad I talked to you. You've made it all a lot clearer."

"I think it would be wonderful for you to marry Buck. I think it's what Kenny wants. You couldn't marry a nicer boy."

She stood up and said, "Thanks, Pete," and went out. She walked very straight, her auburn hair shining in the early October sun. It seemed to me that the sadness had gone out of her.

Then, when she had gone I went down to the dairy barn to see Vincent, and as I drew near there came around the corner of the barn, a dog. He was a stranger of no particular breed. He was white with black and tan spots, with a bushy tail which curved high above his short back—an ugly dog but bright and merry with an intelligent eye. He looked thin and dirty as if he had come a long way, trying to find his master. Before I had recovered my surprise at sight of him, I heard Buck's whistle from the calf nursery and then his voice calling, "Here, Stinky! Here, Stinky!" And I felt that suddenly my senses were failing me.

The dog turned and went into the calf nursery, and I followed to find Buck giving him some milk.

I said, "Where did you find him?"

Buck looked up with a wide grin. "I didn't find him. He found me. He turned up at Vincent's last night. You know how stray dogs are always coming there." He

rubbed the dog's ears with his big hand. "I named him Stinky after the dog Kenny and I had. He's a smart dog. He knows his name already." Then he stood up, "He must have come a long way. He's awful thin, and last night he was all worn out."

I think the courtship began from the moment of my talk with Maisie. She must have given Buck some sign because from that time on their relationship changed from that of brother and sister to that of young lovers.

Six weeks later they were married. This time it was a quiet wedding and again I stood up with the groom. There wasn't any big supper under the trees by the light of a full moon with hard cider and the fiddlers and Jim McKewan's guitar. Maisie wanted it that way—small and quiet—and in a way she was right; all the fire and passion and sensuousness belonged to Kenny. This time it was a marriage of tenderness and warmth, not so ecstatic and passionate but the kind of marriage to heal the wounds that Kenny's death had left. Maisie was in love with Buck, only it was different.

LAST July in the middle of the harvest I was sitting under the trees looking down over the Valley. It was nearly midnight and a red, hot, full moon was showing above the ridge. It looked like a red shield of burnished copper with the black branches of the trees silhouetted against it and as I sat there I saw a figure coming across country out of the mist. I knew by the walk that it was Vincent. He was getting on toward forty but he still walked like a young man, like a boy, as Kenny had always walked.

He was a little startled to find me there on the lawn in the moonlight. He said, "Maisie's baby just came. It's a fine nine-pound boy. I thought you'd like to know."

He was grinning with the joy of having his first grandchild, and I asked him in for a drink. As we raised our glasses to drink to the new baby I knew that we were both thinking the same thing—that no matter how much we liked Buck we both wished it had been Kenny's child. And then I thought, suddenly: It's the full moon again!

Three days later I went to see the baby. I stepped over Stinky lying in the sun on the doorstep and went up to Maisie's room where the baby lay in bed beside her. She said, "Isn't he a beauty, Pete?"

Even at four days old he was a beauty, but there was something strange about him. He didn't look like either Maisie or Buck. He had quite a head of hair and it was dark and soft and curly, and the small ears set close to the head were a little pointed; there was no doubt about it. Our eyes met and Maisie smiled. We said nothing but we both thought the same thing.

The baby is now seven months old, and there isn't any doubt about the color of the hair or the shape of the ears and the eyes are the same strange, intense, blue-gray, fringed with dark lashes as those which I had discovered long ago watching me from among the leaves of the sassafras thicket. I knew that some people would tell you that no such thing could happen, that a redhead and a blond could never have a dark child, but there was not the faintest doubt that the child was Maisie and Buck's child. I'm not trying to argue or prove anything. I'm just telling you the story, as it happened.

Somehow Kenny—or what was the essence of Kenny—had managed to come back.

THE END

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## The Frustrated Mr. B

(Continued from page 38)

and kept my secret. But I vowed that someday, somehow, perhaps in another world, our two great souls should meet and become as one.

WELL, another world proved to be Hollywood. It is now 1926. Skip the intervening five years because I can assure you they make dull reading. Enough that I am in California and still movie struck. I am making seventeen dollars a week as an office boy at the same studio which pays Elaine Meade ten thousand to suffer for her public. There is still a disparity of eight years in our ages, though in interviews she is only admitting to being twenty-six, and true love would have to be true indeed to triumph over the difference in our portal-to-portal pay.

My duties consisted of running errands, delivering mail, filing stills, but occasionally I was permitted to show visiting firemen around the lot. That, of course, was pre-talkie. Elaine Meade was my favorite. Therefore I always led my goggle-eyed fans straight to the Meade set.

Well, came a day when she spoke to me. "What's your name?" she said. *What's your name?* Have there ever been three more exquisite words?

After that my adoration was complete. It hurt me, of course, when she married. For the third time. But I was big enough to hope that she would be happy. (Her first two husbands had proved counterparts of her screen swains. No-goods. Rascals. Heels.) And for a while it looked as though this was happiness at last for Elaine. Her husband, a self-styled Investment Counselor from New York, named Cass Llewellyn, announced that he had abandoned his profitable enterprise to be with Mrs. Llewellyn, attend upon her investments and counsel her career. One celebrity in a family was enough, he was quoted as saying.

It made sense to me at the time. I admired the selfless Mr. Llewellyn. As I said, I was twenty.

Then it was hinted that Mrs. Llewellyn was knitting tiny garments. Elaine had just finished a picture, fortunately a costume affair set in Tudor England, but when it was finally previewed in Glendale a majority of the preview cards summed it up in the trenchant vernacular of the day as "lousy." (Pictures stink now.)

Elaine was called back for retakes. It was not a happy time for anyone. She was six months' pregnant, and in long shots had to be photographed behind chairs and tables. She had wanted to go to the Riviera for her accouchement, far from the hurly-burly of Hollywood. This was, she had informed the press, to be a delayed honeymoon. (Humor was never Elaine's long suit.) But when it became inevitable that the picture must be practically remade, Elaine the fair, Elaine the lovable and just, insisted that Mr. Llewellyn go on alone and have the villa in readiness. Mr. Llewellyn, no fool he, went. The picture dragged on through retake and misfortune. Elaine's cameraman was murdered. Elaine had gone, believe it or not—I did—to his apartment to take him a thermos of vegetable soup one Sunday when he was indisposed. He was alive then. One hour later an extra girl—arriving no doubt to deliver the next course—found him dead, stabbed in the back. So Elaine was the last person to have seen him alive. There was scandal because the murderer was never apprehended.

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wellyn cabled her not to join him. He had his proud old name to think of, it seemed, and though he might stoop to marriage with a rich picture star, there were limits. He would not fight a divorce suit—not beyond dividing Elaine's estate according to California's Community Property Law.

So for the third time Elaine split her investments. And for the third time announced she would never marry again. She would live only for her daughter, Enid.

For, of course, the son who had proved such a handicap to the retakes of "Queen or Hussy?" double-crossed Elaine's dreams by being a daughter, and was photographed for the press and fan magazines when she was two weeks old. I remember those pictures well. Elaine sitting up in her big, round, lace-covered bed, for all the world like a madonna in a giant abalone shell, gazing down at a wrinkled, black-haired, black-eyed and quite repulsive-looking babe. Enid was not photogenic then, and she never has become so in the subsequent nineteen years.

She was understandably christened Enid Meade. Mr. Llewellyn took the cash and let the credit go.

**ONCE MORE** let us draw the curtain. Time lapse, nineteen years. During that interval I became a word-slinger. Elaine Meade's fortunes fell and rose again. Through as a star in the early 'thirties, the impossible occurred and she made a comeback in the early 'forties. Not as a star, but as a damned good actress in the so-called All Star Productions. She has crossed off two more marriages. And by one of those coincidences, interesting to no one except the party involved, I find myself hired as a screen writer by the very same studio I once served as office boy. To make the coincidence neater, my first assignment is to write the original story in which Elaine Meade is to play her fiftieth part.

Well, I soon made the discovery that studio writers spend perhaps two-thirds of their expensive time touring the sound stages. This is known as "being in conference." Lazy, and hams at heart, nothing is quite so inspirational and time-consuming as watching the tedious camera setups upon the bored stand-ins, the light rehearsals, the scene rehearsals, the last minute make-up repairs. The eyes of the beholder glaze. There is no sound, no light except in that tiny bright world before the camera. Creative imagination comes to a stop in the beholder. All cerebration staggers, lies doggo. Finally the scene is actually shot—over and over and over. For a writer there is no more perfect escape from typewriter and conscience.

The second day of my tenure I ate a leisurely lunch at the commissary and then, assuming the writer's look of bemused concentration—eyes down, tongue in cheek, left forefinger tapping the lips—I headed for Stage Nine. I had to wait a moment at the door for the red light to go off, then I stepped inside. All was black except for a puddle of light at the far end. I stumbled over a sleeping extra man and finally arrived at the source of light.

Before the camera, fifteen glaring, silent lights focused upon her, stood Elaine Meade. Yes, she was older than when I last saw her, but not much. There was the same provocatively up-turned nose, the wide, generous mouth, the high cheekbones, the enormous, far-apart blue eyes. The bloom of youth was gone, but experience and time had been more than kind. She did not look like a woman of fifty, as I knew she must be, nor the victim of five unhappy marriages. She was neither young nor old nor middle-aged. Some actresses achieve an ageless quality—



by what means? It's their secret, bless them.

I found an empty canvas chair and sat down. Nobody paid any attention to me. I was vaguely aware that a girl was seated beside me, but I did not bother to look at her. I was remembering the Myrtle Theater in Lewistown, and trying to realize that twenty years ago I had stood behind a camera watching this same Elaine Meade disport herself, half-hidden by props to disguise her figure. Now she had no reason to hide it, for her body was almost, not quite, that of a young girl.

I said quietly, "How can she look like that after all the hubba-hubba?"

"Because she's never had a thought in her life," the girl said. Oddly enough, there was no censure in the voice. It held affection, admiration even.

I turned to look at her. Her profile, in the gloom, was pure Grecian, strong. Her black hair hung straight, then curved in a page-boy across broad shoulders. Her hands, rather too large, held a make-up case. A make-up girl, I thought.

"You know Elaine?" I asked.

"Better than anybody else," she said. "She's my mother."

The girl took a cigarette from a case and put it to her mouth. I struck a match and held it for her, not only to be courteous but because I wanted to get a look at her face. Writers are always telling you about character in faces. One glance in the heroine's telltale eyes and they know the girl has a father fixation or a dangerous temper. Let me say right now that it's a hoax. All I could see in that flickering light was a face, the owner of which I wanted to know better.

So I said, "Aren't you being rather hard on your mother?" and she said, "No. I'm the only one who's ever really loved her."

"Forgive me," I said, "but your mother seems to have done all right. Five husbands and—"

"Who are you?" Enid interrupted.

"I'm the man who's been in love with Elaine Meade for twenty-five years."

Enid gave me a searching look. "Funny," she said. "I swore I knew them all. Where did you fit in the procession?"

"I'm the one who never married her," I said. "In fact, I never met her but once, many years ago. Let's say that circumstances kept us apart. But now I'm writing her next picture."

"Oh, a writer," she said, as if I had just confessed to having two heads.

"You don't like writers?"

"I don't like men."

"I've known lots of men," I said. "In fact, some of my best friends are men."

"That will probably strike me very funny at your funeral," she said.

"You must come," I said. "I wouldn't feel really dead unless you were there."

I got up and walked away. A thoroughly unpleasant girl, I thought, who had fulfilled every promise of that picture taken when she was two weeks old.

I went back to the treadmill on the fourth floor of the writer's building. They called us scribes the Dead End Kids because our building overlooked an extremely chic mortuary across the street. I told my secretary she could have the afternoon off, that I was going to think and make notes. She played along with me and made up her lips for an afternoon of heaven knew what.

I said, "Hildegard," for that was her name, "what's with Elaine Meade's kid?"

"That one!" she snorted.

"What in hell's the matter with her?"

Studio secretaries know everything. They have a grapevine into every office, every dressing room.

"She's strictly a bed of neuroses," Hildegard said, as if she'd made up the

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phrase. "She hates men and has delegated herself a committee of one to protect her mother from the nasty things."

"You ought to be a writer," I said. "You're telling me!" She gave her lips a final brush stroke, her bleached hair a final pat, said "Bye," in that bright, maddening way and switched out.

It is a pretty conceit of writers that the subconscious works for them while the conscious is asleep. I'm afraid this is only a little less probable than going to bed alone and waking up with a strange blonde alongside you, but I never give up hope. So I locked the door against a precipitous visit from my producer and stretched out on the sofa.

I WAS awakened by a timid knock, stood up feeling drugged, ran my hand through my hair and staggered to the door.

Enid Meade stood there. She was taller than I, but obviously put together from a well-thought-out blueprint. I said, "Come in. You're just in time for the obsequies." "No, you're busy." She seemed shy, ill at ease. "I was rude. I'm sorry."

"Forget it." "Mother wants me to ask you to come to dinner tomorrow night."

"But your mother doesn't even remember me," I said.

"I told her about your writing her next picture and all," she went on, embarrassed. "She—she wants to meet you."

Had I received such an invitation twenty years ago, it would have excited me beyond endurance. Frankly, it still excited me. Not in the same way, of course, but rather like coming across an old love letter you never quite got up the nerve to mail to your dream girl.

"Tell me where and when." "Seven-thirty," she said. "They're shooting until six." And she proceeded to write the address on a pad.

I was vaguely aware of someone approaching, but I did not look up until I heard a male voice saying, "Enid, I thought I saw you coming up here. I knew there couldn't be two girls with hair like that."

Enid stopped writing for a moment, glanced up, said, "Oh, it's you," and then finished the address.

"You turn right off Sunset at Bel Air," she explained, ignoring the newcomer. "Then you turn right again—"

"I'll find it," I said, "if it's the same house your mother used to have."

"We'll be expecting you," Enid said, and smiled. The smile did very nice things to her face, softening its classic and rather prim contours. "Good-by."

The boy, for he could be little more than that, had not taken his eyes from her face. He looked—well—hungry, I guess. Even I could see that he was out of his mind about this girl. Enid turned to go, but her path was blocked. She stood very still, glared at him, said, "Henry, please." He stepped aside and she walked down the hall, very straight. I don't know why, but it reminded me a little of a drunk who is trying to prove he can walk a straight line.

Then the boy called after her, "I'll be there too."

She stopped short, turned, said, "Henry, if you dare . . ." then hurried on.

I said, "Come in and let the air out of your lungs."

He followed me into the office. "My name's Henry Becker," he explained. "Funny, I could have sworn it was Mud."

"That's my middle name," he grinned. "Henry Mud Becker."

"And you've got it bad."

"Oh, brother!"

"Maybe we both need a drink," I said. "There are times . . ." he said, and

poured a slug into my water glass.

He was a long, lanky kid, around twenty-four, I'd say. He looked like Jimmy Stewart's younger brother.

"The awful thing is," he went on, "she's in love with me too, only—"

"Obviously," I cut him off. "Look, son, I don't want to hear about it. People take one look at me and spill their guts. I have a love life of my own, and I'm not going to get mixed up in anybody else's."

"Look at me," said Henry. "What's wrong with me? Am I a wolf?"

I had to smile at that. If ever I had seen a non-wolf, that was Henry. So I poured myself a small portion of pinch bottle, lifted my feet to the typewriter and said, "All right, Henry. Have it your way. Tell Beatrice."

Henry, it seemed, was a "junior writer," which means that he was hired by the studio at the Screen Writers Guild minimum to bang out originals. Each studio usually has at least ten or fifteen of these in its stable, and perhaps once a year one of them gets a screen credit which gives him the privilege of dropping "junior" and being fired if the picture is a turkey. Henry, it seemed, got his chance because he had distilled his war experiences on Okinawa into a ten-stanza poem published by one of the more lit'ry magazines. He was "discovered," and put to work at what seemed to him a very fancy price until he started looking for an apartment. He finally got a room over a monster supermarket on Sunset for one hundred and fifty dollars a month.

HENRY soon caught onto the set-hopping routine. And one day, while he was stretched out behind the camera on the Meade set, he happened to see a girl he thought he recognized. This was, of course, Enid. She'd been a freshman of sixteen when he was a twenty-year-old junior at Stanford. They'd never known each other really, but the sight of a familiar face in the midst of this bewildering phantasmagoria sent Henry to her side uttering low pigeon noises in his throat.

Miracle of miracles, Enid remembered him. She was cordial in a distant sort of way and exercised upon him the appeal of the unattainable. She was, he soon discovered, a bundle of contradictions—wise and inexperienced, sophisticated and peculiarly naïve. She loved, adored Elaine, but at the same time deplored her foolish dependence upon men who, to a man, had taken her for all they could get. Enid quit college to be a duenna to her mother and give the brush-off to fortune hunters.

It was all pretty ridiculous and pretty sad, Henry said. Here was Enid, ready to start living, but perverting her emotions and energies to the care of an aging movie queen who ought to be living on memories of past glories. "Hell," Henry said, "the old dame ought to be making plans for her grandchildren instead of her next picture."

I tried to explain to Henry that with actresses everything but the career is incidental, and that goes for husbands, children and grandchildren.

"Look," he said, "they're people, aren't they?"

I said no they weren't. Human, yes, but not people like you and me. And I for one was glad, because I was awfully tired of people and thought a woman who married a camera and remained faithful to it all her life definitely had it all over the more conventional type.

I agreed that Enid was wasting her time. Nobody could keep Elaine from making a fool of herself again if she chose to do so. She would also never settle down to being a conventional picture of a grandmother. It would not be Elaine who would adjust; it would be Enid.

"Well, what am I going to do?" Henry wanted to know. "I've taken her to lunch a dozen times, to dinner, to the beach. I've told her how I felt about her—"

"And she doesn't reciprocate?"

"She did. That's what's so terrible. But when I asked her to leave her mother and marry me, we—well, we had a hell of a fight, and now she won't see me."

"Boy meets girl—boy loses girl. All you need is a third act," I said. "Write it yourself."

"Any suggestions?"

"No, son. From where I sit you're up to here in a mother fixation. Let me know how it comes out."

I DRESSED myself up real pretty the next evening, bought fifteen dollars' worth of white roses, hired a Drive-Ur-Self, and set out for the Meade residence in Bel Air. It was the same address, but the house was different. California-Spanish twenty years ago, it was now French Provincial. When a movie star gets tired of her house, when she finds it holds too many painful memories, she does not necessarily move. She calls in architects, decorators and—presto!—old memories disappear along with stippled walls and arched doorways.

It was not a big party, as Hollywood parties go. Just twenty-five or thirty intimate friends. Elaine's producer of her current picture; Fred Devon, her cameraman; a silent movie actor who had at one period been Elaine's leading man and now lived off the income of a corner lot he had bought on Santa Monica Boulevard in the 'twenties, two or three writers, a director or two. And Enid.

Elaine, naturally, was not present when I arrived, for in Hollywood it is strictly good form for the hostess, if she be a movie star, to make an entrance at her own party.

We all sat rather stiffly in the blue and white drawing-room, sipping our drinks, talking in low tones, awaiting the arrival of the amalgam that would transform individuals into a party.

She arrived promptly after the last guest. She swept into the room with a rustle of silk and a swirl of perfume and a ripple of laughter. "Hello, all you nice people!" she cried. "Weren't you sweet to come."

Immediately conversation picked up, voices rose. Elaine became the center of a group which, like a parent cell, split up into smaller groups with lives and breaths of their own. Then she moved from one of these groups to another, chattering, beaming, leaving in her wake the sense of vibrance, of life raised to a pitch the rest of us mortals might reach for but never quite achieve. She said nothing memorable—in fact, I don't remember a thing—yet you could not escape the feeling that you were in the presence of a presence. And that, whatever it was, was the thing that had kept her before the public for twenty-five years.

You would have thought that Enid was her mother's mother. She watched with that nervous pride you often see in a mother's eyes at a daughter's first grown-up party. She did not interfere, but she was never very far away from Elaine, especially when Elaine was talking with a man. Once Elaine left the room to show a middle-aged fellow named Porter Rutherford the swimming pool, and a moment later Enid moved to the French doors and looked out after them. She seemed relieved, I thought, when the butler announced dinner.

Rutherford was seated at Elaine's right, and I was placed next to Enid across from him and down the groaning board five chairs. I asked Enid who he was;



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she wasn't quite sure. Some man from Cleveland who had written her mother at the studio that he was in town for a few days and would deem it a great honor if he could meet her. Any woman in pictures receives thousands of similar letters, and the secretary either answers with a polite no, or tosses them in the wastebasket. Elaine had happened to see this one and, on impulse, told Enid to invite him. They were lucky, Enid said, that he was so presentable. "He might have worn overalls or chewed tobacco."

At that moment Elaine's voice rose above the others. She was relating an experience with her fourth husband, Sandy Gard, in India. It had something to do with a sacred cow and was not really very funny, but she remembered it so vividly and told it in such colorful detail that you didn't realize its triteness until long after she had finished. The thing that struck me, though, was the fondness with which she brought Sandy to life. As I recalled the gossip at the time of the divorce she had had to sue him for the return of three Oriental rugs and an original Cezanne which he had moved out of her house while she was away on a personal appearance tour. Yet she recounted only the charming things about him. As a matter of fact she finished by sighing wistfully, "Sandy was such a dear."

I turned to Enid. "Then that wasn't true about the rugs?"

The girl shook her head, not in denial but in amazement at her mother. "Of course it was true. Not only rugs, but five paintings and a piano. Mother got them all back, though, so by now she's convinced he only borrowed them."

"I like that in her," I said.

Enid delved no further into this subject but turned to the man on her left.

AFTER dinner we saw a movie in the library, which is my favorite way to see a movie. You all sit around in deep easy chairs, smoking and sipping highballs, talking back to the characters on the screen and being thoroughly relaxed. I shared my sofa with the cameraman and Elaine's Newfoundland. The cameraman criticized the photography, and the dog vastly preferred to wash my face. I couldn't have been happier.

I heard a door open, and a moment later a tall masculine figure blocked the screen. Then Elaine moved quietly to the intruder, took him by the arm, turned him around, and I saw who it was.

Enid's outraged voice cried, "Henry!" He grinned foolishly and lunged toward her voice. In a moment she was beside him, had him by the arm and was propelling him towards the door. Either hoping that I could help, or merely being curious—I'm not always positive about my motives in such a crisis—I joined them. Enid whispered, "Mother, go back to your guests," and in a moment just the three of us stood in the hallway.

Henry was drunk, but good and drunk. And very pleased with himself. "I told you I'd be here," he said. "Come rain or shine, hell or high water cannot stay this Currier and Ives pigeon in the swift appointment—"

"Shut up, Henry," Enid hissed. "You're drunk."

"You're sweet," he said. "I don't care what anybody says, you're sweet. See what I got?"

"You've got a load," I said. "Come on, Henry, I'll take you home."

"No," he said, "not a load. You think you're clever, but I'm clever. I got a torch." He fumbled in his topcoat pocket and brought out a flashlight which he snapped on and off, dropped and then picked up again. "It's the biggest torch

I could find, and it's kind of a symbol, see, for li'l Enid. Understand, Enid honey, I'm carrying a torch for you. Only mine never goes off. Gotta snap this off once in a while to save the battery. Doesn't matter about my battery."

"Please take him home, will you?" Enid said. She was very close to tears.

I am not very good with drunks. My impulse unfortunately is to slug them for being such damned fools, but I couldn't feel anything except amusement tinged with pity for Henry. So I finally propped him into my car and drove him to my apartment where he promptly passed out, clutching his flashlight.

I DID not want to be there to hear Henry's apologies next morning, so I went to the studio early and had my orange juice and coffee in the commissary. In the middle of the latter Enid slid onto the stool beside me. She did not look as though she had spent the night sleeping.

"Thank you," she said, "for helping out with that goon."

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself," I said.

"Me?"

"Yes, you. A great big girl like you driving a nice guy like that to drink."

She whirled to face me. Her cheeks were—well, so it's a cliché, let's face it—they were flaming. "Get this straight," she said. "I am not—I never have been—in love with Henry."

"Technically you may have something there," I told her. "You love Henry, but you are in love with the idea of being your mother's keeper. It makes you feel terribly, terribly martyred and protective. You're the kind of woman who gets her kick out of leading other people's lives."

She gasped but didn't move. "You're the most insulting man I ever met."

"That's how I get my kick," I said. "And you want to know something else?"

"I do not," she flared.

"All right, I'll tell you. Your mother is quite a wonderful person. She gets into a lot of messes, but they're her own, and she's alive. She's a happy, well-adjusted woman. She may never have used her brains, but boy, she's used her emotions. And that's what fulfills a woman, keeps her young. Why, at the rate you're going, you'll be a dried-up spinster no man will want in five years, while your mother will suffer through two more marriages looking like a blooming lily."

She had a perfect right to slap me, and for a moment I thought she was going to. Instead, tears shot to her eyes, and she ran from the commissary.

When I got to my office the girls at the reception desk were in something of a flutter. "You have a visitor," Irene said. "She's been waiting five minutes."

My visitor was Elaine Meade. She was in full Technicolor make-up.

"I had a half hour or so between scenes," she explained, "so I thought I'd run up and talkie-talk. You don't mind?"

I said I certainly did not, and then I told her about my long-standing love affair with her. She smiled and bridled like a girl, and said that for twenty-five years she had been wanting to play comedy, and she did hope that I would write in one scene in which she could be funny. "Or at least myself. I'm really a very happy person, you know."

I said I thought that could be arranged, and then I realized that was not all she had come to say. Finally, after smoking two cigarettes, she said, "You must be awfully intelligent, being a writer and all, and I wonder if I could ask you for some advice?"

"I'm not intelligent at all," I confessed, "but if there's anything—"

"There is," she said. "You know my

daughter, Enid." I nodded. "Well, I love her and have great respect for her. She's awfully intelligent too—but she's—well, how shall I say it?"

"She's getting in your hair?"

She giggled guiltily. "Maybe that's a harsh thing for a mother to say, but I knew you'd understand. She seems to think I'm some kind of a moron—and she's so right, I am—but I like myself that way."

"You're not a moron," I said. "You're an actress, and a damned good one."

"Thank you," she said, as if for a moment she were being gracious to a critic who had been kind. "But that's neither here nor there, as the fellow says. The thing is, I think Enid ought to be out leading her own life, getting a job, or getting married and having kiddies. And you don't know how generous that is of me because it's going to be hideous for me to be a grandmother."

"You'll never be a grandmother," I said,

"no matter how many children Enid has."

"You're awfully sweet, but I don't quite follow—"

"Because you'll always be the youngest person I know."

She jumped up and kissed me on the cheek, and I felt quite dazed. "Then you will help me," she beamed.

"How?"

"You'll talk to Enid. Maybe you could get her to marry that nice Henry person, the one who came to call last night. I think she likes him."

It was so typical of Elaine to think a boy who had arrived unbidden and roaring drunk at her house was a "nice person." She was right, of course, but how could she know?

I laughed. "You're not fooling me for a minute," I said. "You're up to something yourself."

"You're sweet," she twinkled. "I could tell by your face that you'd be helpful. I have great respect for writers. I wish I had time to read."

And in a rustle of silk she was gone, unburdened of her troubles and sure that I would fix everything.

AT THREE o'clock that afternoon Henry put his aching head in my door. His color could best be described as pale char-treuse. I said, "Hello, glamour boy," and he sank with a groan onto my sofa, giving me a baleful look.

"Don't tell me what I did last night," he said. "Wait until I screw my head on."

"You were fine," I said. "You made everyone love you."

"I'll bet."

"No, I mean it," I told him about my talk with Elaine which didn't make much sense to him. But then, in his condition, nothing was making much sense. "The way I've got it figured," I went on, "we've got to play on Enid's weakness. We've got to make like you need her more than her mother does."

"I do," he said with violence, and then regretted the violence. He had to reach for his head to keep it from rolling off.

I told him that was not what I meant and to spare me the clinical details—that we had to make Enid feel she was protecting him from something.

"The bottle?" he suggested timidly.

"No, that's sordid and makes you look too repulsive. No, your rôle is the clean-cut American youth who . . . Wait. Don't look now, but I think I'm having an idea."

"I know." He laughed a hollow laugh.

"I go on the make for the old dame, and Enid marries me to protect her mother from me."

"Chekov would have loved that," I said, and threw up the window, to let in some air, "but something tells me it smells in



**THE** next morning Henry received a telegram from New York. It read:

MY OWN DARLING STRINGBEAN

AT LAST I HAVE DISCOVERED WHERE YOU ARE HIDING OUT. I DON'T CARE WHAT YOU SAY, I KNOW YOU LOVE ME AS YOU LOVED ME LAST JANUARY WHEN WE WERE SO DELIRIOUSLY HAPPY. HAVE RESERVATIONS ON CENTURY AND CHIEF.

It was signed shamelessly: Your own angel puss.

Henry brought it to me. I said, "I think Enid ought to see this, don't you?"

"You know what I think," Henry said.

So I took it out to the Meade set where Elaine had a visitor—Mr. Porter Rutherford, the steel and iron man from Cleveland. Enid was watching him as if he were a cobra who might strike at her mother at any moment.

"Look at this," I said. "Henry's in a jam."

She took the telegram and read it slowly. Then she read it again and sneered. "'Your own angel puss,'" she spat out. "I think I'm going to be sick."

"Not as sick as Henry," I said. "The kid's frantic."

"He should be. It's disgusting."

"You'd condemn a boy for one wild oat," I said. "For shame, I'll bet your mother would have married him rather than let this happen."

"We'll see," she said, and handed the telegram to Elaine, who was quite blind without her glasses but would not admit it before man or beast. She in turn handed it to Mr. Rutherford. "Porter," she cooed, "would you read this for me? I've been crying all morning, and I can't see a thing."

So Porter Rutherford read it aloud giving it all the emotion of a For Rent advertisement. When he was finished Elaine cried, "Oh, the poor darling."

"You mean angel puss?" I asked.

"No!" she said. "Henry. That sweet boy."

Enid was shocked. "Mother, you can't mean that."

"But of course I mean it," Elaine said. "Men are so helpless—the prey to any designing female." As you see, Elaine spoke in dialogue, pretty bad dialogue too, but she meant every word of it. Here was a woman unhappily married five times who could feel honest distress because another woman was apparently on the verge of forcing a man to make good on his promises. I love actresses.

"We must not let this happen," Elaine went on. "Enid, you think of something."

"I've thought of something," Enid said grimly. "I hate Henry Becker."

"Darling, you're just jealous. I think it's sweet. Don't you think it's sweet, Porter?"

Porter harrumphed, confused and unsettled by the use of a word he had obviously hitherto thought should be used only to describe a taste sensation, but you could see that if Elaine thought a thing was sweet, then by God he'd think it was sweet too. And Enid, seeing herself confronted by a solid phalanx of opposition, fled into her mother's dressing room.

Next day another telegram arrived. This one was date-lined "Chicago." It read:

HANK LOVE

HOW CAN I LIVE UNTIL I SEE YOU AGAIN? LET'S FACE IT, TEDDY BEAR. WE WERE MEANT FOR EACH OTHER. LOVE AND STUFF,

FROM YOUR OWN,

SUSIEKINS

And once again I played messenger. Enid read this one in silence, then handed it back to me with some violence. "How could he?" she said. "How could he?" I



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reported to Henry that she was weakening.

The following afternoon came the third. From Albuquerque. It merely said:

OH, HENRY, MY BEATING HEART

and was mercifully unsigned. As she neared her love, Susiekins obviously did not have the strength to think up any more cute John Hancocks.

It was about three o'clock when I arrived on the set which was strangely quiet. Elaine had not yet returned from lunch, it seemed. Enid said she had decided to run out to Greer's to look at his new fall collection during the lunch hour—which had now stretched to three. The director was fuming, and the producer was expected at any moment with an executive from the New York office. Enid was beginning to worry, too, for this sort of thing was unlike Elaine.

This was not a propitious moment to show her the telegram, but I handed it to her anyhow. She seemed to reel as from a blow.

"What does Henry say?" she asked. It was the first time she had permitted herself to show any interest in his side of the problem. This was my cue.

"Henry is walking around dazed," I said. "He can't think; he can't work."

"He—he doesn't want to marry her?" "Want to! Why, he knows it will ruin his life."

"Well, then," she said, and her voice was full of wretchedness, "he doesn't have to. There's no law."

"Ah, but you know Henry," I put in quickly. "He's weak where women are concerned. If he feels she really can't live without him, he'll sacrifice himself."

She didn't say anything for almost a minute. I held my breath, but scarcely for the words that Enid finally spoke. "Do you suppose he called her that?" she asked.

"What?"

"Susiekins." She gagged.

"He swears he didn't. It was her idea."

"No man would be worth saving who called a girl that," Enid said. And then her voice broke. "What am I going to do?"

"There's only one thing to do," I said. "Marry him before the Chief gets in tomorrow."

It was, of course, pure corn, but Enid was eating it up. As I watched her that protective heart must have been making the transference from Elaine to Henry. And the director who had been called to the phone chose that moment to return.

"We're through for the day," he announced, throwing up his hands. "Miss Meade has just been married again."

Enid fainted. When she came to, they explained to her that Elaine had not gone to lunch or Howard Greer's. She had flown to Las Vegas and just telephoned back that she was now Mrs. Porter Rutherford and the happiest woman on earth. As soon as the picture was finished she was retiring from the screen and going to live in Cleveland and be a mother to Porter's children. And would Enid forgive her please, but she knew Enid would because she understood that her daughter was going to be married too.

And she was. The next day.

(OF COURSE, ENID, there was never any Susiekins. That was my part in making you see the light. I've got friends—in New York—and Chicago—and yes, even Albuquerque. And Henry tells me that you are deliciously happy, as Susiekins would have said. So I'm sure you'll forgive me. And please, please don't try to run your mother's life when she becomes Elaine Meade once more and returns triumphantly to the screen.)

THE END



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FRANCES DENNEY



away and brass spikes on their helmets.

The next war, in 1914, I was considered too old. I was living in Russia when it started, a guest of the Grand Duke Vladimir. We were inseparable; we had met in France, or rather at Monte Carlo, and when the roulette had cleaned me out, I became his permanent guest. You see, I was vaguely married to one of his vague cousins. It was after the Revolution that we went back to France together, after many adventures. My life, Monsieur, would make quite a film for the cinema. And I would like to go home and contemplate it quietly, for a few months, before the end. I no longer have any property, but I have old friends who would help me out.

No, I repeat, there would be no change, if one lived in the country. Of course, the franc is but a small fraction of what it was; there are radios, cars, perhaps even refrigerators. Or there will be again. But the farmers, the peasants, won't have changed. I am telling you, Monsieur, nothing changes the French peasant. The Boches undoubtedly killed many peasants—they can be killed, but they cannot be changed. Events pass over them like a steam roller; then those that are living get up, dust themselves and resume as before. There is a matter-of-fact streak in our country breed that refuses to be amazed at anything.

THE Grand Duke Vladimir doubted me for a long time when I insisted that for phlegmatic acceptance of fate the ordinary French countryman could give lessons to the proverbially cool Englishman. Then there was one evening, at the Casino of Monte Carlo, when an incident proved me right. Listen to me carefully, Mon-

sieur, and you will understand the French better, even if you think you already know them well. I mean the French of the soil, the stratum that forms the foundation. We others are silt, froth bubbles in plain sight.

THAT EVENING, I had accompanied the Grand Duke to the Casino, as usual, and had drawn my usual minimum for gambling. It would have been cruel to tend to my other needs and not to that one. We were in a rather small salon, almost a private room, around a roulette table. I say we, for we all knew each other by sight and by name. There was, for instance, a French marquis who had a ranch in the American West, a Greek who had made millions in a speculation around a certain canal, a woman who was wrecking her third titled husband, a musical-comedy star who was to become mistress of a king.

The gambling went on calmly, almost drearily, for it takes a couple of hours for the players to grow excited and nervous. Until the stakes got large, there was little excitement, for the players, with the exception of myself, were not persons to whom ten or fifteen thousand francs made a great deal of difference.

Vladimir played carelessly and lost enormously. He could afford it; his revenues were immense, fabulous. You must have seen pictures of him—a big man, six foot four or five, broad as a door, wearing a full blond beard not yet streaked with gray. He wore evening dress, decorations. An imposing figure. His hands were long and slender, well muscled, and it was a pleasure to see his fingers move carelessly in the gold and bills before him—those were the days

before markers were in general use.

As I told you, it was comparatively early, not long after ten o'clock, and most of us were chatting casually, relaxed. Later, eyes would get hard, smiles grow bitter. Even the croupier was taking it easy, waiting for us to warm up.

We were startled by an unusual voice. An unusual voice in that place, a slow, rather coarse peasant voice: "We'll be bothering these rich people."

"Oh, no, Henri, it's open to the public."

Every one at the table looked up, and all smiled. A young couple, sight-seers, had strayed into our room. This seldom happened, as the attendants ordinarily steered such people away, kept them in the main rooms.

IT WAS easy to see that they were newlyweds, on their honeymoon, and that they were from the country. I judged from somewhere in the east, Department of Ain or Jura, from their speech. The man was perhaps twenty-six, rather short, stocky, with closely cropped chestnut hair, small gray eyes and a face that appeared carved from brick. He was mottled with freckles, and his ears stuck out like the handles on a jug. He wore ready-made garments of some stiff, dark cloth, an incredible yellow and green tie. If one had ordered a personification of the yokel, one could not have had better. He was sweating with constraint and embarrassment.

Yet his bride, as countrified, as awkward, as ill-got-up in her finery, was attractive, delightful. She was almost a child and still retained the naive charm and self-confidence of childhood. She looked like a Dresden-china shepherdess in cheap modern clothes. Small tilted

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nose, a mouth literally like a rosebud, a superb complexion that owed nothing to art. Try and think, at that moment, that inside a very few years she would be a shrewish farmer's wife! And her eyes were dancing with excitement and pleasure—Monte Carlo, the Azure Coast, her wedding trip! Evidently, she even liked her husband, the ugly but necessary accessory.

"Come, we're disturbing the ladies and gentlemen," he said.

We at the table resumed play, politely, and I believe some of us even sought to behave as she expected gamblers to behave. She radiated something that gave anyone near by an irresistible urge to please her. We avoided looking at her too hard, afraid that a smile might be misunderstood as mockery. I realize now that we need not have bothered. She was not in the least conscious that she was out of place.

"I'd like to play, Henri," she said.

"All right. This is twenty-francs minimum; we'll go and try the five-franc table."

"Please, darling, just once."

"Not twenty francs. Are you crazy?"

The roulette had spun, the ball had settled into number four. Currency was raked in and out. Bills rustled crisply, gold tinkled. I don't know how the others felt, but I felt we were on parade. That those beautiful eyes would always retain this vision of wealth and recklessness.

"Just once, Henri; we have it—"

"Come, let's go."

It was then that Grand Duke Vladimir rose from his chair, bowed to the pair.

"If you would be so kind as to permit me, Monsieur," he addressed Henri, over whom he towered almost a foot, "I should beg Madame to occupy my chair for an instant. A gambler's notion, you understand, that such grace and youth would bring me great luck?"

"Well, I don't know, Monsieur, if—" the husband began.

But his bride had already thanked the Grand Duke and settled in the chair.

"What do I do, please?" she asked.

"Put some money on the number you fancy," Vladimir replied. She diffidently picked up a gold Louis, twenty francs.

"Oh, I say, there!" Henri protested.

"The loss shall be mine, don't worry," the Grand Duke cut him short. To the girl, he said, "Play your age, Madame."

MADAME placed the coin on seventeen. It was not the night to play seventeen—it had not come out all evening. The wheel whirled, and the ball was in seventeen! The croupier slid seven hundred francs, in gold, onto the number.

"You have won, Madame," the Grand Duke announced.

"Can I play again, Monsieur?"

"Oh, certainly, Madame, but I'd advise you to take in your winnings."

"Oh, no, please, Monsieur. I feel—"

"Now, do be sensible and let us go," Henri protested. His tone was so harsh, his eagerness to be off with the money so obvious, that Vladimir bristled a bit.

"Madame has the true gambler's hunch," he said. "And it is all for amusement." He added, "I am responsible for any loss."

I can tell you we were no longer indifferent. Not that the sum was important—to anyone except Henri—but we so wanted her to win again. Dimly, we thought it would be justice from above if this little girl could make herself a small fortune—and prove her cautious out of a mate wrong.

Seventeen came out again!

I know I felt like applauding, and even the attendants were grinning. This time, the croupier shoved out little bundles of

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bills along with the gold coins. The little bride pushed them on seventeen again. This time, there was a delay, while she argued with Henri in loud tones.

"It's mine, and if I lose, it's my loss," she snapped.

Henri quieted and looked at the Grand Duke hopefully. But Vladimir did not react.

A great many thousand francs were involved, the equivalent of one thousand pounds sterling, or some five thousand dollars. He would never have noticed the loss of it, but he probably had had time to think that according to French law her winnings would belong to the husband. I know that when that thought did occur to me, it rather spoiled my fun.

The croupier questioned the girl with a glance. She nodded: Yes, she was leaving the lot. And on seventeen. It was insane. Yet seventeen came out again!

This time, the croupier did not push out money, he beckoned to an attendant. Henri was standing very still, his freckles almost black on his paling face.

"That's enough," he said at last, very roughly. "Come on, let's collect what's due and go." When she protested, Henri resumed loudly, "We've got a train to make, at eleven forty-five. Our excursion ticket from Nice is for that train. You've seen the Casino, you've gambled—what more do you want?"

"I want to play just once more, please, darling."

"Nonsense. You'd only lose from now on. I don't want to act mean in front of all these folks, but I'm telling you to leave."

"Monsieur," the Grand Duke felt impelled to protest, "in all decency, I must ask you to moderate your—"

"I'm talking to my wife," Henri reminded him stiffly. "And even if you have a beard and a monocle, that doesn't give you the right to butt in—"

Vladimir had fought duels with swords and pistols, had campaigned in Asia and the Balkans. It is unlikely that he was impressed even by the remarkably developed fists that the yokel held up. But he was technically in the wrong. In any case, several husky attendants had materialized from nowhere. They always handled such things well at the Casino.

"If Monsieur will be so kind as to follow us . . ."

"Where's my money?"

"That man over there is taking care of some. The balance will be paid to you by the cashier. My dear sir, it is a matter of close to nine hundred thousand francs! The table is dry."

"All right," said Henri. He grumbled at his young wife who had earned him more than he could have made in several lifetimes at his ordinary tasks, "Go on, now, before I lose my temper!"

HE STARTED after her, then seemed to change his mind. He crossed toward the man who carried some of the winnings in a little basket, reached into it, and touched the shoulder of the Grand Duke, already settled in his chair.

"What now?" Vladimir snapped, turning. "My patience—"

Henri held out his hand calmly but with such urgency that the Grand Duke held out his hand without thinking. And the peasant quietly laid on that aristocratic palm a glittering Louis d'or, a twenty-franc coin.

"I don't like to owe anything to anybody," he said. "Here's your money!"

THE END

In view of the volume of manuscripts now being received, may we remind our contributors to attach a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Sending stamps only delays the return of manuscripts which are not suitable



## Report from Germany (Continued from page 65)

notes from the diary which we began when we got to Nurnberg.

**NURNBERG:** This afternoon we polled the American and British correspondents who covered the trial. Who did they think was the smartest man in the courtroom, including judges, prosecutors, lawyers, witnesses, defendants?

Almost unanimously they named not Prosecutor Robert Jackson, Justice Anthony Biddle, General Rudenko or Lord Chief Justice Lawrence, but Hermann Goering, the number-two man of Nazism.

We talked to eight German families today. What did they think of the War Crimes Trials?

Most of their answers varied little from that of Josef Weber, former Luftwaffe dispatcher, who with his wife and hired help runs a fifty-acre farm just outside the village of Mitteldorf. Weber says: "Without a doubt these men should be punished. They lost the war."

"But, Herr Weber, they are not being tried for losing the war. They are being tried because they are accused of running the concentration camps, killing millions, and waging war against the world."

"Well, yes, that is so. I had forgotten. But anyway, they shouldn't try to defend themselves. They should confess responsibility for everything and take the blame for the rest of the people. We couldn't do anything. If we opened our mouths we were *kaput!*"

You hear that last line a lot in Germany now.

**STUTTGART:** Occasionally on these battered streets, lined with heaps of rubble, you see an American soldier walking with a German girl. They don't hold hands. It is forbidden by the Army.

But the issue of fraternization—called the sixty-five-dollar question during the war in view of the fine it carried—is settled now. For chocolate bars, chewing gum, cigarettes or just because they want to, German girls go out with GI's.

An Army chaplain in Bremen made an official report a few days ago on the subject. It read in part:

Major offenders are eighteen- and nineteen-year-olds, and men married one to three years prior to service overseas. One of every eight married men has "found a home here" and one of every four GI divorcees is the result of fraternization.

On the average, there are four pregnant German women per American company.

**KLEINOSTHEIM:** We spent the day visiting farmers in the Bavarian countryside. They never had it so good.

They get more money than ever before for their produce. The government demands that they market under controlled prices all produce except that necessary to feed their households. Actually the farmers hold back a big share of butter, eggs, meat, vegetables, milk and fruit.

They sell it at fantastic prices on the black market—whose couriers come to their doors on bicycles—or they barter it for coffee or cigarettes to city dwellers who hike or cycle into the country Saturdays and Sundays. Sample prices: A large cup full of ground coffee for eight eggs; two thirds of a bushel of cherries for a pack of American cigarettes.

The farmers have more labor than ever before, too, even though they don't have machinery. Germans driven from Silesia, the Sudetenland and other countries they

occupied during the war have come back. Unable to find homes in the bombed cities, unable to find work, they go into the country and work for the farmers for bed and board.

**WIESBADEN:** The luckiest people in Germany are those employed by the Americans.

Their opportunities to salvage ash trays full of cigarette butts are vast, and their income from the sale or barter of the butts, or *kippen*, makes them comparatively well off. One unsmoked cigarette varies in monetary value from two to six marks—that is from twenty cents to a dollar twenty. A half-smoked *kippe* is worth about ten cents. Even the shreds of tobacco in an all-but-consumed cigarette bring one or two cents. A full pack of American cigarettes is worth from four to ten dollars, depending on whether it is sold in high-priced Berlin or in the smaller and less expensive cities.

School children, able-bodied men, housewives and, perhaps most striking of all, elderly gentlemen in threadbare but obviously well-cut clothes search the streets for the *kippen*. The old gentlemen do it well. Carrying the sort of gold-headed canes which went out of fashion with the Kaiser they stroll along until they sight a butt. The cane lances out neatly, and there is a sharp nail or pin on the end of it which retrieves the butt without loss of dignity. On Frankfurt's Mainzer Landstrasse fully half the elderly gentlemen wear white gloves while butt-hunting.

**FRANKFURT:** For all the Germans are sniping butts, for all the ruin in their land, it isn't hard to find a residue of arrogance in the German man-in-the-street. We talked to one today—Johannes Freist. Johannes happens to be a waiter in Frankfurt.

Early in the war, Johannes was one of the interned crew of the German liner Columbus. He came back to the fatherland this year with a shipload of repatriates which included Fritz Kuhn, the deported American Nazi.

Johannes, who learned English during internment, is as polite as almost all Germans are now. He is never forward in his attitude with you. But get him started talking . . . The Columbus PW camp in the States he "didn't mind; I ate well"; and Fritz Kuhn "was pretty quiet on the boat. He'll do all right here—he's well known in Germany."

Then Johannes begins to talk more easily, with less constraint. The conversation drifts to the attitude of the German people, their defeat and the occupation. He gives the conventional answers of how bad the Nazis were, "but the ordinary people did not know what was happening in those concentration camps."

Pause.

"And anyway, what could anyone do? If you opened your mouth, you went into the concentration camp, too. Like that!"

Well, the guilty are being punished now. What does Johannes think will become of Germany?

"We do not know. Everything is destroyed. Look what you have done to us. I have seen even American soldiers with tears of shame in their eyes when they saw what had been done to our cities."

As soon as he talks long enough, almost every Johannes in the Zone forgets for a moment that he no longer is marching against the world.

What about London, Amsterdam, Coventry?

"But we had to bomb them. Besides,



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Germany never sent more than a couple hundred planes to those places. You sent thousands of planes to bomb us. Please, that is so, *nicht?*"

You can't reason with that. Now Johannes asks a question. This, too, you hear often, if you let the conversation run long enough to be informal.

"Is America going to stay here, in Germany, please? You are not going to leave?"

You reply with another question: Do the Germans want us to get out now?

"Oh, no! If the Americans leave before the others, what has happened so far in Germany will be nothing. There will be no order, and then the Russians will come in and take over and Germany will be destroyed forever."

If the other answers were quietly given, and sometimes seemed a little sly, this one is full of vehement sincerity. Johannes catches himself, talks about food—he hasn't enough; about clothing—he's wearing his brother's old army shoes and sees little prospect of new ones; about housing—he and his wife live with seven other persons in a three-room apartment, while some of his friends have no home other than the boxlike shacks they built with old bricks and wood inside the shells of their fire- and bomb-gutted houses.

"There is no use to rebuild," Johannes says with a shrug. "What is the use? Soon the Americans will fight the Russians in Germany, and all Germans will fight on your side. Why rebuild yet?"

There it is. He does not wonder whether such a fight might take place. Nor when. Simply, quietly, almost but not quite naively, he assumes there will be such fighting.

Is he really sincere? Or is this his valiant effort at propaganda?

**HEIDELBERG:** We passed through a small town near here and saw some Americans in a small crowd gathered around a portable scale.

The GI's explained that Military Government sends teams through the United States Zone which do nothing but get reports on what German civilians weigh. The teams set up their scales in a market place or at a trolley stop and weigh the first twenty or thirty people who come along.

Thus, MG headquarters charts the fluctuations in average weights of German people.

"That civilian walking down the street," says the team leader, pointing, "will weigh five pounds less a month from today. If his normal weight is 143 pounds, he weighs 134 now. Last fall he weighed only 126, but gained weight during the winter because the ration was better than we thought it would be.

"Now with a legal ration of 1,225 calories, he'll be down to 129 within a few weeks. When they raise the ration this fall, he'll gain again."

**FRANKFURT:** No matter where he goes, the American soldier makes friends with kids. Now official capital is to be made of this cordiality.

Soldiers are encouraged to teach German boys baseball, to take boys and girls on river boatrides, to set up spare-time classes in history and democracy, to give the kids the universal adolescent thrill of a jeep ride. The GI's say they like the idea. So do the kids.

Unfortunately this has come too late for the three hundred and fifty or so boys, the three hundred girls under seventeen, who are detained by civil authorities in former air-raid shelters here. These young people are only a tiny portion of the vast hordes of homeless and parentless teen-aged youths roaming Central

Europe. They happened to be picked up in a civil police drive.

Eighty percent of them have social diseases. They are undernourished. They have lived by thieving, begging, sometimes by highway robbery. Talking to them is like trying to talk to wild young animals. They trust nobody.

When they are cured of their diseases, they are placed with families in the country if possible. Half of them then run away within a week, officials say. They aren't easily caught a second time.

Talking with these children today, we recalled a fourteen-year-old, tow-headed youngster who gave us road directions a couple of weeks ago near the town of Lilling, down in Bavaria. His name was Heinrich Singer. We were surprised when he refused a jeep ride. He said he was going to play with his comrade, Ernst.

"What games do you play, Heinrich?"

"Oh, we have much fun. In the field down there is an airplane which was shot down three years ago this fall. It is a Junkers. Ernst and I go every afternoon to this airplane and we fly it."

"Fly it?"

"Well, not really. But we sit inside and see how it is. Ernst learned how from his brother who was in the Luftwaffe."

"Heinrich, what are you going to be when you grow up?"

"Please, I think you guessed. A flier. If not, then a butcher. They have much to eat."

Heinrich went down the country road, his over-size gray-green Wehrmacht cap worn squarely on his head, legs and arms swinging in an unboyish stride.

An hour later we happened to pass the field where the skeleton of an observation plane rested beside tall wheat. Heinrich was in the front seat of the fuselage, Ernst in the rear. Neither of them smiled, neither shouted, as they went through a fourteen-year-old's idea of a plane's maneuvers. With their army hats squarely on their blond heads, Heinrich and Ernst were grimly at work playing airplane.

**ZILSHEIM:** On the way from Frankfurt to this town where there are gathered some ten thousand Jewish refugees—"persecutees," Military Government calls them—we picked up an American soldier.

This kid, Weinberg—he must have been about twenty-five—had been a German Jew. He was the prototype of hundreds of American soldiers in Germany who, as Jews, were driven out or sneaked out, and made their way to the States seven to ten years ago.

On the way, he talked about the Germans and was able to articulate the fine shades of an intelligent hate which the average GI doesn't have. He spoke cautiously at first, as anyone with as strong a German accent as his would do, but he admitted he didn't think the Americans were acting as they should.

"I dreamed of coming back here like this," he said. "I wanted the American Army to be perfect, so that I could just look at the German people and they would be ashamed, but instead they ask me why Americans get drunk and steal from them."

Zilsheim was a prewar town of about seven thousand people. When the Americans came, they evacuated half the population, splitting the town exactly in two, and moved in ten thousand Jewish DP's. We couldn't tell one part of the town from the other until we saw rows of houses flying the Jewish flag and plastered with signs in Hebrew, German, Polish and English:

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*Manhattan*

$\frac{3}{4}$  Southern Comfort,  $\frac{1}{4}$  dry vermouth; add ice, stir, and strain into cocktail glass. Garnish with red cherry.

**SOUTHERN COMFORT**

*Old Fashioned De Luxe*

Jigger Southern Comfort, dash bitters, 2 cubes ice, dash siphon; serve in Old Fashioned glass; garnish with cherry, twist of lemon peel, slice of orange. No sugar.

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Polish, afraid to return to their homes because, they said, the Polish government is still anti-Semitic. Fed by UNRRA at communal messes, although they live in requisitioned German houses, the Jews have no trouble with their German neighbors.

These Jews have grown used to war, but they feel they have not seen the last of it. Their conversations frequently refer to a third world war, between Russia and the United States. Their camp newspaper speaks of "the approaching war" as if there were no doubt of it.

Their hope for the future is in a homeland in Palestine. For that they live.

Many of them were indignant today—and Weinberg agreed—because American MP's raided their homes and took away piles of stuff that could have been obtained only through the black market or by theft from the Germans: cigarettes and caches of diamonds, for instance.

One old man was brokenhearted with disappointment in the Americans because he couldn't see any justice in taking from him something he had stolen from a German. His wife and two children had died in the concentration camp at Auschwitz, and his home and goods had been confiscated ten years ago. He felt the Americans had been unjust.

Three or four consecutive days of talking to the civilian elements of Germany—Germans and displaced persons like these Jews—begins to build up in you the sort of frustration of understanding you sense in the Americans in Germany.

**FRANKFURT:** When we got back here last night we went for a walk to stretch our legs, cramped from the long drive. Along a street beside a park we saw three Americans stop an elderly German man. The man reached into his pockets, held out what he had in them.

"He ain't got anything," one soldier growled, contemptuously slapping the things to the ground. A second soldier took a fountain pen from the old man's coat pocket. The three Americans examined it closely. One finally threw it

down, ground it into the walk with his heel. They went off.

We stopped around at Military Police headquarters to ask about incidents such as that. It didn't excite the MP's. It happened all the time, one said. In the course of an average night at the MP desk, many more Americans are booked for attacking German civilians than vice versa.

The thing worried us because a month of observation tends to make us believe it is the German who walks warily down a lonesome street at night, not the American soldier. Today we had a chance to talk to the Third Division psychiatrist. It was interesting to get from a professional the same reaction we have gotten from amateurs and have had ourselves.

"The soldier here now is young and immature. He was exposed to anti-Nazi propaganda in the States during the same period in which the combat soldier was acquiring a healthy respect for the Germans. He comes here now and behaves as a conqueror although he has no idea of what it took in guts and ability to beat these people."

The doctor interviews all the men in the division who are being tried for murder, rape or any serious crime.

"Some of these fellows would be in trouble wherever they were," he said, "but a majority are victims of circumstances. They don't like the Army so they go AWOL. Once on the loose, they can't get ration cards and they couldn't live on a German's ration anyway, so they have to steal. They go into a place with a gun, something happens, and the first thing they know they've killed someone. It never seems as serious to them here as it would at home."

**FOR A MONTH** now we have been talking to the eighteen-, nineteen- and twenty-year-old boys, who are the American occupation soldiers in Germany. We find it is not difficult to understand why they are confused.

The soldier who was drafted late in 1945 or in the spring or summer of 1946 was told of the things the Germans did.

Yet, on coming here, he found the people almost overly courteous, frequently friendly if given a chance, even docile.

He was told of the damage the Nazis did to other countries. He has not seen those countries but he has seen Germany's cities badly smashed.

He was told how the Nazis looted the conquered lands. But in the news during his first overseas summer was the arrest of three United States Army officers, one a WAC captain, for the loot-theft of three million dollars in German crown jewels.

Before he was drafted, he heard in a vague way about the black markets Germany introduced to shatter the economy and spirit of conquered lands. Now, in Germany itself, the soldier has found a black market dealing in more things than he knew could be bought and sold; he has seen Americans selling cigarettes and Army food and equipment on this market to get liquor, jewels or women and he has begun to do the same thing himself.

To all these seeming paradoxes contributing to his confusion the soldier might eventually work out an answer.

He might even reconcile the American's traditional regard for independence with the necessity of guarding a whole nation.

But the main factor which leaves him confused, uncertain and insecure is something about which the soldier can do little or nothing. He doesn't know how long the job is going to take.

In Washington, General Eisenhower, perhaps forced by the pressure of public apathy, mentions for the first time an occupational period as short as a "three-year minimum." The same day another War Department general talks to Congressmen about a "twenty-five-year token occupation."

In Berlin, an American general says we will stay here fifteen years if necessary to do the job, but a spokesman adds for him, "If the American people back us up."

No one knows how long the job will take. If Joe Junior knew, he could do a better job.

**THE END**

### Cardinal Spellman's provocative article "The Soviet Peace" will appear in the November Cosmopolitan

## Cosmopolitan's Movie Citations (Continued from page 73)

Hollywood, with the result that the Jolson voice has never sounded finer—not even in his first golden youth.)

Scotty Beckett and Larry Parks play Jolson, the boy and the man. Scotty is perfectly wonderful (with some other boy's voice dubbed in on the sound track). But Larry Parks, who has done nothing but bits before, does a job such as has defeated many a fine actor.

For example, remember how you missed Mickey Rooney, the boy Edison, when Tracy became Edison, the man? And more recently, weren't you lonely for little Dean Stockwell when Tom Drake became the mature Robbie in "The Green Years"?

A handsome, ingratiating personality, Larry Parks effects the transition delightfully. He has mastered all Al's tricks, the head cocked on the side, the rolling eyeballs, the genuine friendliness. His is a very great performance.

I want to tell you a romantic story about Larry. He's been plugging away in Hollywood for about five years, not getting much of anywhere even though he finally landed a minor contract at Columbia. When the Jolson tests were started, he was the first lad to stand in for them. But that, alas, was in 1944, and he heard no more about it. Meanwhile,

he married a cute girl named Betty Garrett. She, too, was unsuccessfully trying to break into show business.

The kids refused to get discouraged, however. Larry heard about scores of other actors being tested for "Jolson," but he kept on hoping. Betty heard about a possible opening in a Broadway show and went back to try out for it. So what happened? Eventually, the final Jolson test was made, and this one again featured Larry. Meanwhile, Betty Garrett landed a rôle in a GI show named "Call Me Mister."

The latter, if you follow your Broadway news, is one of New York's reigning hits, and Betty is its bright particular star. And currently with the news about "The Jolson Story" burning up movieland, Larry Parks is the hottest thing in town. This means the telephone bills the Parkses are running up are scandalous, but otherwise they're wild with happiness and crazy with love.

Or, to paraphrase Mr. Skolsky, when I hear events like this, I love Hollywood. What's more pertinent right here—I love "The Jolson Story." Maybe they have left out a couple of wives—but what life story in the movies tells all? So I give it the Cosmopolitan Citation for the best picture of the month.

"**SISTER KENNY**" is an altogether different story. This is a woman's personal history, a tale of self-sacrifice, of a gallant fight against bitter odds, of loneliness, but of a final spiritual triumph.

Surely you know about the valiant struggle of the Australian bush nurse who believes she has a cure for infantile paralysis. I've got a doctor in my family, and I've no intentions of getting into the medical side of this. The RKO film tries not to take sides, either.

But, regardless of whether or not her theories are right, there's no gainsaying that Elizabeth Kenny is a great and courageous woman. And Rosalind Russell, playing her, registers this greatness, both poignantly and humorously.

Roz gives a virtually uncanny performance, for while she starts out looking like her own beautiful self, she changes before your eyes into the dominant, brusque but always sincere nurse.

\* As a matter of fact, Roz went through a Kenny-esque battle to get this film produced. When Nurse Kenny was approached to give the rights to the filming of her life story, she did it with the specific stipulation that only Miss Russell be permitted to play the rôle. But when the script was completed, and Roz had eagerly agreed to do it, most producers were



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**CREME**  
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against presenting what they called "A hot rags and a message" epic!

It was Miss Russell, herself, who eventually brought it to the late Charles Koerner, then head of RKO, who was brave as a lion and yet possessed of a heart generous as a child's. Koerner gave the production the "go ahead" signal by turning the yarn over for rewrite to his top scenarist, Dudley Nichols. Nichols got so interested in it, he begged permission to produce and direct as well as write it.

Charlie consented and also okayed borrowing Alexander Knox from Columbia to play the doctor most sympathetic to the Kenny ambitions.

Knox, who gives one of the finest character performances of the year, likewise got so intrigued, that he kept on adding dialogue—and not all to his own part, either. He added it so well, they gave him a writing credit on the picture.

Dean Jagger, called in for the secondary male lead—that of the man Sister Kenny loves but gives up so that she may be free to carry on her mission in life—liked the story so much he agreed to play such an essentially small rôle.

This labor of love from a group of artists all working together creates an exalted, heart-tugging atmosphere for "Sister Kenny." But the quality that puts it into the very first rank is Rosalind Russell's beautiful work, and I herewith give her, with greatest pleasure, the Cosmopolitan Citation for the best performance of the month of October.

**THERE** you have your two "good" people of the month, whereupon I cross over into the seamy side of life and introduce you to "The Killers."

Do you remember Ernest Hemingway's terse and terrible story of a hapless Swede waiting in a bedroom for the gangsters he knew were stalking him?

Mark Hellinger paid fifty thousand dollars for the rights to this yarn. (Mark is another writing rival of mine and look! I'm praising him! But what can I do—if these guys keep on meriting praise?) He knew the Hemingway "situation" wasn't strong enough for an entire film, but he bought it as a good "springboard" for a story of the underworld.

From his long newspaper memory, Mark added the inside story of a notorious New York holdup to the original Hemingway premise. From the first shot of the picture, where you see the sinister killers stalking their victim and killing him very dead, to the final explanatory flashback which tells you the "why" of it all, you'll be tense with dread and horror.

Maybe I should tell you that the two big disturbers in a group of underworld gangsters are a satchel full of money and a girl full of curves. The money is that old phony stuff the censors make the producers use, but the curvaceous girl is Ava Gardner—and that ain't bad, brother.

Ava is, in fact, marvelously malignant as the head gangster's moll. Along with Ava, under the distinguished direction of Robert ("Spiral Staircase") Siodmak, are Edmond O'Brien, Albert Dekker and Sam Levene doing very slick work.

But the one who stands out, literally head and shoulders above them all, is Burt Lancaster as "Swede." Since this is his first performance on screen, the impression he makes is doubly strong. Lancaster is an ex-G I who saw service with our Fifth Army in Italy and who before the war was a circus acrobat. While on terminal leave, he got a bit in a Broadway flop, but that was sufficient for Hal Wallis to spot and sign him. Now Wallis and Hellinger share his contract.

I know we'll be seeing a lot more of Mr. Lancaster, who is not pretty but who



is mighty powerful, and by way of launching him in a wonderful way—sez I—I herewith give him the Cosmopolitan Citation for the best supporting performance of this month.

"I'll Always Love You" was originally called "Concerto," and I think it still should be, since that's what it's about. But since the "Concerto" (it's specifically the Rachmaninoff Second Piano Concerto) leads to and from love, the present title isn't too far off.

Let me say, first, that I've never seen more beautiful settings. The series of rooms that Ernest Fegte designed for this production will make women moan with sheer envy. The opulent ones through which the "maestro" (Philip Dorn) moves are dream stuff such as few of us ever attain, but the simple cottage where Catherine McLeod and William Carter, as the boy and girl grow up and eventually marry, will really set you in a whirl.

A man's selfish ambition is really the villain of this piece, but since he is also an artist, I can only count him as half bad.

He is a very great pianist and conductor with whom an aspiring young girl pianist falls hopelessly in love. He takes her under his tutelage, ignoring her selfless adoration, flouting his lights-o'-love in her face, demanding all her time, her very thoughts.

But she is an artist, too, and she learns to play spectacularly. She becomes so outstanding that he is finally forced to face the challenge of a joint concert with her, he as the conductor, she as the soloist.

When he realizes, midway of the performance, that it is she who is winning the audience, he maliciously conducts the music so that she will sound amateurish. This breaks the girl's heart and she runs away, back home and marries the boy who has always loved her.

She does not love him, however, though she becomes a good wife and a perfect mother. When her daughter shows musical talent, her husband is convinced that the maestro alone can tell them if the child's gift is worth development. He demands that his wife face her old love once again. She does—but while I won't tell how it comes out, I tell you that I think you will like the ending.

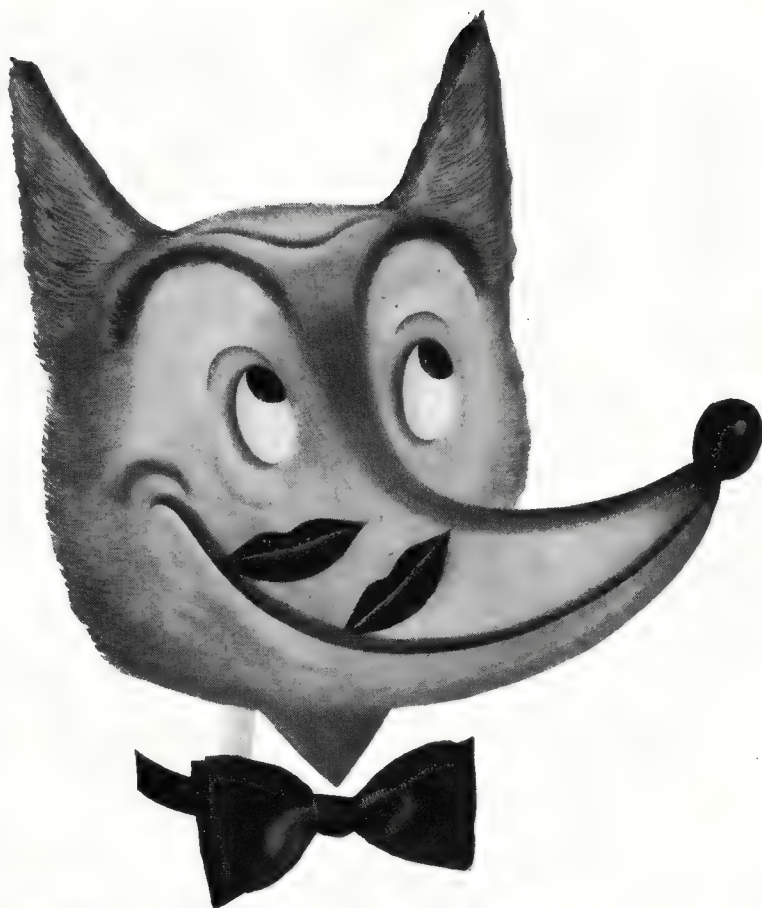
"I'll Always Love You" is Director Frank Borzage's first producing job, and he has done himself proud in every department. The music score is superb. No less a musician than Artur Rubinstein did the actual playing. The settings, as I have said, are glorious, but it's still at his old job of directing the pure in heart that Frank excels.

He didn't quite succeed in making an actor out of the ingratiating young William Carter, nor do I think Philip Dorn lived up to the full possibilities of his rôle—but what Borzage did with Catherine McLeod and Vanessa Brown, as the mother and daughter is really exciting.

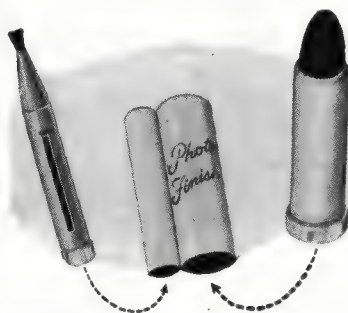
Catherine McLeod does a characterization that would have taxed the experience of an Irene Dunne—in fact, it demands the same intellectual and refined qualities—and she carries it off very well, even though she is a little over her depth. Vanessa Brown's rôle is much smaller, but her brief scenes stand out vividly. When you realize that these girls have never done anything but bits before, you become aware of the wizardry of Frank Borzage, who already has two Oscars.

So I'm glad to add one more honor to the dozens and dozens he already possesses and gave him the Cosmopolitan Citation for the best direction of October, 1946.

THE END



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revival at the Country Barn next week."

"I haven't seen Fran in years!" There was excitement in Cree's voice.

"No one has. She's done so many USO tours all over the world that I doubt if she's been in this country for longer than two or three months at a time."

"She's been wonderful," Cree said wistfully. "People who have done that much... I wonder how they feel, how familiar scenes and faces look to them now?"

"They're probably glad enough to return to the familiar and commonplace," said Richard.

Sitting in the shabby station wagon, all three in the front seat, they were silent a long moment.

"I wish it could be like that last summer again," said Cree with a sudden intensity. "Before the war—do you remember? We had such fun. We were all so close—not just separate people walled off into compartments, but a crowd."

Eleanor said comprehendingly, "I know. Then suddenly everyone was scattered. Frances went away to act in all the theaters of war. Tim (I still think Frances-and-Tim, don't you, just out of habit?) Tim stopped being an architect and turned into a paratrooper—"

"He's back from Walter Reed, did you know?" interrupted Cree quietly.

"No! Oh, Richard, that's wonderful—let's call him up right away. Where does he live, Cree?"

"In that same cottage he built for Fran—only all alone. He's trying to get back into his profession again. I think he's had one or two commissions."

"We can have him at our steak party!" said Eleanor, then paused. "Unless—do you think Fran would mind?"

"Why should she?" asked Cree. "They were old friends, entirely aside from whether or not they were in love. Everyone wants—or should want—to see an old friend who is back from the war..."

Cree was telling Eleanor—perhaps it sounded like pleading—that she wanted her to have Jock at her party too.

Eleanor gave her a searching look. She wasn't slow-witted; she'd understand.

"All right, Cree," she said as they pulled up at the Rumbold house in the center of a tree-shaded village street. "We'll get as many of the old crowd together as we can, and make the evening as much like past evenings as possible. Everything will be just the way it used to be!"

Cree let herself into the empty house and stood in the front hall, trembling.

She had the feeling that she had talked her way into an emotional storm, and she couldn't afford storms any more. At the end of this week she would be thirty years old—thirty! Most models gave up facing the camera by the time they were twenty-seven or eight. Newer, younger girls crowded in—beautiful, aggressive little girls like Sandy Greer.

Cree put down her shiny black hatbox on the hall chest and summoned the courage to switch on the top light and look into the mirror... Oh, yes, she was beautiful still—but tired, desperately tired. She studied every line and curve of the pure blond oval of her face—a face as familiar to her from magazine covers and advertisements over a period of years as from its mirrored reflection—and she thought: When you're tired, the camera will catch it every time. I should spend more time taking care of my looks. If I don't, I can't survive...

A bleaker, colder wind seemed to blow on her spirit. Whatever she did, however much she rested, she was beaten anyway.

Time was her enemy, and Time was evil and implacable...

I can't afford this house—the taxes are too much for me. What can I do when all the calls stop, as they must? How shall I live?

The telephone rang then, a sharp almost frightening sound in the dark reaches of the house.

Cree knew it would be Tim. He would take her out to dinner; she imagined he was lonely, too. She was grateful for the mere sound of his voice on the wire.

"Yes, I just got back, Tim. I met the Waites and they drove me... Oh, how nice—I'd love to."

She took a bath and did a fresh, artistic make-up job on her face. Then she took her one new dress from the closet—wing-sleeved, full-skirted—and as she slipped into it she felt better, heartened enough to rise above her fatigue and face another evening's date.

She heard Tim's step in the entry, and ran quickly downstairs to join him.

"Hello, Gorgeous," he said, giving her a casual kiss on the tip of her nose, "Hard day in town?"

He had seen the shiny hatbox—insignia of the model—on the hall chest as she had intended him to. Actually, Cree hadn't had an assignment that day; she had had her hair touched up and done a few minor shopping errands. But she never went to New York without her hatbox. Nor had she any intention of rousing Tim's pity...

"Pretty hard," she said absently. "How goes it for you, Tim?"

"It goes good, very good! I have a chance at a French farmhouse in Weston—big shot by the name of Gates."

"But you don't like to do French farmhouses, Tim. You call yourself a modernist, remember."

"Yeah, I know," said Tim, grinning. "I call myself one, but when anybody wants a period piece, I run up like an eager beaver just the same. Someday I'll do houses the way I want them, but right now I seem to like to eat! Speaking of eating, let's go to the rotisserie, shall we, Cree? I'm starved."

His car was outside. The top was down, and Cree fought a quick, two-edged memory of herself and Jock Riley driving down country roads in a similar convertible many, many summers ago.

There was nothing about Tim to remind her of Jock, except that they had all run in the same pack. Tim was a husky, square-chinned young man with rusty auburn hair and an open grin; whereas Jock—the blade of memory cut sharply again—oh, Jock was a pixie; he looked like no one else in this world... She didn't want to remember how he looked; she didn't dare...

Tim drove well. He had learned to handle his artificial leg with skill. He could do almost anything now, except dance. Dancing would come later.

They ate a large dinner, talking companionably till quite late over their coffee. This was the fourth or fifth such evening since Tim's return. Cree doubted if he knew any other girls. Before the war, it had been Tim and Frances for so long—years and years...

His large hand closed gently over hers. "It's been a wonderful break for me, Cree, finding you."

For the first time—to her credit, the very first—Cree suddenly saw in him the possible answer.

Tim was lonely. He'd come back to his work as an architect, but to nothing, no one, else. He lived in his small, smart house alone; he cooked his own break-



fasts in the model kitchen. Knowing him so well, over a period of years, Cree knew Tim wasn't born for solitude. He liked people around him. He hadn't the poise, the self-sufficiency, of a Jock Riley.

She was fond of Tim in a half-maternal way. They got along well together. Many people had married successfully on less. "Thank you, Tim," she said softly. "That makes me happy."

When they finally left the brilliantly lighted roadhouse, she knew Tim wasn't going to take her straight home.

Not on the old Forge Road, she thought with a strange desperation. He mustn't drive me that way.

Perhaps because she had willed it in every nerve, Tim drove in the other direction. She didn't care, now, where they went. Every road had memories, but only the Forge had the one memory she couldn't make herself conquer.

Tim parked finally on a high ridge overlooking the town. "Kid stuff, necking in cars," he said, reaching for her, "but I need you so, Cree."

She accepted his boyishly eager love-making with neither reluctance nor return . . . She knew herself all the while to be only the image of Woman in his arms. Her lips were passive beneath his. There was for her something almost terrifyingly impersonal about it . . .

"Cree," he whispered, "oh, Cree, I haven't been able to feel for so long. Even on leaves, in West Coast cities, it wasn't real. I couldn't make myself care whether girls stayed or not . . . or what they thought. But, with you, I care. I want to be good to you; I want us to be close."

She thought with a piercing clarity: He wants what he had with Frances. I want the wild stirred-up feeling I had for Jock. Both of us want everything the way it used to be; only, all the while, we know in our hearts we must compromise.

"Tim," she said gently, "take me home now, please."

"One more," he pleaded.

"All right, one more."

She let him cling urgently to her lips, wishing she could cling back, hoping that someday, the feeling would come.

Later, as she smoothed her face with the special night cream that was supposed to ward off lines, she remembered the intonation of a voice, Eleanor's: Sandy's staying in town . . .

She supposed Jock still took his models out to dinner. She remembered a succession of beautiful girls at tables for two.

Now, after painting life aboard a carrier—and being tossed off that same carrier into a seething flaming ocean from which he had miraculously been picked up—Jock was back at his old haunts. But the girl was new; little Sandy Greer.

Disregarding the rich night cream, Cree dug her face into her pillow to shut out the unbearable pictures in her mind . . . of Jock struggling for survival, Jock sun-blistered and thirsty in a lifeboat, and now Jock, assured as ever, ordering perfect dinners for his newest model.

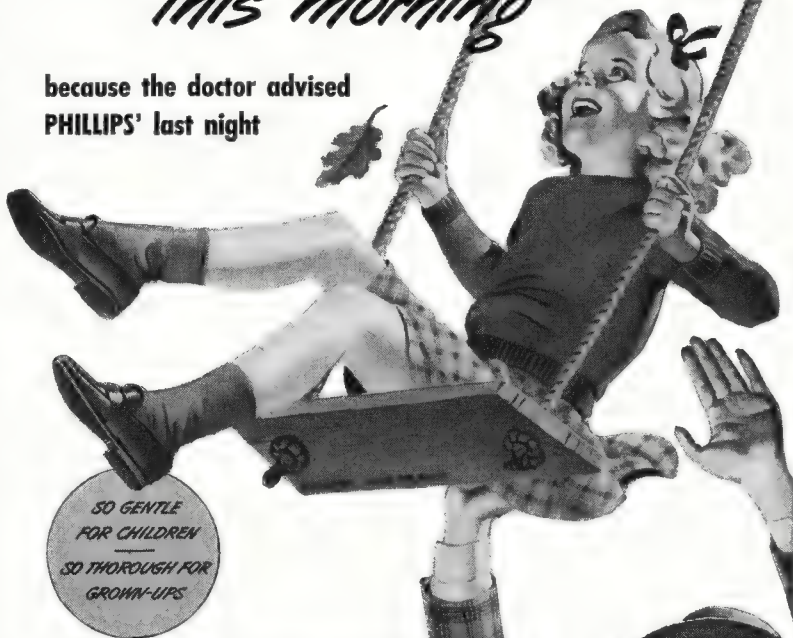
She had gone to an exhibition of his paintings during the war. She felt they had a tremendous vitality, that they presaged a new creative era for Jock. When she heard, soon after victory, that he had been released from the Navy and gone to spend a winter painting in Mexico, she was sure he meant to carve out a career more serious—if less profitable—than filling magazines with the faces of beautiful girls.

Clearly she had been wrong. The new Jock Riley cover girl was plastered all over the United States at this moment. Everywhere Cree went she would encounter the tilted, reckless young face with the power of making her feel old and alone.

Cree was too honest with herself to

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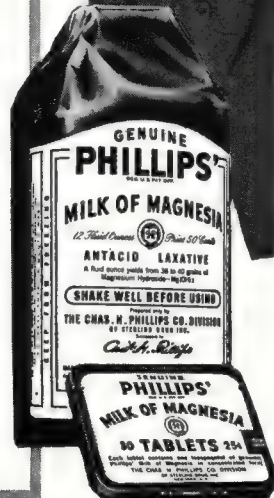
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blame her loneliness on having chosen to be a so-called "career girl." Plenty of her fellow models were married and the mothers of children. That was what she had wanted most from life, but somewhere she had taken the wrong turning. Sleep was nearer now . . . Tim Gilchrist, she thought vaguely. Tim and I could marry and have a baby. We'd be happier then—both of us would have something to live for.

**ELEANOR WAITE**, on a hillside at the other end of the town, felt an odd uneasiness. Not loneliness, because she was never lonely when Richard was there. Not fear—but fear's formless shadow.

The children were sound asleep; she always looked in on Dickie and Ellie before she went to bed. Her sister Sandy's room was empty, but she'd expected it to be. Sandy was staying in town.

She murmured, "Richard, what about Sandy? Do you think there's anything I could, or should, do?"

"Darling, you're not going to start that futile worry again. You have to realize she's grown up; she'll have to live her own life and make her own mistakes."

"I don't want to hurt her."

"By giving an innocent dinner party? That's ridiculous, Eleanor. The party's a wonderful idea. I'm all for it. It's been a long time since we've entertained—just for fun, not for or because of the school!"

The lamp on her bed table was still on, and by its light Eleanor could see Richard's face grow boyish, enthusiastic.

She loved him so much that every line, every gray hair, each and every middle-aged worry of this old young man, pierced her own heart.

"You've worked so hard, darling," she said, not adding—except to herself—that the school hadn't made up to him for having missed the active part of his generation's struggle.

"Rot! So have you," he said rudely. "For years and years and—oh, why count them? We've managed; we've built up the school; the house is getting paid for by degrees, but none of that has anything to do with our giving a party a week from Saturday. Eleanor, we've lost some of our laughter, and that's bad! Remember that when you worry over Sandy. We've both taken her too seriously—I as well as you. For that matter, we've taken life too seriously. The house. The school. The kids. Ourselves."

Eleanor froze to a statue in her twin bed. Richard, she thought, what's wrong? Aren't we happy? I thought we were. I thought we had everything good and beautiful.

He went on, not noticing her silence. "Oh, we couldn't help it. It's been a long tough haul. We've had responsibility—without personal danger. We've had to cope with rising prices, no help, a fixed income—instead of with bombs and bullets. Either way, you get tired, I guess; the joy goes out of life. Now's our time to put it back. Let's have this summer as much like the good summers of the past as we can, shall we, Eleanor? Get yourself a sarong bathing suit, honey. We'll hire that sitter two or three nights a week and go out, see our old friends."

He looked at her, and said with concern, "Eleanor, what is it? What have I said to make you cry?"

"Nothing," she choked. "Nothing, really." He jumped out of his bed and sat on the edge of hers, holding her up against him. "Hey, look at me, darling."

But she wouldn't. The frightening thought had seized her mind: How do I look to him after almost nine years of marriage? Richard was thirty-two; he'd always looked serious and mature; the sprinkling of gray hairs actually hadn't

changed him much. Anyway, she loved his quiet dark good looks, the high forehead, the gravely chiseled mouth.

But somehow she hadn't thought of his own private stock-taking. She was thirty. Her birthday hadn't seemed a milestone because little Ellie had had flu then and driven it out of her mind. Housework, the children, helping Richard with the secretarial work connected with the Waite School, Red Cross, the various bond drives. In a moment of panic, Eleanor suddenly realized that she hadn't been conscious of herself as a woman—young, desirable—for a long time. She'd satisfied her vanity and the instinct for beauty in fixing Sandy's dresses, conferring on Sandy's make-up and hairdos. As if her sister's careless young loveliness were her own.

"Honey, what is it?" Richard coaxed her. "Look up."

Eleanor felt conscious of her body as he held her. She knew it was firm, erect, well co-ordinated; that her skin was clear, and her teeth excellent, that her hair's chestnut brown scarcely showed gray and was well brushed. But beyond that, she stopped. She was no glamour girl, and she knew it. Once Richard had said he detested the artificiality and overdone make-up of that type of woman. "I like a gal I can recognize in the cold morning light," he'd added, grinning.

But what men said, and what they felt deep down in the under layers of consciousness, were two different things.

Yes, Eleanor thought wearily, I've changed. Richard hasn't thought of me as I used to be for a long, long time.

She tried to keep her voice firm. "Of course we'll have the dinner party," she said. "You're right. We've looked at life from the sober side, but we won't from now on."

He seemed relieved at her tone. "For a minute I thought I'd spoken out of turn, honey."

"No, silly. I'm just tired, and you know how I worry about Sandy. That's another thing I'll try to cut out, Richard."

He kissed her with tenderness and went back to his own bed.

As she snapped out the light so he couldn't see her face, he said meditatively, "Sandy's had things her own way because she's beautiful and aggressive, and she's willing to fight for whatever she wants. But sooner or later, she'll have to learn how to be a good loser, too."

"Then you believe she's riding for a fall with Jock?"

"Not necessarily. I merely don't believe any woman can go on winning indefinitely. Sandy decided to be the leading light of the senior class, and she was. Then she planned on using her looks to be a successful model, and she is—almost overnight. Jock was only a stepping stone to her. Now she imagines she's in love with him. But Jock is a very elusive lad, as we all know. He slipped through Cree Rumbold's fingers. It could happen to Sandy, too."

"I don't want it to happen to her here in my own house!" said Eleanor unhappily. "Suppose seeing him with Cree really hurts Sandy?"

"It's more apt to hurt Cree, but she asked for it," Richard reminded her.

"You want me to go ahead and invite Jock, don't you?"

"Invite all of them," he said in a terse voice. "All the survivors, I mean."

Eleanor winced in the dark. The Benton twins were dead. Gene in the crash of a bomber on a trial flight before it even got overseas, his brother Bob on Okinawa. And Terry Driscoll would never return from the Anzio beachhead. Eleanor had loved Terry when she was fifteen and had been fond of him ever since. She felt



a pang at the memory of Terry's stricken young face the summer she was seventeen and had met Richard Waite. After one look at Richard, no other man had counted with her.

"There are very few of us left," she said quietly. "And it remains to be seen whether those few have anything in common any more—whether any of the old links still hold."

**T**HE summer night was clear and warm, and the glass-topped iron table was set on the terrace.

Eleanor felt tense because this party was so different from any she'd given for the last few years. Most of their entertaining, hers and Richard's, had been done in the interests of the school, to impress parents. In fact, the people the Waites saw most of were parents of pupils. Eleanor thought nervously: Our whole lives have focused within a ten-mile radius; yet we never saw it happening.

"How do I look, Sandy?" she said, pausing on the threshold of the girl's room. "Am I all right?"

"You're lovely, and you know it," said Sandy. "Really, darling, that long dinner dress does things for you. I like you to wear blue; it brings out your eyes." Sandy laughed suddenly. "Sorry, darling, but you look so—*scared* is the word, I guess. And Richard's edgy too. What's there so special about this dinner, anyway? It's only a bunch of old friends who haven't met up with one another lately."

"I suppose so," said Eleanor. She had made no comments to Sandy beyond telling her the names of the guests and asking if she'd care to join them.

Sandy wouldn't skip a party Jock Riley had accepted, however dull it sounded to her on a Saturday night.

"Aren't you going to take them to the dance at the club, later?" she asked.

"I don't know. It depends on how things go."

"Idiot, everything will be slick," Sandy whirled in the center of the round hooked rug in front of her dressing table. "And I'll have Jock; that's all I care about!"

A guilty twinge seized Eleanor. Will you have Jock? What made Sandy so sure?

"Remember, Sandy . . ." she began cautiously, not quite knowing how much she dared say in warning.

Sandy continued for her gaily. "Yes, darling. I know all that—how men don't think well of the girl who runs after them—how they'll take what she has to offer and forget her next day. But someday a fine upstanding dream prince will come into your life, dear, and you'll be so sorry you didn't wait . . . Phooey!"

"That's not very funny, Sandy."

"Not so very," Sandy admitted with blurred eyes. "It was corny, but I get tired of good advice, even from you, darling. And I don't think Jock really means to hurt people; he's just careless. He doesn't take anything seriously, least of all himself. Oh, well!" Sandy shrugged.

Eleanor wondered if Sandy would have recognized the quiet, intense boy who had once done a portrait of Cree Rum-bold. Where was that boy now; did he lie like a core under the flippant sophisticated postwar Jock Riley?

She went back to her own room to see if Richard had finished dressing.

"You look like a million, dear," he said absently.

"Thank you."

She had a strange persistent memory of the night he'd proposed to her with a sweet, deadly seriousness. "You measure up to every ideal I've ever had, Eleanor. You're on all the pedestals at once." Then that slow rise of ecstasy as his mouth met hers, the passionate con-



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viction: This is why I was born, to be his forever and ever.

She felt absurdly, unreasonably, disappointed in his reaction to her dress.

"Well, this is zero hour; they're due any moment," she said lightly. "I simply tell myself that after all we're the same people we were before the war. There's no reason why we can't achieve a civilized evening together."

"That's the spirit, Mrs. Waite. Come on, let's say good night to the kids."

Little Dickie murmured sleepily as they tucked the sheet around him, "Mommie, you look pretty. I love pretty people."

Dickie was five, Ellie seven. Eleanor smiled faintly, wondering if she dared tell Richard, after all their sensible plans for a boy and a girl spaced two years apart, that what she really wanted was a new baby—for no reason at all!

She and Richard walked down the stairs together. Eleanor loved touching the wrought-iron stair rail. She had a warm, emotional pride in the house. It had evolved after months of planning, of pouring over magazine pictures and reading articles and books on small-home architecture. Tim Gilchrist had been their architect. They had moved into the house only six months before Tim was drafted.

There were any number of houses almost exactly like it scattered over the Connecticut countryside, and any number of quiet settled people like Richard and herself living in them. Yet the inner excitement of possessing it still rose in Eleanor each time she touched the stair rail.

Downstairs, Sandy was already curled on the sofa, waiting. She looked like a cat, about to pounce. She's watching for Jock to walk in that door, Eleanor thought with a twinge of pity.

The bell rang then and her own breath caught in her throat. Who would come first?

Then she heard Frances Dona's low husky voice.

"Fran, it's so good to see you!"

"It's marvelous to be here. Eleanor—Mrs. Waite—this is Alan Fortnum, my fiancé."

Frances had asked to bring a "very special friend from New York." She'd hinted that it was the man who was going to back her new play in the fall.

Fran's hand was thrust casually through her fiancé's arm. When you saw them, you thought at once: Smooth young couple; used to having what they want the minute they want it; the kind who go places and know all the people who go to those same places. They looked capable of playing life like a nickel slot machine, only with greenbacks. Alan Fortnum was average height, good-looking in a way; there was nothing unusual about him except that he looked expensive. His eyes and skin and hair were on the same tone of even tan; he had a nice smile. And he was young. Younger than Fran was—not over twenty-five or six.

Fran wasn't beautiful, but she carried herself beautifully, and she had a style and distinction which had taken her further than mere good looks might have.

Eleanor felt like a pretty bonbon beside her. Even Sandy had looked up, impressed—and Sandy didn't impress easily.

"You know my sister Sandy, Fran. Miss Greer, Mr. Fortnum."

"Has Tim come?" asked Fran.

"No, he phoned he'd be a little late. He's been inspecting a house he's building in the back hills. He'll pick up Cree on his way; he said not to wait cocktails."

Jock came next. He was gay and, except for a few lines radiating from his hazel eyes, looked very little older than he had ten years ago at school. There had always been something puckish about

him, and his scrubby brown hair wouldn't stay down.

He took Eleanor's hands. "You're radiant—one of those women whom time, custom and maternity don't change."

Sandy plucked at his arm possessively. She said in a brittle young voice, "It's a shame Eleanor isn't your type, darling—or is it just lucky for Richard?"

"How would you know what my type is, young woman?" grinned Jock.

"Easy," Sandy was arrogant as only the very young dare to be. "You draw her over and over."

"Yet she might," said Jock enigmatically, "be the one girl I never, never draw."

Sandy would not understand that remark, but Eleanor knew it was an oblique reference to Cree.

"You know something, Eleanor," he went on lightly. "I was shocked to realize I was thirty the day before yesterday—thirty!"

Was it a message for Sandy, or what?

"It's a bit out of character for the Boy Wonder," Eleanor conceded. "Once it probably sounded like the first step toward the grave, but now it's only a mood and you'll forget it, Jock."

At that moment Cree Rumbold stood in the doorway. Eleanor knew Tim must be somewhere around, but for this split second Cree was alone, looking . . .

"Oh, Cree!" It was almost wrung from Eleanor's throat, "You are so—utterly beautiful."

Jock Riley's eyes were lifted to the grave and serene statue that was Lucretia. As if it had been yesterday when they had last met—instead of five years ago—he said in his offhand voice, "Hello, Cree."

"Hello," she answered.

Once, in the senior-class yearbook, the caption under her picture had quoted: "A daughter of the gods, divinely tall and most divinely fair." Cree was still carved in that image.

"You still have all that fine negotiable handsomeness, don't you?" said Jock.

She only smiled. "Weren't you the one who assured me that blondes faded early, Jock—and that ash-blondes practically shriveled?"

"Did I? I must have had an axe to grind."

Eleanor saw the long look they exchanged, a mutual survey so calm and thorough that she wondered why she had worried about the awkward moment of their meeting. They weren't embarrassed; they were taking it in their stride.

Sandy's mouth was sagging sulkily, like an ignored child's. Eleanor thought nervously that she ought to speak to her. There was never any telling what she might do to get her own way.

Tim Gilchrist joined them then, and the group was complete. He looked curiously at Alan Fortnum, but made no remarks except an apology for being late.

"Shall we go out on the terrace with our cocktails?" Eleanor suggested.

It was Sandy who, speaking into one of those abrupt silences at dinner, phrased the evening for the rest of them. She was talking to Jock, but they all heard.

"This gang"—her eyes flickered almost contemptuously up and down the glass-topped table—"what are they to each other anyway? The last stand of prewar flaming youth?" Then she was aware of the quiet into which her words had dropped, like pebbles into a still pool. "Oh, I'm sorry," she said. "I didn't mean—"

"You're not sorry, and you did mean to be fresh," said Jock, hugely amused. "You're that type of child, dear Alexandra. But it doesn't matter. We don't mind explaining ourselves to you and Mr. Alan Fortnum. It's a sort of reunion, planned by Eleanor. A nice little groupie



who knew each other 'way back when."  
 "When what?" asked Sandy curiously.  
 "You weren't all rolled in the same  
 prams, were you?"

"Oh, no," Jock continued with gentle irony. "But some ten years ago—don't let's be too accurate—Fran here was the leading lady in the high-school senior play; she talked like Katharine Cornell even then. And Tim Gilchrist was at Yale studying architecture. Your sister Eleanor was enamored of a lad named Terry Driscoll, now dead—until she met up with Richard, her present excellent husband. Lucretia was busily and well occupied, being beautiful. And I was learning to paint—daubing canvasses of the exquisite Lucretia—or Cree, as we called her. We were ambitious, aware; we set up impossible ideals to live toward; we talked a great deal about freedom—"

Sandy interrupted scornfully, "We don't just talk about it, my gang. We *are* free. It's simply a matter of choosing what you want out of life."

"Is it?" said Jock. "I wonder."

Cree came into the brief silence, carrying on his verbal picture of what they had called "the crowd."

"Our families lived here and belonged to the country club. Some were summer people, others year-rounders. None of us were rich, by New York standards, but we lived comfortably. A great deal was said about the depression, but it never depressed us much. We were too young, our lives were too—it's a stupid word and I hate to use it, but it's the only one I know that will quite express it—*glamorous*."

"Yeah," said Jock. "What a jolt it was, after the glamour, to slide around in the blood, sweat and tears."

Cree and he exchanged another long, significant look. (Oh, my darling, pounded out her heart, you're trying to rise from it, and you can't quite. That's why you sound so mocking and careless. That's why you came back from Mexico and started painting girls again . . .)

"If we must get down to dates," said Fran rather acidly, "that old tune 'Dancing in the Dark' might be called our theme song. Heaven knows, I always think of us when I hear it."

"Very apt," said Jock dryly.

"Speaking of dancing," said Eleanor a little breathlessly, feeling her party could conceivably get out of control, "there's a dance at the club tonight, if any of you think it might be fun."

"Oh, yes," spoke up Sandy eagerly. "Practically everybody will be there."

"Everybody young, she means," quipped Jock. "Sad, isn't it, that ten years are a generation to the teen-agers. We've reached that time of life when we sit back and weigh our twenties and wonder if we've been short-changed."

Sandy darted him a sulky look. "You're not so old, darling," she murmured.

They all concurred in the idea of trying out the Saturday night dance as long as it was amusing. When it ceased to be, they'd go to the beach for a late swim.

"Suppose you girls fix your faces," said Richard, "while I get the station wagon out. It'll hold us all."

"If we want to crowd up," said Sandy coldly. She had planned to drive to the club alone with Jock. She wanted to show him off to the girls and boys she'd played around with before she started modeling.

"It's more fun together," said Eleanor, disregarding Sandy's implacable look.

Up in the large chintz-hung bedroom shared by Eleanor and Richard, Fran Dana was tying her small dark head into a white jersey snood. Fran could hide all her hair and still look vivid and arresting.

Cree was starting a complete new make-up job.

"You don't mind, do you, Eleanor? I

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can do myself over in just a few moments."

"There's all the time in the world," said Eleanor gently, aware of why Cree was taking so much trouble to look fresh. Before Jock, Cree would hold as desperately to her beauty as the exhausted swimmer clings to the floating spar.

"You work too hard, Cree," said Frances impulsively, as if, just at that moment, she had seen Cree as she was. "You ought to take a good long vacation and put on a few pounds."

"And be forgotten?" Cree smiled faintly. "It doesn't take long for photographers to have a lapse of memory. Hundreds of new girls keep pouring into New York."

"I bet not one in a hundred can hold a candle to you, Cree," said Eleanor generously. That was true, too. The world was full of pretty girls, but Cree was a beautiful girl. The modeling of her face looked like the work of an unerring master hand. You could look at Cree tired and without make-up, and your breath would still catch in your throat.

Cree was dabbing on a peach-colored foundation with a tiny sponge.

"That looks like good stuff," said Fran with a technical interest. "Does it last?"

"Yes, but more important—it covers up lines," Cree's voice was bleak as she added. "Small lines, at least—for a while."

Eleanor tried to remember that Cree was a model, that her face was her living; but it was somehow frightening to hear that low note of defeat. Not Cree's defeat alone, but all women's.

"You said I could look at the children, please, Eleanor," said Cree when she was done. "Unless it will disturb them."

"No, they don't stir even when we switch on the light."

She led the way to the sleeping porch off the nursery where Ellie's and Dickie's beds were put in the summer. She turned on the dim night lamp.

Ellie slept on her face so that all you could see was a tangle of light brown curls and a small clenched fist. But Dickie's face was revealed, ruddy-brown with sun, his dark lashes making shadow arcs on the innocent curve of his cheeks.

"How lovely he is," breathed Cree.

"He's like Richard," said Eleanor proudly.

Frances and Cree stood looking at the sleeping little boy a long time. He's something I have that they haven't, Eleanor realized. They were successful career women; she was a housewife whose husband (she smiled faintly) thought she should liven herself up for the postwar world; but for this moment, at least, they were the ones who were envying her.

"Where's Sandy? Isn't she going with us?"

Eleanor hadn't noticed till then that Sandy had slipped away. She followed her to her room.

Sandy was reddening her already vivid lips with short, savage jabs of her lipstick. "What a pal!" she said angrily. "Didn't you think I might want to be alone with Jock?"

"Sandy, darling," pleaded Eleanor, "you must remember this is our party, Richard's and mine. You're not having a private date with Jock; you're a member of the group for the evening."

"I suppose that means I'm supposed to watch that slipping blonde give him long soulful glances," said Sandy bitterly. "She's old stuff—on the skids. Everyone knows it but her."

Eleanor felt a quiet impersonal anger. It was directed, not so much at Sandy as at all the contemptuous young.

"It's only fair to warn you that Jock was once very much in love with Cree Rumbold," she said, "and she's a beautiful woman. I wouldn't put too high a value on youth, Sandy, because it's here

today and gone tomorrow. If I were you, I'd take this opportunity of watching Jock among people his own age. You may find out things about him."

"I know Jock inside out," said the girl defensively. "I have no illusions about his being the marrying kind, but I'm practically certain I can make him fall in love with me."

Eleanor's anger faded, and pity took its place. "Oh, darling, if I could only warn you so that you'd really listen! In a year or two—perhaps sooner—you may meet someone exactly right for you, someone you'll want to marry. You have so much time, Sandy; you can so well afford to wait!" I just can't bear to have you run pell-mell into a situation which could only lead to regret.

"It's my life," cut in Sandy rebelliously. "The regrets would be mine, not yours."

"That's right, of course," Eleanor conceded. "But what I want you to do is think the thing all the way through, clear to the other side where you mightn't have Jock any more, only a collection of painful memories. Could you promise me that much, Sandy?"

"Sure."

Eleanor had to be satisfied with the cool hard little monosyllable; it was time to go.

THE OTHERS were all in the downstairs hall, waiting. Richard looked up and caught her eyes. Eleanor felt as though a hand had reached out and halted her. He looked so sparkingly alive, so aware. He was having a marvelous time with these people, whereas she was already sorry they had given the party. She couldn't seem to enter into the spirit of it.

Briskly, matter-of-factly, she said, "According to the almanac, there'll be a moon tonight." Deep down, she wondered if turning a group like this loose on a moon-drenched beach, after a dance, was anything but a screw-ball whimsey. They'd all have emotional hang-overs in the morning. That was only to be expected when you tried to turn time back.

CREE'S FIRST look into Jock's face had brushed the years away as though they were nothing, flies on marble, chiseled in another age. Through the tangle of her thoughts, the clear message kept coming to her heart; Darling, we were so wrong.

She knew she'd been a fool to goad Eleanor into giving such a party. She had called it curiosity, interest in old friends—everything but the inescapable fact that she had wanted to see Jock again, and this seemed the only way. The fresh torment of watching him with little Sandy Greer was a secondary consideration. She'd asked for it; now she must take it.

The club dance was well under way when the Waite dinner party arrived. Soon there was a little buzz of interest in Frances Dana's presence. Cree remembered, half sadly, when she had been noticed too—as a top-flight model whose face was familiar even to strangers. In a year or so, Sandy would be that sort of semi-celebrity; then as time went by, Sandy's star would be eclipsed and another's would rise. Sandy didn't guess that dim inevitable destiny now, of course; but someday she must. Cree, to whom the someday had already come, wondered if Sandy would accept it with any better grace than she.

Girls could take it better when they were married. A husband and children cushioned the shock. That was no new idea; Cree had known it years ago, yet somehow she could never quite make up her mind to marry. If she'd been just a little more realistic—if she'd conceded that perhaps, in every woman's life, there was the one unforgettable love, the person you ached for at odd moments, be-



tween the scenes of your current dramas or behind the wings, times when you were especially low, other times when you were skimming along on your small triumphs . . . If she'd conceded that, and gone on from there—as many women do—if she'd sought out the warmth of a fireside and relegated Jock's face to memory! Why hadn't she? Why couldn't it have been merely a face she saw when a love scene in a movie or play stirred her, or when she heard nostalgic music, or smelled burning autumn leaves?

With a pang of uncontrollable envy, Cree watched Eleanor dancing with her husband. Ten years ago Eleanor Greer had been the typical nice well-brought-up girl, pretty, sweet (nothing like her sister Sandy); she'd never taken any chances, never laid herself open to hurt. She'd married the most stable boy in their crowd and lived a planned, satisfactory life. Even the war hadn't touched the Waites. Eleanor was still the ideal wife—1946 suburban model. Undoubtedly she read the most talked-of books, saw the season's two or three outstanding plays and kept up with current events. Cool and sweet, that was Eleanor . . .

If I asked her, thought Cree, she'd say to go ahead and marry Tim and make something of my life. She'd be right, too.

Tim, as though he had seen his own name flashed on Cree's consciousness, said, "Look, Cree, why don't we get out of here? It's a pretty dismal attempt to drum up some old excitement."

Cree knew he was watching Fran and her cut-ins on the dance floor—Fran in the spotlight of her professional success.

If you can't take watching her for one evening, Tim, she thought, we won't have a very bright future.

She said aloud, "Let's see it through just this once, Tim."

She knew he understood, though he was quiet beside her.

The Waites came back, and Eleanor sat with Tim while Cree danced with Richard.

Over Richard's shoulder, Cree caught sight of Sandy being cut in on by a tall boy with a crew haircut. That would release Jock to come to her—if he wanted to come. She found herself praying in the deepest stratum of her mind: Let him seek me out one more time. The fire had burned for her once; was any spark of it left?

A man touched Richard's arm lightly, but it wasn't Jock.

"Oh, hello," she said in a gay voice.

"Hello," said Alan Fortnum. "You looked like someone gentle I could talk to; do you mind?"

"About Fran, you mean? No, I don't mind."

"Tonight's got me a little confused," he went on smoothly. "I feel as though I'd walked in on something. It seems to be a sort of play, only unrehearsed, with no intermissions between the acts. And for once, I'm the audience, not the angel."

"Really?" said Cree, wondering how much he knew about Fran.

"Yes, really," said Alan, his smile making a white line in the even brownness of his face. "First, Fran rejects an invitation for the week end at Southampton, though I happen to know she was anxious enough to scheme for it. Then she drags me out here to meet a group of people she admits she hasn't seen for years. Which one is the man?"

"Does there have to be any particular man?" parried Cree.

"Where Fran is concerned, there does," he said cynically. "But usually there's a Broadway or Hollywood tie-up, and I can't see any around here. Don't you know actresses, my child? They're always charming but aggressive; they know how

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to look out for themselves. And they do."

"I bet you do, too," said Cree impulsively, then flushed at her own rudeness. He laughed. "Nice jab."

She hadn't meant to jab at him. Actually, she rather liked him. He was younger than the rest of them, and she felt his knowing cynicism was a defense barricade. "You have a lot of money, haven't you?" she said gently. "And you've met a lot of people who've tried to cut themselves a hunk?"

"Can't blame them for trying."

"Well, you're safe here," said Cree. "All of us are more success-mad than money-mad. It's a community where people 'do things.'"

"I know," he said. "They write or act or paint—and look down their noses at guys who clip coupons."

Cree heard the bitterness in his voice. "What is it you really want to do?" she asked curiously. "And why don't you do it? You're young, rich, the world's yours."

"I like the theater," he said. "Everything about it from the smell of grease paint to the excitement of rushing for the notices after opening night. But I can't write, and I can't act. So I back plays."

"And get your picture taken at night clubs," put in Cree.

"Yeah."

His dissatisfaction with himself touched Cree on a chord of mutual understanding. He had come to her probably on an involuntary instinct because she wasn't very happy about life either.

"What's your name, Miss Rumbold—Cree, isn't it? Well, look, Cree—you still haven't told me which of these men Fran used to love?"

"I doubt if Fran ever really loved any of them."

"Change the definition then," he said brusquely. "Make it attraction, or sex, or whatever it went by in your crowd. But there was somebody, once."

"Yes," said Cree, "but since I am likely to marry the man you mean, it's a bit hurtful to my pride to admit which one he is. Not that pride is very important; it's just more comfortable to keep it warm and covered-up."

"Oh," said Alan, "I'm sorry. I didn't know Gilchrist was—"

"That's all right. It was a long time ago. Tim was a paratrooper during the war, and after that, he spent a year in Walter Reed Hospital. He lost his right leg and quite a few of his old fixations, I think—but he gained courage and perspective. Altogether, he's quite a guy."

"Do you love him?" asked Alan.

Cree didn't have to answer that, because Jock—as she had known he must if she willed it long enough—cut in.

"We seem to have played this scene before," he observed.

"Don't be a bright young man, Jock," she murmured. "I've just run through some repartee with Mr. Fortnum. I'm tired of tossing back the right answers."

"We won't talk at all," he agreed and held her tighter. They danced wrapped in a warm silence of shared memory.

FRANCES DONA had realized early in the evening that her fiancé intended to do some serious drinking. No one else would have guessed it. Alan seldom betrayed himself by word or gesture. But Fran knew.

During his second visit to the bar, she got rid of her current dance partner by going to powder her nose. Then she walked back into the ballroom and went to where Tim Gilchrist was sitting.

"What's the matter, Tim?" she asked. "You look definitely misanthropic."

"I'm tired," he replied coolly, "and now and then it's amusing to sit and look on."

"Since we haven't seen each other for

years, I had rather expected you to ask me to dance," she said tentatively.

"Can't." His voice was unemotional. "My right leg's a phony, and I haven't quite mastered dancing on it yet. They tell me I'll be able to with practice."

Fran turned white. "Tim, I *didn't* know! No one told me. I'm so sorry!"

He grinned with almost his old mischievous aplomb. "It's okay. You can omit flowers, Fran. And as for that business of not having seen each other for years, that's not true. I saw you during the war in an Army base hospital where you were entertaining." His face grew abruptly sober. "You didn't see me, Fran. I was only one of the guys in the wheel-chair brigade. You graciously put a little glamour in our lives for a couple of hours."

She said helplessly, "Oh, Tim, why didn't you let me know you were there?"

"With my leg shot off? No, ma'am. That was long before I knew how well one could get around on these woodpeckers' delights. Anyway, you were busy. That was Lowell Wingate's year, remember?"

"I never cared for Lowell Wingate!"

"You gave a pretty damn good imitation," retorted Tim.

"He was a great actor. He helped me, gave me pointers on my work."

"Sure," said Tim. "He was one of them—one of the men who've given you your boosts up. Well, now you're at the top, who is there for you to kick? Fortnum?"

Fran looked at him, unbelieving. "You didn't say that, did you? That's not you, Tim."

"Not the big old watchdog you remember—that nice comfortable doormat you used to rest your feet on. This is the new Tim." He laughed. "Like me better?"

"No, less," she said angrily. "I'm sorry about your leg, but that doesn't give you any excuse for turning nasty."

"None," he said serenely, "it sure doesn't. I'm lucky to be alive and walking. It's just my naturally nasty disposition."

As Fran walked away, he could see the tense line of her fine broad shoulders. She was furious with him and, he surmised, with herself. He knew she'd be back when she thought of some sufficiently crushing answers to his accusations. She was probably going to find Fortnum and have her ego stroked.

ELEANOR WAITE looked despairingly on the remnants of her dinner party. Fran had quarrelled with Tim Gilchrist; Alan Fortnum was off drinking alone—she had sent Richard to find him; Cree was dancing with Jock (lovely, except that she might be riding for another fall); Sandy was in a vicious temper dictated by jealousy.

She wished the dance would break up, so she and Richard could say good-by to their guests and leave.

She was never sure just whose idea it was to go to the Wampum Beach after the dance. She suspected Jock. He had a natural flair for sardonic mischief.

No one backed out in case it might seem faintheartedness to the others.

"Well," said Frances as they all piled out of the station wagon, "same cast, same props." She made an eloquent dramatic gesture which included the moon, the water, the sand.

"The bathhouses are closed at this hour," Richard reminded them. "But we can break in, of course."

Eleanor said nervously, "Do we have enough suits?"

"Someone can borrow mine," said Sandy in a cool, brittle young voice. "I'm all girded for the fray." She laughed, and with a quicksilver movement of her right hand released two zippers. Her vivid sarong-like evening dress fell in a little pool on the sand, and she was revealed



in a scrap of lastex maillot which fitted like a second skin. "Don't gasp; they came together," she said calmly for Eleanor's startled benefit. "The designer calls it his Bathing-Evening Ensemble. The only hitch is, you have to dry off before you zip the dress back on."

"Simply mad fun," Frances, who liked novelty, pronounced.

The men grinned.

Cree, her lovely face imperturbable, said quietly, "I have a bathhouse here if someone will climb in and open it."

"It won't be the first time," said Jock.

She flushed deeply and said nothing.

He added in a low voice, just behind her on the boardwalk, "Doesn't this bring back any memories, Cree?"

"It might," she answered composedly, "except that I'm used to this beach. I come quite often."

"Late at night?" he teased.

"Occasionally."

"Do you live in the same grandiose colonial house?" he asked her. "I imagine your father left it to you."

"Yes," she said, "but alone now, except for a huge tortoise-shell cat. I have a cleaning woman, and I'm fussy about dust. I don't let people drop ashes on the rugs. Anything else you want to know?"

"Quite a lot. I'm interested in the effect success has on people, on beautiful young women especially!"

"Why not talk about you? Your success has been far more meteoric. Has it been fun? You look as though it had."

They had dropped behind the others.

"I do myself nicely," he said without expression. "I have a Filipino house boy who cooks superbly, and"—he smiled—"never, never dusts! I drop ashes on my rugs as a salute to freedom. I have beautiful models, most of whom dislike me."

"Sandy must be the exception," said Cree dryly.

"Perhaps so," he said. "But in general I seem to work them too hard and expect too much of them. My first model, you see, had a certain quality of repose I've never found since. She could sit for hours without moving. She could look beautiful and thoughtful, both gentle and wise. Doubtless that was a trick of her facial muscles, but it did rather spoil me."

"Yet you've done well without her."

"Have I?"

The unforgotten sentences, in their younger voices, trooped across Cree's mind: "You say I'm beautiful, Jock, but if I am, it's no credit to me. It's merely a useful asset, like money, or intelligence, or talent. It isn't important in itself—not like—love, for instance." And the boy's voice had replied: "It depends on what you do with it. Don't waste it. *Make it get you things and take you places.*"

She had put the weapon in his hand. She wanted to marry; she'd made that pitifully clear to him. He didn't, he'd been very honest from the beginning. But, unwarned, she had handed him her love—and, love being a sort of sword, the first move he had made had been to turn it against her. Not with deliberate cruelty, but it had been turned all the same.

Not again, she thought, scarcely breathing: never again.

He said musingly, "Funny, isn't it, Cree, for us to be here at this same beach, not in each other's arms, but sitting on our little separate pinnacles talking about success."

The heart in her breast was crying out wildly, "What success? You may have a pinnacle to sit on, but I haven't. All I have is a thousand dollars in the bank, a house I can't really afford to live in, and a career that's slipping away from me."

Pride kept her voice firm as she said, "That must be what it is to grow older."

Sandy, who had gone ahead to get her

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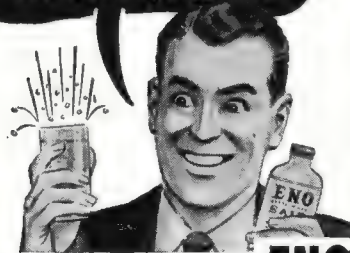


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spare bathing suit to lend Frances, sauntered back. When Cree looked at her, so young, so sure of herself, it gave her a gone feeling at the pit of her stomach.

"Cigarette, darling?" the girl asked Jock.

He gave her one and as he held the match to the tip, she put her small tanned hand deliberately, possessively, on his. Her eyes met Cree's. Cold as agates, they said: "Stay away from him. He's mine."

Jock looked warily at Sandy. There was no doubt—there never had been—of her rather earthy attraction for him. She fed his ego in a way few men could resist. But, from an amusing little protégé, she had turned into a fiery, insistent young woman, and it was occasionally hard to remember that she was the Waites' kid sister and hence not to be trifled with. He thought for the hundredth time: She ought to be married to one of those GI student-veterans, living in a trailer on a campus with him, cooking, sewing, washing shirts. That would be one way for her to get a grip on life as it is.

Aloud he said, to bridge the awkward gap, "You two girls must meet often at the agency or out on call, don't you?"

"No, we don't," said Sandy, "but I haven't been modeling very long."

She had succeeded perfectly in implying that Cree was a back number, and Jock was annoyed with her. She could be a brat when the mood struck.

He said, deliberately patronizing, "You'll get around more as you grow up, little one."

Her stricken eyes threw him for a moment, but only for a moment. The evening was beginning to seem nightmarish. Eleanor shouldn't have let Sandy come with them at all; the kid was too young. You couldn't throw her into a group ten to fifteen years older and expect her to keep her head and her temper.

With childlike defiance, she thrust her arm through his. "Jock," she murmured, as if Cree's presence were to be ignored, "why don't we plan our costumes for the Halsted's barn dance? I'd like to wear something more imaginative than blue jeans."

Eleanor came to the rescue then. "Sandy, can you find a cap for Fran? And, Jock, they want you to climb up on Tim's shoulders—you're the lightest—and scale the wall into one of the bathhouses."

"Okay," he said, glad of the interruption. "These two career women are getting me down. You've never wanted a career, have you, Eleanor? If not, Richard's a darn lucky guy."

"Heavens, no." But, feeling Cree's wistful eyes, Eleanor added hurriedly, "But if I'd had any special talents, I'd have wanted to develop them. Any woman would."

"I don't really want a career either," flung out Sandy. "Modeling is only fun for a while. I'd get horribly sick of it if I did it for years and years."

Cree said with quiet gentleness, "You get sick of any work, I think. But if you find it necessary to earn your own living, you go on somehow or other. Of course, you're a child, Sandy, and I wouldn't expect you to understand such a disagreeable word as necessity."

"Not bad, Cree, not bad at all," said Jock in an amused voice as he went to join the men. He left his first and latest model standing there—with twelve years stretched impalpably between them.

Eleanor went with him. Cree and Sandy were entirely alone.

"I have to change," said Cree. "Wait a minute. I'm sorry for those cracks I took at you," said Sandy abruptly. "It's just—I'm so mad about him I don't know what I'm saying."

Cree hesitated. An emotional scene would drag her down even further into

despair, and her looks wouldn't stand it. She can have him, she realized with a tightening of her throat. She can have him as she can have anything she wants, by keeping on trying. She's young enough to wait for as long as it takes to win.

Cree had a superstitious feeling that some people were predestined for success. They were courageous; they could push and shove and not mind being pushed about themselves; they'd laugh into the teeth of adversity till it melted away. Sandy belonged to that membership.

"You had your chance at him long ago," said Sandy, half angry, half pleading. "I don't see what good it does to rake up a lot of moth-eaten memories."

"No," said Cree quietly. "You're right, it's no good at all."

Sandy went on in an uneasy voice, "All this namby-pamby talk tonight about these people's youth before the war sort of threw me. I don't care what happened before the war. I'm young now; I want Jock now. With or without marriage, it doesn't matter."

"You'll find it does, Sandy," said Cree. "Believe me, it still offers the only security possible to a woman."

She thought gratefully of Tim. He had offered her that security in spite of his own bitter knowledge that he couldn't quite forget Fran. To give up Tim would be to give up her last chance at the kind of life she wanted.

She felt a sudden longing for the reassurance of his presence. "Excuse me, please, Sandy. I want to get into a suit."

THE MEN were out on the beach by the time the girls had all finished changing. Sandy, in her maillot, hadn't needed to change, but she drifted along aimlessly with the others, listening to the small talk . . . But on the beach she dropped all pretense at feminine chitchat and went directly to Jock's side.

"I'll race you to the breakwater!" "Deep water is scarcely a joy to me, Sandy," said Jock. "Remember?"

"Oh, phooey, what's one shipwreck? You ought to take long swims to get your nerve back."

"Short swims do me nicely, thanks."

Alan Fortnum looked with interest at the voluptuous young figure poised at the water's edge. "I'll race you, kid," he said. "But watch out for me. I was on the swimming team at college."

Eleanor said anxiously to Richard, "Do you think it's all right to let them go so far out at night without a lifeguard?"

"The only danger in a night like this," cut in Jock cynically, "is in getting moon-burned."

Moon-burned. Cree saw that Jock was smiling, but it was an uneasy smile.

He said, "I think I could use some of that stuff you brought in the car, Richard. Mind if I get myself a drink?"

Richard rose at once. "I'll get it. Eleanor and I will set up a bar on the large flat rock, and you can all gather round for liquid refreshment when you need it."

Fran and Tim, Jock and Cree, were left there in a silent foursome. Far away, they could hear the voices of Alan and Sandy calling to each other as they swam.

"The kids are real water babies, aren't they?" observed Jock.

"Let's swim, too," said Fran quickly. "Who's game for the nearest float?"

She gave Tim a questioning look. He hadn't taken off his white duck slacks yet, but he was nude from the waist up.

"Sure you can stand swimming with old pegleg?" A cold sweat stood out on his forehead as he kicked off the ducks.

Cree watched with comprehending sympathy. She knew what it had cost Tim to swim at this beach for the first



time. She had been here; but this would be the first experience for Fran.

"Excuse me," said Tim, grinning stiffly, "while I take off my leg."

Fran rose to the challenge with superb indifference. "I imagine you're a better athlete with one leg than most men with two."

"Aw, I bet you say that to all the peg-legs!" But Tim's bad moment was over. He calmly unstrapped his artificial limb, laid it on the discarded slacks, and hopped down to the water's edge in his brief woolen swim trunks. Fran, a slim white wraith in her borrowed suit, followed him.

When the swimmers were well offshore, Jock said in a low voice, "He's game! Gamer than I am. I'm ashamed, Cree, but I have a sickening fear of the water at night. I tried to overcome it while I was in Mexico—there was a beach at Acapulco where I spent a lot of time—but I couldn't."

"You will in time," said Cree calmly. "Tim couldn't stand taking off that leg at first. He made himself almost physically sick imagining how the people around him must feel."

"But he was embarrassed, not scared," pointed out Jock, "I'm half-terrified, I can plunge in and get wet in the daytime, but I never want to go in over my head."

"Make yourself do it some time," suggested Cree. "Then the fixation will leave you. Besides, you're whole—Tim isn't."

"You see a lot of Tim, don't you?" Jock asked abruptly.

"He's only been released from the hospital a few months."

"You're evading," he commented. "Why? You and Tim came to the party together. You both live out here. I can see it would be a natural except for—"

"Except for what?" asked Cree coolly.

"You don't love each other."

She felt a quick anger at him for touching her on a secret sore spot. "You couldn't know that," she said sharply, "You're only being smart."

"Am I? Remember, Cree, I know Tim well, but I know you even better."

"That's absurd. You knew me once, when I was a youngster. The woman I am now is a total stranger to you."

"You could never be a stranger," he said with a gentleness unlike him. "A series of pictures of you have run through my mind tonight. What a funny little fifteen-year-old you were, Cree—in a short tight dress, your mouth smeared into an exaggerated imitation of Joan Crawford's, your hair like a blond poodle's... Then, by eighteen, you'd learned your own type. You were smooth, serene, almost heartbreakingly beautiful. That was the time I began my first portrait of you. I still have it, and it's still unfinished."

He had touched an old bitterness, which made her wince inside. "You could have finished it, Jock," she reminded him. "You didn't want to—because you didn't want the model."

"I wanted the model very badly—if impermanently," he corrected her. "Being young and inexperienced, I felt my freedom was being challenged, and I valued freedom more than anything else in the universe. I was going to be a great artist. He laughed. "That sounds funny now."

"Not so very. You've done well, Jock."

"I've made money. That's not quite the same thing."

"Money's nice to have," she observed. "You should know. You must have salted away quite a lot of it yourself."

She thought wryly: He ought to see my mink coat with all the rubbed places I can't afford to have fixed over the summer; and the spots on the wallpaper in my room where the roof leaked last spring; and the stack of bills in my desk

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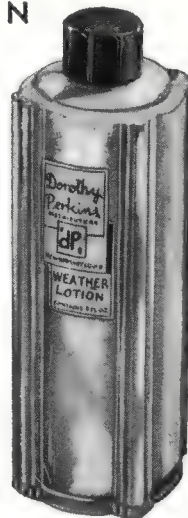
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"I'd like to feel you'd forgiven me for that night on the Forge Road," he said. "Just for the record?" she murmured ironically. "Well, Jock, perhaps you took it all too seriously. Perhaps your running out was unnecessary. Have you ever thought of that?"

He flushed slightly. "I didn't intend to hurt you," he said.

"You didn't. How old were we, twenty-one? Hurts aren't permanent at that age."

"Mine was."

She looked curiously at him. He couldn't mean . . .

"Cree," he went on hurriedly, "even if I didn't harm you, I hurt myself. On and off, at odd moments, all my life since, I've had a conviction of failure. Failing at a decent fine human relationship marks one. There's an aftermath of self-contempt which can't be dodged."

"Is there?" she said carefully, her heart pounding. "I don't know why, Jock. There were no consequences. I never gave you any trouble. I never ran after you."

"No, you were proud," he said, "as you still are. The difference is, you loved me then, Cree. I know how you are when you love; that's why I can be so sure you don't love Tim. It was the best and most beautiful thing that ever happened to me—or ever could. I couldn't know its rarity when I threw it away."

"When did you know?"

"In the water—when the ship was sunk," he said quietly. "I thought—how I'd lost something precious when I failed before, and how I stood to lose my life if I failed then."

"Yet you never came to me when the war was over," she said levelly. "You went to Mexico to paint."

"I'd lost my nerve," Jock answered. "I was as afraid to come near you as I am to go into this water in the dark."

"I find that hard to believe, Jock."

"It's true. Believe me, Cree. I've never forgotten you. There've been girls in my life, yes, right on down to little Sandy Greer; but never anyone supremely important to me, except you."

"Why are you telling me these things?" "Perhaps because it's dark, and I've mustered up the courage."

"The gay insouciant Jock Riley—turning shy!" she murmured ironically.

Yet the incredible memory of the young Jock returned to her. There had been a time when he had been an awkward, intense youth who had stood outside her house at night, without coming up on the porch to ring the bell. She had thought once that he was afraid of her father and had teased him about it; but he had said it was she herself who affected him that way.

"It's because you're so beautiful, Cree. You scare me. The whole idea of beauty scares me. I can't bear to think of its changing, fading into nothing."

"Cree"—the low voice of the man beside her flowed on—"when I admit I was wrong, can't you be big enough to believe me, even if you can't forgive me?"

"Yes," she said quietly, "I believe you." He caught her slender cold hand in his, but she leaned away, unwilling for him to take her in his arms.

She must be careful of the feeling he evoked; she mustn't let herself go. Because he had poured balm on an old hurt was no reason for sustaining a new one at his hands. She couldn't afford to be a victim of Jock's mercurial impulses.

"Why won't you?" he said. "Haven't I the power to move you any more?"

"I'm less impressionable, Jock—and the

moon is an old story at our age, isn't it?"

"No," he said. "You don't believe that. You're hoarding, Cree. You don't dare feel an honest emotion for fear it might put a tiny line in that beautiful smooth face of yours. You didn't even take a cocktail at dinner. I could see the thought scurrying through your mind: Alcohol is the enemy of a woman's looks. Well, you've stayed lovely, but you're a phantom; there's something unreal about you."

Flicked by the sting of his honesty, she said, "I do dare! I'm not afraid to kiss you or any man, Jock."

Her mouth met his in a combined surge of anger and desire.

Presently their arms held each other in a tense, endless embrace . . . They ceased to hear the voices talking out on the float, or the sound of the waves breaking near them. The crunch of Richard's and Eleanor's feet on the sand escaped them, too. The Waites tactfully by-passed them.

They set up their bar on a farther rock. "Hear ye, hear ye," called Richard's voice cheerfully. "Gather round, anyone who wants a drink."

Cree drew herself out of Jock's arms. She ran her fingers through her tumbled blond hair. "Let's have a drink," she said a little breathlessly.

Jock followed her in silence.

As Richard handed them their paper cups, Jock raised his toward Cree, looking her directly in the eyes, and said, "To my first model."

Cree smiled and made no reply. Words she couldn't utter flung themselves in a tight chain around her heart: "To my first—and only—lover." But her eyes met Jock's without evasion.

Eleanor, sensing the importance of the moment to the two people beside her, made polite small talk which required no answers.

"I wonder if those two on the float are having one of their pitched battles," Richard observed. "Don't you hear Fran's dramatic voice waxing more dramatic?"

"I like it," said Eleanor gaily. "It brings back old times. Besides, it's good for Tim to argue. He's quieter than he used to be; perhaps he needs stirring up." She looked cautiously at Cree then, to see if she minded. But Cree was still lost in a dream.

"Why don't we have a dip ourselves, Richard?"

"And leave the bar unattended?"

"I'll be bartender," offered Jock.

The Waites vanished as silently as they had come, leaving Jock and Cree on the flat rock, still looking at each other.

FRANCES sat beside Tim on the float in the darkness, careful to keep her eyes averted from the stump where his right leg had been.

"What's the matter with Hollywood, Fran?" he asked her suddenly. "Haven't they gotten on your trail yet?"

She flushed because "Hollywood" had once been the key word between them. It was, as much as anything else, the dim possibility of Hollywood in the future which had kept the rising young actress of "October Night" and the struggling young winner of the Prix de Rome apart. Tim could take her stage success in his stride, or pretend to, especially since he was one of the few depression architects to land a regular salaried job. But what he couldn't take, in Fran, was the silent restlessness, the ceaseless struggle to get places—to Hollywood in particular.

"Where are you living, Tim?"

"In the house I built in 1938 for us. It makes rather luxurious bachelor quarters. But aren't you changing the subject, Fran? I asked about your career."

"I can imagine how much interested you are in my career!" she flung at him. "No, I haven't had a movie offer, since

you ask, Tim. I don't screen well. Fortunately, there are plenty of stage parts. I'm reading some now. Alan wants to back a play for me in the fall."

"When are you getting married?"

"We haven't set a date yet."

"You never do," he said pointedly.

"I don't like your implication. Naturally, Alan and I would prefer to wait till rehearsals are over and the play opens."

"And then you wouldn't want to try combining a honeymoon with the responsibilities of a starring rôle in a hit show," Tim continued. "Wouldn't it be best to wait till its run is over and then have a long rest on a beach somewhere?" Only, by that time, the bride might have her mind set on a new play."

"You don't believe I intend to marry, do you?" said Frances angrily. "You think that because you and I always quarreled about my work, all men are equally incomprehending!"

"I think most men are human," corrected Tim. "They like to feel that their wives would put them first if any conflict arose."

"Alan has never asked me to leave the theater, so there isn't any conflict."

"Has he asked you to make a home for him, to bear his children?" asked Tim. After a pause, he said, "I thought not. You'll be a beautiful showpiece, Alan Fortnum's famous wife. You'll make him feel more of a professional entrepreneur, less a dilettante. He's a rich lad who's never done anything in his life. But he'll have a vicarious thrill of achievement if his wife has. He's literally hitching his wagon to a star. It looks pretty bright and scintillating after a long messy war—I assume he was in the war?"

"Yes, I met him in Italy." Fran's voice rose. "Why do you try to make everything sound so rotten for me, Tim? Don't you want me to have a successful life?"

"There are several definitions of success—for a woman," Tim parried. "The kind I offered you once was supposed to be a tried and true formula: A real home, not a place to rest up between plays and hoped-for trips to Hollywood; a home in which the children live with a resident mother, and which the father expects to support . . . That sounded old-fashioned to you, Frances. 'Stuffy,' I think was the word you used."

"I was frightened by permanence, Tim—and angry because you turned down what I offered."

"Freedom," Tim quoted cynically.

"We were so young and modern and sophisticated, Fran. Freedom didn't mean a social and political system to us then; it meant license to do whatever we liked—short of hurting others. But we seldom considered the possibility of doing a hurt and injustice to ourselves."

"You did," she said. "You were cautious enough to consider—everything."

"I wanted you for keeps—or not at all, Fran. I wanted a relationship—practically impossible to achieve outside of marriage—in which there would be absolute loyalty; in which we'd look to each other for passion, affection, comradeship; in which no other person, no other concept, could count—then or ever. I wanted all that—or nothing. So I got nothing."

"You wanted me to toss aside the things I'd struggled for years to win!" she accused him. "To stop acting when it was like stopping breathing, Tim! Architecture was your work; acting was mine. But you wouldn't see that. You wouldn't even listen to a compromise."

"Some women are able to achieve compromise, but you aren't, Fran. What you do you do with your whole heart and soul. Maybe that's the explanation of your success. Anyway it's a clear indication that you couldn't marry with one



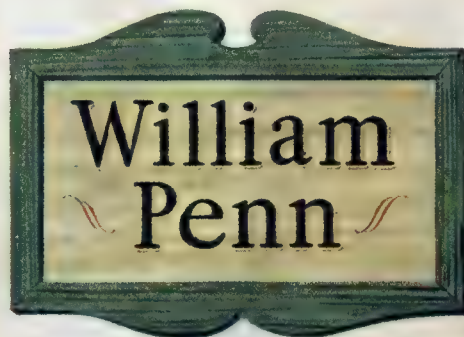


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eye on the stage—and make it work.”

“Alan wouldn’t agree with you,” she said stubbornly.

“Because he wants a legalized affair with you, not marriage.”

She began a hot retort, but Tim cut into her words. “Don’t bother being angry at me. You’re Frances Dona, remember? You made your choice of your own free will, and you’re strong enough to stick by it. What the ‘little people’ say doesn’t matter. Pretend it’s the buzzing of a mosquito.” He grinned at her, looking almost like the old Tim.

“Only—you’re not little, Tim,” she said. “Compared to a successful actress and a theater tycoon, I’m nothing, nobody. I’m starting all over again in my profession; I’ve even accepted the commission for a French farmhouse while counting myself a modernist! But I have to eat, you see. Come, Fran, don’t let me get you down. I’m not worth it.”

“Then stop grinning at me.” He pretended to wipe his face into sobriety.

Suddenly Frances said, “I’m rather curious to see your house. Could we ask Richard to drive by it on the way home?”

“Sure, but why?”

“It might be amusing to see how it turned out—how much it follows the idea of it I had from the blueprints.”

“It needs some paint,” Tim said. “But otherwise it’s rather slick. The fireplace has attracted some attention. And the master bedroom with its own roof deck was photographed for a magazine.”

“Good for you, Tim. How do we know you’re not the Frank Lloyd Wright of the postwar world?”

“We don’t.”

They heard the two zealous swimmers, Sandy and Alan Fortnum, puffing back from the breakwater.

“Had your exercise, dear?” asked Fran sweetly as they swam alongside.

Alan pulled up on the float. “That’s some swim for an old man at this time of night,” he said, shaking water from his ears. He held out a hand to Sandy and jerked her up beside them.

“You’re not an old man!” she said.

“Thank you, kid.”

“I bet you’re not over twenty-five.” “As a matter of record, I’m twenty-five and a half,” said Alan.

Fran and Tim maintained a discreet silence. Then Tim said as if the inspiration had just hit him, “Have any of you heard the tinkle of ice on shore? Something tells me drinks are waiting.”

With a lithe movement he slid into the water and struck out for the beach.

“Race you,” shouted the indefatigable Sandy, diving after him.

“The kid can really plough through water,” observed Alan admiringly. “It was all I could do to keep up with her.”

“She’s attractive, but hard as nails,” said Frances. “Alan, wait here a moment. I want to ask you something.”

He drew up close beside her and threw a wet arm across her shoulders.

Fran wiggled away impatiently. “No, Alan, I want to talk, not make love.”

“Why not both?”

“Not now. Think a minute before you answer this: Have you ever had any idea of my giving up the stage after we’re married?”

“Good Lord, no,” said Alan promptly. “What put that in your head? Has Gilchrist been suggesting I had designs for stymying your career?”

“It has nothing to do with anything Tim said. I just wanted to know.”

“Fran, you know I’m proud of your success! Anyway, I’m as interested in the theater as you are. I can’t imagine our having a life together outside it. You’re hardly the domestic type, are you,

sweet? And I’m no home boy myself.”

“No,” said Frances quietly. “No, you aren’t, Alan. What about children? Are we planning to have any?”

“Oh, sometime maybe,” he said uncomfortably. “But not for a few years so far as I’m concerned. Unless”—he looked at her questioning—“have you a thwarted maternal impulse, Fran?”

“Hardly.”

“I’ve never thought of you in that rôle, somehow. You’re so vital, so exciting. I can’t see you as a placid mamma-type in a nursery of kids.”

“I can’t see myself there,” said Frances thoughtfully. “But sometimes we don’t see ourselves very clearly, Alan.”

“You do. You know where you’re going and you know what it takes—and, baby, what it takes you’ve got!”

Alan crowded in on her, his eager lips searching her face and throat.

“Don’t—please,” she said.

“What’s the matter with you tonight, Fran? Maybe you need a drink?”

“Maybe.” She stood and dived cleanly off the float.

“Hey, wait for me.”

As they walked, dripping, across the sand, the excitement of the others struck their consciousness at once. Richard Waite was beaming; Eleanor looked half-radiant and half-scared. Jock and Cree were obviously holding hands, and with his other hand, Jock raised a paper cup high.

“Now that we’re all here,” he said, “I invite you to drink to the most beautiful girl in America—and then get into your clothes, but fast, and help us rout some worthy people out of bed so we can get married, tonight!”

“Hear, hear!” said Richard.

“Why, Cree,” said Frances, amazed, “How wonderful! None of us guessed—”

“I didn’t guess myself,” murmured Cree, her face pink with happiness.

“I don’t believe in telling women these things till the last minute,” remarked Jock. “Keeps them from getting attacks of nerves.”

Tim went straight to Cree and kissed her cheek warmly. “I’m all for you, Cree.” “Thank you, Tim.” She looked him in the eyes. “I knew you would be.”

No one except Eleanor noticed Sandy’s desperate young face. When the others had gone to dress, she tagged behind to speak to her. “Sandy,” she whispered, her throat tight with compassion.

“Go away,” was Sandy’s choked-up answer.

There was a silence, with Eleanor standing by; then a gulp of despair and Sandy said, “Oh, what’s the use? You know I’m not having fun being the loser.”

“You mustn’t feel you’ve lost something, darling,” said Eleanor. “You never had it, Sandy. It existed only in your mind. Jock had kept his dream of Cree all these years, and while that dream was whole it couldn’t be blotted out by you or any other woman.”

“Yet she’s not young any more,” said Sandy in a wondering voice, “and heaven knows she’s on the skids as a model. I should think Jock would realize—”

“Jock knows,” said Eleanor, “but it doesn’t make any difference to him. Why should it, when he’s in love with her? Remember, Sandy, when a man truly loves a woman, he not only wants to take care of her but to protect her pride, too.”

“I guess so,” Sandy’s voice was small and forlorn. “Pride is important. I’ll have to see to mine by myself.”

“That’s better, darling. Don’t let him know.”

“I don’t want to watch them getting married!”

“You must,” said Eleanor firmly. “You’ve been in on this party all evening. Stick

it out to the end, Sandy. You’ll be glad.”

“All right.” The girl’s whisper was no more than a breath. “But please don’t leave me, Eleanor.”

Time rolled back for Eleanor then. It was strange to see Sandy young and bewildered again, as vulnerable to life as a blind kitten in a box. She remembered the day their parents were killed in a car smashup and her small sister was given into her care. She had meant to do her best for Sandy, and she had tried; but Richard had warned her over and over again that neither of them had the power to seal her into an emotional vacuum, protect her from all disappointments. Sandy must live her life and get her heart broken, or at least cracked, until she too had evolved a philosophy.

She thrust her arm through Sandy’s and pulled her toward the bathhouses. “Let’s get our faces fixed, shall we?”

Alan Fortnum was already dressed and lounging on the lifeguards’ bench in front. He gave Sandy a long, low whistle. “You’re as good on the beach as you are in the water, youngster.”

Sandy, always perfectly at ease with expensive-looking young men, said coolly, “Thanks, brother. I like your build, too.”

That he was Fran Dona’s fiancé increased his stature in her eyes. Besides, she’d read about him in the gossip columns. Though the Fortnums were a quiet and seldom-publicized old New York family, Alan ran with the pack. He and Fran were of that group known to Sandy and millions of others as the “café set.”

Eleanor smiled faintly because it was so easy for her to trace Sandy’s thought patterns. She’d want to get a toe hold on the stage, now that modeling had suddenly lost its savor.

“Since you and I seem to be the strangers in this gang,” said Sandy, “why don’t we take down our hair and say what we really think of them?”

Alan looked amused. “Why don’t we?”

Eleanor made her exit. “I’m cold and want my clothes on. So you can hash me while I’m dressing.”

“I have to dry off,” said Sandy.

“So that you can zip on. That is quite an outfit. What the well-dressed young lady will wear to a two A.M. wedding.”

“I think elopements at their age are corny,” offered Sandy scornfully.

“They tell me sex still rears its ugly head at thirty,” said Alan.

“We wouldn’t know, would we?”

“We can only suspect. Since neither of us were members of the wild younger set at Wampum Beach in the prewar era, we’ll have to stretch our imaginations.”

“Do you think it’s worth it?” said Sandy suddenly. “I mean, they’re all trying so hard to recapture the glamour, and it’s a hopeless job because they’re not kids any more. Frankly, I’m sick of watching them.”

“I’m not enjoying it too much either,” confessed Alan. “We could have another drink while we’re waiting.”

“None for me, thanks. I look terrible under the eyes when I have too many.” She gave him a cool, discerning look. “Besides, it’s pure escapism. I lose Jock, so I want a drink. You aren’t sure of Frances, so you reach for another.”

“It works like that, does it? You’re appallingly—forthright. What makes you think I’m worried about Frances?”

“You were too anxious to swim back from the breakwater right away, even though you were tired and puffing. You had to find out what she was doing,” said Sandy calmly.

“There wasn’t much menace in a sentimental conversation with Gilchrist on the float,” he said. “Besides, Fran wouldn’t want to change her life. She’s worked too hard for success to throw it out for



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any man—especially the Gilchrist type."

"What's his type?" asked Sandy.

"Home and the little woman and the kiddies. Wholesome fun."

"And you offer Fran the theater, money, travel to places following the sun, amusing friends, all that," said Sandy.

"Yes. Think it's enough?"

"If she has any brains under that white turban she wears—and she must have—it's plenty," said Sandy with conviction. "No woman could want any more."

"What is it no woman could want any more than?" interrupted Jock, emerging from the pavilion with his stubborn hair slicked down and a gardenia from someone's corsage in his lapel. "Love?"

"Hail, the bridegroom," said Alan.

"Aren't you nervous?"

"Not very. Cree is the gentle kind. I don't think she'll beat me." He patted Sandy's head absent-mindedly. "I want to do that new cover of you when we get back from our honeymoon, kitten. The one in ski clothes."

"Okay," said Sandy valiantly. "I think you'll make a lousy husband, but I wish you luck, Jock."

"Thanks."

It was late now and some of the younger crowd's cars were parked along the water front. Sandy knew they'd all come from the "hot spot," their name for the current favorite among the dog wagons. She felt a sick pang at the sound of their voices and their laughter. She wished she'd stayed at the club dance, and gone on with them. She didn't belong here with Eleanor's crowd; she couldn't defend herself; she was lonely.

Alan said, at her ear, "Nice going, youngster. You held your chin up."

She felt less lonely then, for Alan was a stranger too—and young, young along with her.

"Oh, Alan," she whispered tensely. "I wish I didn't have to go."

"I'll hold your hand," he whispered.

THEY all drove in the station wagon to the Waites' house and picked up their own cars.

Jock and Cree drove off first, telling the others where to follow.

"I'll take Sandy," offered Alan lightly, "since nobody seems to be with the guy who brung 'em. You can go in Gilchrist's car, Fran, and comfort him over the loss of the bride."

"That's right, you did bring Cree, didn't you, Tim?" said Fran, nervously.

"And I brought you," Alan reminded her ironically, "but didn't some wit once call this little Connecticut community 'the Woman's Exchange'? Okay, we're off."

The Waites were the last to leave. Eleanor wanted to take one more peek at Dickie and Ellie.

When they climbed into the car again, this time alone, Richard started to release the brake, then hesitated. "This wedding will wait for us," he murmured huskily, and took Eleanor in his arms.

Oh, darling, she thought with a soaring heart. You aren't tired of me, after all! We're not just stodgy people with a school. We're young; we love each other, and there's a wonderful world to explore.

The kiss ended. "That was for not being Fran or Sandy—or even Cree," said Richard. His lips moved toward hers again. "This is for being you!"

"The housewife," she said, smiling. "Just the wife. The house part doesn't matter."

"Now we must go," she whispered at last. "We sponsored this wedding. We'd better see it through."

"You're not worried about Sandy?"

"Not any more. She can take it; she's growing up, Richard."

"Then you're honestly happy for Jock and Cree? You don't regret having given this party? I did rather push you into it, you know."

"Oh no, darling, I'm glad," she assured him. "Nothing was the same as it used to be, so at first I was uneasy, and the whole evening felt strange to me. Then I realized that the characters in the play had changed; we were all older and we'd been through a war in our separate ways; we couldn't speak the same lines or go through the same motions. Everything that happened must happen differently, springing from those changes. The old Jock was too casual about marriage, and the old Cree was too intense. But now they're different; they have a mutual need of each other."

"And us, Eleanor? How are we changed? I didn't go to war."

"You did in spirit. You grew and matured in those years—you survived the disappointment of being turned down for the Army and having to struggle along at a job which seemed lacking in drama or excitement. What happened to us was that we grew together, Richard. That's the process which makes a marriage good and enduring, as ours is."

"Then you'll marry me again tonight?" He drew her into his arms again, remembering their old custom. Whenever they went to a wedding they would take a back seat in the church, and at the first strains of the processional music, their hands would grip each other's and their secret wedding would begin. To them it was a re-avowal of the old promises, a re-dedication to each other; something intimate between them having nothing to do with the monthly struggle with the checkbook, or with the babies, the school, the maid problem, the house. It was theirs alone, and sometimes their lips moved over the remembered words—other times they only thought them. They called it, quite solemnly, "getting married again"; and afterwards, equally solemnly, they considered themselves entitled to a honeymoon. It might be a week end away in the car, or it might be only a trip to the movies, but nothing was allowed to interfere with it.

Eleanor's heart lurched at the memory. "That's sweet of you, Richard," she whispered, "when it's been so long..."

The "marriage" canceled out any disagreements between them—that was the rule. Foolish quarrels were all wiped out like chalk marks on a slate.

"Then what do you say?" he asked her gravely. "Any reservations, Eleanor—any doubts, wishes, hopes?"

She hesitated a moment. "No reservations, darling—only—"

"Only what?"

"Only a wish, a hope. I'd like other children, Richard, even if we can't comfortably afford them."

"I feel that way, too, so much so that I'm ashamed you had to ask me, Eleanor. Of course we'll have babies—they're far more important than figures in a ledger..." So now will you marry me, darling?

"Gladly and proudly," she said. "And right now. So hurry, Richard."

THE road to Judge Easton's was not far from the turnoff leading to Tim's place.

Fran said suddenly in her low dramatic voice, "I asked to see your house, Tim. Remember?"

"You didn't mean now—on our way to a wedding, did you?"

"There mightn't be as good a time again."

"All right. I guess we aren't in a tearing hurry. They'll have to talk the old judge into a special license."

He turned the car abruptly into the side road. "I'm selling the house, anyway,



as soon as I can find someplace to park my hat."

"Why sell it? It was your masterpiece."

"I rattle around in it alone."

"But you'll marry. There's probably some girl now..."

He was silent.

She said, her lips not quite steady, "There is, isn't there? Who is she, Tim?"

Fran had never quite provisioned the look on their faces or the sound of their voices when the ending caught up with them... They had never had a final, definitive breaking-off; it had been a drifting apart, slow, sure...

But when Tim married, as he must someday, that would be the end. For the moment she had forgotten her own scheduled marriage to Alan.

He slid the car smoothly into his own driveway. "Here we are, Fran."

The house stretched long and white in the moonlight. It had clean lovely lines.

Fran saw her life as it could have been; a life lived in this house, bounded by this close-knit community, circumscribed by Tim's possessive love...

Tim smiled as he opened the door. "Better guest than mistress. That's what you were thinking, wasn't it, Fran?"

Pausing in the small entrance hall, which led to a tremendous living-dining room. Frances caught her breath at the effect Tim had achieved. There was sweep, vista—a more coherent beauty than she had guessed from visits to the site in early days of construction.

"It's breath-taking, Tim. But I needn't tell you; you know."

"It's a successful house," he said.

"No, more than that. You've achieved the image of your dream."

"A lonely sort of achievement," he pointed out, but better, perhaps, than being Mr. Frances Dona of Broadway."

Ignoring her sharply begun retort, he said, "I want to show you the rest of the house."

Treacherous tears began to blur her eyes. Tim called her attention to pale oak cabinets built in under the window; to the specially designed headboard of the huge bed, with its radio and book niches. She scarcely saw them.

"Tim," she said. "Tim..."

He turned and caught her hard and close in his arms, looking into her eyes for a long moment before he kissed her.

She responded with an abandon she hadn't felt in many years. Alan's embraces seemed like teen-age experimentation compared to the ardor of Tim's kisses... There had never been a man with the same physical appeal for her.

"Remember," he murmured in her ear, "this isn't for keeps, I'm still determined not to be Mr. Frances Dona."

"You idiot," she whispered back. "Tim, how could you be in the same Army hospital without letting me know? How could you look right at me and not—"

"And not want you terribly? I couldn't. I never look at you without thinking—of this." He pulled her back close, kissed her with his hand on the back of her neck, then let her go. "But you had a man in tow, and I was in a wheel chair. The combination was too discouraging."

She put her hands on either side of his square ruddy face. "Do you still love me, Tim—after all this time?"

"Of course I love you," he said. "But that has nothing to do with the problem."

"I should think it might be the crux of it," said Fran.

"No. For a long time before the war, Fran, I thought you'd change, that someday you might wake up and find you needed me. I carried a marriage license around in my wallet for three years, believing that you'd leave the stage of your own accord and marry me and live in

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this house. Even after the war started, and you were off on your USO tours, I had the secret conviction that we'd meet in some theater of operations, and the old flame would flare up, and we'd marry. But when my leg got lopped off, the dream was amputated with it. Now I can look you straight in the eyes, tell you you're a beautiful, desirable woman, make love to you in passing, then leave you flat... That's progress!"

"It's horrible," she said tensely.

"Fran, don't miff your lines. You were the sophisticated woman of the world, remember—the rising young star who shone as brightly as her next play. You've had your affairs; men aren't new to you. I'm just another man."

"No," she said hopelessly. "I wish that were true, Tim, but it's not. You've fought for your kind of life—for a calm safe world with a well-built roof over your head, a wife sitting in the lamplight (not behind spotlights!) and a flock of children asleep upstairs. You were born for a nice polite marriage like the Waites', Tim. I couldn't change the pattern."

"You could only change to fit the pattern," he corrected her.

For a moment her eyes were quick with hope. Seeing it, he flung out an impetuous arm for her.

"I—I don't want to decide like that," she whispered, pushing him away.

"Okay," he said tersely. "Then let's go on to the wedding."

"You're not angry with me, Tim?"

"Why should I be? We ought to get on beautifully. I've told you I now see things your way—that 'live for the moment' business makes sense to me. I'm not asking you to marry me, you know, Fran. You're not the type."

Her color rose hotly in her cheeks.

"Come on, Tim, we'll be late."

He helped her into the car in silence.

She thought: Why did I come here? I was all right, managing my life quite nicely. Tim was just an old memory to me... When I remembered him, my pride hurt, but not my heart.

Still, hadn't it been, in the worst and loneliest moments, her heart?

She stole a quick glance at his square, stubborn chin. "Tim, I—"

"Don't bother explaining, Frances," he said gently. "You gave me quite a few years to change my mind about us—to be willing to play the game by your rules. Now that I am, you don't want to play any more. That's normal human behaviour. No comments necessary."

They did not speak again until he drew the car to a stop before Judge Easton's.

"The end of the line," he said.

"Aren't you coming in?" she asked.

"No, I don't like weddings, they make me cry."

"I don't want to go alone, please, Tim."

"Alan can hold your hand."

"He isn't here yet. I don't see his car."

"You don't suppose he's run off with young Sandy, do you?" Tim grinned.

"Certainly not!"

"Well, since he's not here, I'll be a little gentleman and go inside with you."

"Thanks."

Quietly, they tiptoed to the doorway and paused.

Jock and Cree had joined hands and were standing facing the elderly judge. Richard and Eleanor stood quietly behind them, their hands clasped too. The judge went on with the short, simple ceremony.

In another moment, he had pronounced Jock and Cree man and wife. Cree's face was radiant as she thanked Eleanor and Richard for a wonderful party. "Thank you for a lovely future, too," she added, her hand tucked in Jock's arm.

"That's optimism. My wife is a very trusting woman," said Jock. But the wise-



crack didn't ring true. Jock's puckish look had somehow gone. He seemed, for the first time in these people's memory, a mature and responsible adult.

"Good-bye, Tim. You've been so good to me, and I don't think I've ever thanked you," said Cree as she got in Jock's car.

"Good-bye, Angel-Face. All the best."

Fran looked curiously into his face as the car drove off and she and Tim and the Waites stood watching.

Did he ever love Cree? she wondered. Was she the girl he might have married if Jock hadn't come back?

She had forgotten Alan, but the Waites reminded her that he hadn't arrived.

"You two seem to be stuck with me," she said lightly.

"Nonsense, we'd love to have you spend the night with us, Fran. Let's drive on home now and scramble some eggs. I'm hungry," said Eleanor.

"I'm driving Fran back to New York," said Tim suddenly. "We've got things to talk about."

Fran hesitated, but Tim piloted her firmly toward his car. "The party was swell, kids," he said, "and I hope Fortnum brings your baby sister back all right. You can tell him Fran's in good hands."

"Safe?" interpolated Richard dryly.

"Well, let's say comfortable. Good night."

They passed Alan Fortnum's car—an unmistakably luxurious gray convertible—at the highway intersection.

"There they are," said Fran. "A little late for the wedding, but still..."

"Want to go back and join him?"

"No, thanks," she said. "If you don't mind driving me."

"I'm feeling no pain. I have an idea, Fran. I had to talk to you about it."

"What is it, Tim?" she murmured.

"This. I want you to go back to your life—stay engaged to Fortnum—open in your new play in the fall..." Her body stiffened against him, and she sat up straight. "... and see how you like it," he continued calmly, "for six months. Have it all, Frances—success, adulation, clothes, money—everything, just the way you planned it. Your sophisticated pattern for postwar living. Then, if you like it as much as you thought you would, stay in it—forever—or as long as it lasts. If not..."

"If not..." she echoed in a whisper.

"Then come back to me and try it my way, Fran. We wouldn't be happy as lovers; we both want something more than a transient affair. But in six months, if you're dissatisfied in your own groove, we could marry, Fran, and our marriage would have a chance."

"It wouldn't now?" she asked.

"No, darling—not now, not yet. These years have changed you, but we have to find out how much. We can lose the peace as individuals as well as nations, Fran, and I for one don't want to. Do you? We're human beings; we have free will; we can choose for ourselves—not be driven blindly by our desires—so why not reach for something fine and lasting from life? Do you follow me, Fran?"

"Yes." She put her hand over his on the wheel. When she was deeply stirred, she wasn't able to speak. The dramatic power left her voice and heart.

"You'll come to me one day, Fran," he said surely, "because the other won't be enough to satisfy your womanhood. Fortnum will invest in you, but he won't love you as you want to be loved. Acting out emotion won't take the place of feeling it. I've watched you tonight, and underneath all our sparring, I've sensed that the real Frances Dona is crouching just below the top layer of your consciousness, about to spring forth."

She said huskily, "Darling... yet you're sending me back."



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"Only so I can have you forever instead of this one night," he murmured. She leaned toward him again. "You don't want me—tonight?"

"I didn't say that. If we'd stayed there, in my house . . . But even in the moment when I had you in my arms, I knew that deep down you wanted more than that, just as I did. That's why we're going back to town. Fast."

SANDY said, reaching for her lipstick. "That was Tim Gilchrist. I know his car." "Fran's probably sore," he said. "She's got a temper. And we were later than we thought."

"It's always later than you think. Chinese proverb," said Sandy flippantly. "Feel better?" he asked.

"Yes, it's comforting, when your dream man gets himself married to someone else, to go off and neck another woman's man. Divine justice or something."

"You really are a tough little girl," remarked Alan amiably. "But I like you; you've got nerve."

"Thanks, I like you too. You kiss well." "Don't you think there's a point at which cynicism should end?"

"Maybe, but I haven't reached it yet. For a minute, Jock's marriage hit me like a blow in my middle, but now—after a drink and a few kisses—I think there's something amusing in sitting back and watching the scenes shift, as though your own life were a drawing-room comedy."

"I'm with you," he said. "Maybe my scenes are shifting too. I have no guarantee at the moment that they aren't. Where Frances is concerned, I never have any guarantees."

As Sandy looked at him, he seemed less the sophisticate, more vulnerable.

"We made our bargain when we got engaged," he explained. "We were both to be free. Our marriage wasn't to be a cage for either of us. It was to be more like a modern theater with plenty of exits."

"Do you think you'll be happy?" asked Sandy curiously. "Have you been so far?"

"In the main. I'm not sure about Fran. She's enjoyed some of the trimmings—the people, the parties, the things I am able to give her."

"That's a scathing indictment."

"I don't believe so. All women enjoy possessions, don't they? And in return, I've shared her success—achieved an ambition through her—been a part of the theater instead of just looking on and paying the bills."

"And that's been enough?" asked Sandy scornfully.

He shrugged. "I don't believe it," she said. "You may be a sucker with money, but I don't think you're really a dope."

"You overwhelm me," he said dryly.

"Look, since we're late for this wedding and everyone's left, why don't we join the crowd at the hot spot and have some hamburgers?"

Why, you kid, he thought, you baby! But he felt a momentary urge to keep her happy, so he nodded.

She wriggled contentedly. "This is fun. I haven't been to a dog stand for ages, have you?"

He looked at her thoughtfully. "You're a strange mixture of provocative young woman and bobby soxer."

"You're no grandpa yourself."

He smiled. The carefreeness of the moment had worked a spell on him. He really enjoyed this youngster and her shattering forthrightness.

As they parked and walked across the gravel court of the roadhouse, he was sharply conscious of her strength and impatience. She was waiting for things to happen, for excitement to light up her life like a bonfire.

He caught her bare arm. "If you want to act, baby, come to New York Monday and I'll see that you get a chance."

"Thanks. Right now I want a hamburger."

THERE were no Just Married signs on Jock's car, and the bride hadn't so much as a toothbrush with her.

"We somehow never thought past the special license and old Judge Easton," said Jock, "but where do you want to go on your honeymoon, Cree?"

"I'm afraid to tell you," she said.

"Never be afraid to tell me anything. Are you even one fifth as happy as I am?"

"I'm ten times happier," she said honestly, "because I've always wanted you more than you wanted me."

"That's not true any more."

"Then—will you drive me down the road where my heart got broken once?" She smiled to remove the reproach. "And after that, could we go back to my house, instead of to your apartment in town?"

"Cree, I—"

"No, don't say anything, Jock, because we're not going to think back. The past doesn't count now. This is my way of driving out the bitterness."

Both of them heard the rushing of the waterfall at the same time. His free hand gripped hers. "It was here, wasn't it?" he said, sliding the car to a stop.

"Yes, I wanted to tell you something, darling. I haven't been here since. Not once in the—how many years?"

"Nine," he supplied huskily. "Nine—all of them wasted."

"No," she said. "We spent them growing up."

They kissed deeply, then separated and looked intently into each other's eyes.

"There was never anyone else, Jock," she said in a low voice. "Now take me home, please, because I've been lonely for so long in my house that I want to try being happy there. Tomorrow we can go to New York, but tonight we belong—"

Her voice broke suddenly. "We belong to each other," he whispered for her. "Anywhere, any time. Forever."

"Suppose Eleanor Waite hadn't given the party . . ."

He felt her tears against his neck.

"She had to give the party," Jock assured her solemnly. It was decreed by Fate."

IN THE whitewashed brick house on the hillside five miles away, the Waites stood by their bedroom casement windows which were flung open to the moonlight.

Richard's arm was around his wife's shoulders. "This is one night you're not going to worry about Sandy, are you?"

"No. She's had her first major blow, and she's taken it. Besides, she can handle Fortnum all right. He's her own—"

"Ilk," supplied Richard, smiling.

"You didn't give me time to say it! Besides, even if she did take him away from Fran, I doubt if Fran would be very much hurt."

"Indestructible Fran," murmured Richard.

"No. But she doesn't love Alan; she loves Tim."

"Then it's the same old impasse. Fran's career versus Tim's concept of marriage."

"It won't end like that," said Eleanor wisely. "Because, though the situation is the same, the characters are different."

Richard drew her closer. "Are we different, too?" he teased.

"Of course," she said serenely. "We've made an interesting discovery, which we make from time to time, but it always seems new . . . We're in love!"

"And even more important, we're married," Richard reminded her. "It was a



double ceremony with Jock and Cree. This is our honeymoon, Mrs. Waite. Where do you want to go? Don't tell me, I know." He swung her high in his arms.

An old rapture blazed up furiously in her heart. There was nothing dull about marriage, only—sometimes—the people in it. But not the Waites. She would rather be Eleanor Waite than any other woman in the world. She would rather be thirty than any other age.

"Richard," she murmured breathlessly, "it's so wonderful that you're you!"

Her ears caught the husky triumphant note in his laughter . . . A woman is a success, she knew, most super-glamorous of all glamour girls, when her husband laughs like that. Better still, he'd know her in the cold morning light!

THE END

An excerpt from a great war novel by a new young author. Read Basil Heatter's story in November

## Some of the People

(Continued from page 18)

the garment off, with the garment fresh, with the garment awry and with the garment damp. To view such an improbable miracle evokes many adjectives, but why, we began to wonder, the adjective "beautiful?" So we interviewed a famous artist and esthete named Arnold Wheeves. Mr. Wheeves is the uncle of many, the godfather of more, and the father of none.

"You have stumbled," said Mr. Wheeves, "on a truth unknown to most of the rest of the human race. The human infant is not good-looking, and there is considerable doubt if it is human. It also is not capable, or smart, or reasonable, or unselfish. All it is is appealing, or "cute," as people inaccurately use that word. It bears little or no resemblance to the actual human being who arrives later. Look at Jimmy Durante. He was an infant once, and could he have looked like that as a baby? No, an infant is a warehouse receipt, against a human being."

## Reformation, Please

Our attention has been called to a matter the telephone company had better do a little brooding about.

We refer to the vital need a young woman has for a phone. Mr. Irving Berlin was the first to rhyme "telephone" with "all alone." In those days it was pretty terrible for a girl to be sitting all alone by a telephone. Now, she hasn't even got the phone.

A girl without a telephone is as handicapped romantically as though her wardrobe were limited to a couple of dirndl skirts, some sensible shoes, and a half-dozen T-shirts, oversize. No, even more handicapped.

Where are the new phone installations and extensions going in the next five years if a girl can't get called up? Why doesn't the phone company pull itself together and give priorities to all young, beautiful and unmarried women? Which is more important to the future of the nation: "Mr. Brown is in conference." or "Whatcha doin' tonight, sugar?"

## The Pabulum

We were supposed to mind the two infants, George and James, while their mothers went shopping. They were six and ten months old, and until we put the newspaper over our face, they had behaved normally in the play pen. The afternoon was drowsy, and so were we. All energy seemed to be drained from us, which is why we felt no surprise at hearing George, the six-month-old, say:

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can hope to ingratiate himself with me with that demented pidgin English. Know what I mean? 'Izzum Unca Wobbert's lil woozy poozy?' That kind of stuff."

"Your Uncle Robert's an emotional phony," said James.

George shook his head and blew a few thoughtful bubbles. "Do you think that when we grow up we could get to be something else than grownups?" he said. "I think most of them are crazy. And not only with young fellows like us. You know my big brother, Hubert? He's pretty near ten years old. One of the soundest men I've met this whole six months. Got a remarkable sense of timing in playing horsie. Well, just yesterday I heard some grownup saying to him, 'What do you want to be when you grow up?' That's a question that should be reserved for the Institute of Human Engineering at Stevens Polytech. They've spent years studying it, and they aren't always certain."

"Yeah," said James. "And about an hour ago that big lunkhead snoring in the chair had the temerity to say to me: 'See de liddle birdie? Nice liddle birdie. Come on now, stop acting silly. You and me go bye-bye see de nice liddle birdie.' When I get some more teeth I'm planning to sink them into that type."

"Somebody should tell them," said George moodily. "Tell them, for instance, not to pester every school kid with that hackneyed crack: 'Do you just love it at school?' The only answer to that is, 'Ah, what the hell, lady, do you just love it at Jackson Heights?'"

"Push over that zwieback," said James. "There's one thing we can do, anyway. Let's raise a stink and wake the old so-and-so. Waaaaaaah!"

We have taken this eavesdropping to heart and will be glad to hear from anyone who wishes to join our new organization. That is the S.P.C.C.C.—the Society for the Prevention of Clucking and Cooing at Children. The president of this new outfit is a newspaper correspondent assigned to Washington. He has trained his two-year-old son, whenever overfondly asked the unanswerable, to reply crisply, "No comment."

### Possibly Something Educational

It started with one of those family bridge games. The Brummidges were playing together. He is really good; she just plays to fill in. Mrs. Brummidge made a mistake—something about playing the ace of diamonds too impetuously—which cost her side four tricks.

"Darling," said Mr. Brummidge rather loudly, "if you had held up your ace we

would have set them four, doubled and redoubled. Now they make it. Holy Cow!"

"I will thank you not to swear at me," said Mrs. Brummidge icily. She then proceeded to hold forth at some length. Greatly condensed, her remarks were to the effect that they had married eleven and a half years previously, that they had made an agreement that they would never be so silly as to quarrel over bridge, that she never pretended to be an expert, that she only played for his sake, that it was only a game anyway, and that Theodore Van Duzen, who was crazy to marry her in the old days, did not waste his time playing bridge and was now assistant cashier in that big bank.

To all this Mr. Brummidge could think of no rebuttal beyond mumbling something to the effect that the ace of diamonds would not turn rancid if not used immediately. The game ended on this note of sorry discord, and, next day, a Saturday, Mr. Brummidge found it still poor weather inside his house. So he said:

"Darling, it was all my fault and I apologize. Now I propose that tonight, when the F. Latimer Lattimers arrive, we have a nice, pleasant game. That will give me a chance to show you what a perfect little gentleman you selected when you did me the honor of becoming Mrs. Rupert Sebastian Brummidge."

This gallant proposal was sealed with a brief kiss—that Saturday was a scorcher—and then Mr. Brummidge locked himself in his study. He took one of the decks of cards, and with much straining of memory, reproduced all four hands of the troublesome deal of the night before. He then carefully stacked the deck so that the fateful hand would reappear accurately down to the last two spot. It is difficult, since the minds of husbands work almost as oddly as the minds of wives, to say precisely what he had in mind. Possibly something educational.

That evening the first hand was dealt with the untampered-with deck. It was uneventful. Then Mr. Brummidge rang in his old deck.

But Mr. Brummidge was not discovered. He and his wife got the same cards they had the night before. Their new opponents bid precisely as had their old opponents. So did they, and play started just as it had some twenty-four hours earlier.

Then, at her first opportunity, Mrs. Brummidge thoughtfully played the diamond ace and again lost four tricks.

"Holy COW!" shouted Mr. Brummidge. That was last Saturday, and here it is Tuesday, mind you.

**"Some of the People" by Jack Goodman and Fred Schwed, Jr., appears every month in Cosmopolitan**

## The Other Mrs. Minor (Continued from page 54)

yourself trained as a librarian, if possible."

"I can't," Phoebe said helplessly. "I've got to get a job right away. I have nothing to live on."

"Get it," said the woman. "Borrow the money. You'll never be taken on as a receptionist. You're too negative, child, too chilly. Go and get yourself trained as a librarian and then come back to me."

Forty-second Street was crowded with home-going people, all in a hurry, all with blank, preoccupied faces. Phoebe had never before felt so alone, an unknown, utterly unimportant stranger, with no place in this immense city. Too negative. Too chilly. Too inexperienced; nobody wants you. You can't look after your child. You have no right to a child.

A longing for Sabina swept over her, so violent that it seemed to stop her

breath. This was the hour when the child would be eating her supper, sitting in her high chair, a little drowsy. Mrs. Standish would be feeding her, they would be alone with the late afternoon sun shining in, alone in a golden tranquility, knowing nothing of the shadow that was over them.

"I want Sabina," Phoebe cried to herself. She wanted to be there now, this instant; she wanted to pick up the warm, solid little thing, to feel the child's shining hair against her face, the hard little head bumping against her.

Looking back upon it, the past seemed incredibly gentle and lovely, the days when she had been a young wife, supported and protected by her husband.

She was a woman alone in the world now. She was a thief, who had stolen



another woman's possessions, including her husband.

I won't get any dinner, she thought. I'll walk back to the hotel. I won't touch that four dollars. Tomorrow I'll get a job, and save to get back Francine's things.

There was in her mind this formless idea, infinitely more ancient than her New England heritage, that by her fatigue and her hunger she could somehow atone for what she had done.

At half past six she rang the doorbell of old Mrs. Villero's suite, and Maurice opened the door.

"Oh, good evening," he said politely.

He was wearing a dinner jacket, and Pauline had on a long dress of black chiffon velvet, fitted smooth and tight to her charming little figure, foaming out at the right knee into a lace frill and a bow of sapphire-blue ribbon. There was another girl there, a tall, serene blonde in blue, very handsome, and on Phoebe's heels came René, also in a dinner jacket.

"Miss Standish," he cried, as if delighted. "Miss Rokeby. Suppose we all have cocktails sent up here?"

"Aunt Alex is waiting for Miss Standish, René," said Pauline.

"Aunt Alex will have a cocktail too," said René.

"Really, René, I think we'd better go down," said Pauline.

It was a tone that Phoebe recognized. Like Gilbert, Pauline was distrustful of strangers.

"Thanks, but I'll go in to Mrs. Villero," said Phoebe, quickly, and went across the bright room to the dark one.

"Good evening," said the old lady. "In the future, use the other door. Just turn the corner of the corridor, and it's the first door you come to. There's no reason for you to come bursting in on Paula and her dinner guests. Sit down and wait until they've gone."

Phoebe groped for a chair and sat down in it. She could hear René's voice in the next room, gay and ringing, dominating all the others. I don't like him, she thought. He's shallow and superficial.

She saw them moving toward the door, René looking at the tall blond girl with frank admiration; they went out, and she was left in the dark room.

"I never in my life entertained in a hotel," said Mrs. Villero. "It's lazy and it's vulgar."

"My niece couldn't give a dinner properly in her own home," the old lady went on. "Indeed she hasn't any home now. She was so utterly inept and helpless in their apartment that poor Maurice simply gave it up and brought her here to live. Heaven knows she had good social training, but you can't train pride and spirit into anyone. She and her brother Gilbert . . . I had to bring them up after their mother died, and they were the most spineless children I ever saw."

She fell silent. Phoebe said, "Shall I read now, Mrs. Villero?"

"No," said the old lady. "I'm tired of this sitting in the dark. Lying awake in the dark. This young woman who comes in the daytime—I can't endure her. She's supposed to be a trained lady's maid and companion, but she can't do anything properly." Her voice rose. "She pulls my hair. She tears at my nails. I don't believe she's a lady's maid at all. It was René who brought her, and I suppose she's one of his women." She paused. "Well," she said. "It's impossible to be angry with René, no matter what he does. No . . . I'm going to find another doctor. Something's got to be done about this eye trouble. I'll not live in the dark . . ."

She was silent again, and Phoebe waited a long time.

"Shall I read now, Mrs. Villero?" she

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asked, stirring restlessly in her chair. There was no answer. Is she asleep? Phoebe thought. It was very quiet in here, and almost unbearably close, with a smell of musky perfume in the air, and another smell, some chemical, Phoebe thought, some medicine. A wave of nausea rose in her, and she stood up quickly, frightened. I'll have to have air, she thought. I feel—really sick. Am I getting something? The flu? No, I can't.

She went into the sitting room and stood by the open window. She was dizzy now; she half fell into a chair. Oh, what's the matter? What's the matter with me? she cried to herself. I can't be sick now. For a moment it was as if she were falling, plunging down into darkness.

But she came up out of it. She opened her eyes. I'm hungry, that's all. It will pass. It can't do a healthy person any harm to skip a few meals. Only, it frightens you. I'll read something, she thought. To take my mind off it.

There were magazines on the table. She rose slowly and carefully, still dizzy, and went over to the table. And there was a box of chocolates there. She opened it, and took out a piece; another one, another one, a third and fourth and fifth. "Quite a sweet tooth, haven't you?" said the old lady.

"Yes," said Phoebe. She put the lid on the box with trembling hands. "Shall I read now, Mrs. Villeroy?" she asked.

"I think it might be a good idea," said the old lady. "How old are you, Miss Standish? . . . Twenty-four?" She gave a short, spiteful little laugh. "Twenty-four," she repeated.

Phoebe took up the book and opened it where she had left a marker. She began at once to read; she went on steadily, page after page, until her mouth was stiff, her throat dry.

Phoebe was still reading when a key turned in the lock, and Maurice opened the door.

"Oh . . . Good night," she said, rising, and went into the dark room. "I left my purse here," she said.

She groped for the chair where she had been sitting, and felt her purse.

"Good night, Mrs. Villeroy," she said, and opened the other door.

**B**ACK IN Francine's suite, she sat down at the desk to address an envelope to her mother. When I go down to buy a stamp, she thought, I'm going to get a chocolate bar. Just one for five cents. I've got to break a dollar anyhow. I'll get five three-cent stamps, and one chocolate bar, and there'll be a nickel for carfare in the morning.

The telephone rang, making her jump. Her mother's voice spoke, clear and calm. "Phoebe?"

"Mother," Phoebe said. "Mother." Her lip was trembling; she bit it; she winked away the tears that clung to her lashes. "Mother . . . Everything all right?"

"Yes, dear," said Mrs. Standish. "Sabina's well and happy. She's asleep now." "I'm just mailing you a money order, Mother, for the rent."

"That's nice," said Mrs. Standish. "And you've got enough in the bank for the present, haven't you?"

"Oh, plenty!" said Mrs. Standish. She was not going to ask any questions. She was going to show no anxiety or even curiosity; nothing but this calm confidence in her daughter. And it was like a spell. It was magic.

Often enough in the past, it had been like this. There had been Phoebe at eleven, white with dread, waiting her turn at school to play "Für Elise" on the piano at the school entertainment. It had made her angry to see her mother moving around, talking to other girls' moth-

ers. "Why don't you stay here with me?" she had asked.

"I think that would be rather ridiculous, dear," Mrs. Standish had said. "You don't need me, or anyone else. You've practiced faithfully and you'll play your piece very well."

"Shall I call you again tomorrow, dear?" she asked now.

"Yes, please. This time. I'll be seeing you soon, Mother. But there's one thing I want to arrange first. You're sure everything's all right?"

"Perfectly all right. Sabina asked about you today."

"What did she say?"

"She said, 'Where's my mommy?'"

"What did you tell her?"

"Why, I said 'Your mommy's gone to New York,'" said Mrs. Standish. "She was quite satisfied."

Her composed and pleasant answers would always satisfy a child, Phoebe thought. Sabina would never feel frightened or insecure with her grandmother.

"I'd better say good night now, Phoebe. I don't like to be away from the house."

"No. No, of course. Good night, Mother." Phoebe hung up the instrument, and sat beside it for a time. Mother just takes it for granted that whatever I'm doing is what I need to do, she thought. She just takes it for granted that I'll put my child first. That I'll look after her.

And I will.

**W**HEN SHE had mailed the money order, Phoebe bought a chocolate bar and took it up to the suite. She would not touch it until she had got into bed. She read the morning paper from beginning to end, and she studied the want ads with fervent concentration. Receptionist wanted. Young. Attractive. Refined.

I'm refined all right, she thought. Maybe too darn refined. Nobody seems to think I'm so very young, but I'm certainly not old. And attractive?

I'm going to be attractive, she told herself, leaning back against the pillows.

She waked in the morning with the same cold determination in her heart and a hunger that dismayed her.

People fast for days, she thought, and it doesn't hurt them. I had a very good breakfast yesterday . . . And maybe he'll come again this morning . . . No! I don't want him. I don't like him. He's not the sort of person you want around if you're worried and unhappy.

She got up and began her preparations, deliberately and carefully. Use any of my things you want, Francine had said, and she was going to do that now. She looked through the clothes hanging in the closet, a surprisingly large assortment, suits, evening dresses, coats, street dresses, shoes, hats. The shoes were a half size wider than her own; the dresses were a little too broad-shouldered, but everything was wearable.

She took plenty of time. Sitting before the dressing table, she read the labels of the jars and bottles; the things were of a brunette type, and she was very fair-skinned, but at least she could try . . .

She put on a beautifully cut black dress, with a yoke and short sleeves of black ribbon in latticework, black suede sandals, and a hat that was no more than a black velvet band with a little blue-enameled daisy over each ear.

She stood before the full-length mirror in the door and looked at herself dispassionately, and with a sort of scorn. I certainly don't look negative, she thought. The rouge made her mouth sullen, the mascara made her eyes languorous, her pale hair was a startling contrast. But maybe I've overdone it, she thought, in sudden alarm. Maybe I just look cheap.

The doorbell rang. It's René, she thought,



but I don't have to let him in. If I don't answer, he'll think I'm out.

The breakfast came so quickly yesterday. It could be like that now. In a few moments it would come, the coffee, the hot rolls. Bacon and eggs! she thought. Oh, why not? What does it matter? If he wants to pay for my breakfast...

She opened the door.

"Good morning," he cried, as if delighted to see her. "I thought I'd just try again and maybe you'd let me stay?"

"Well," Phoebe said. "I was just going out to get a bite."

"The bites here are pretty good, don't you think?"

His glance flickered over her and returned to her face. And she resented his bold admiration; she resented his air of joyous well-being and satisfaction. Let him pay for my breakfast, she thought.

She moved aside and he came in.

"Shad roe again?" he asked.

Her mouth watered so that she had to swallow. "I think I'd like bacon and eggs."

He went over to the telephone; he took up the instrument. "Room service, please," he said, and looked at Phoebe with that flickering glance she did not like.

He gave the order and replaced the phone.

HE MOVED about the room, picking up an object here and there, the cigarette box, an ash tray; he took a cushion from the sofa and set it back straight against the wall. There was nothing nervous in this, it was like the vitality of a healthy animal. Like a big cat, she thought. She did not like it; she wished that he would sit down and be quiet.

"You were all ready to go out?" he asked.

"Yes," she said. "I'm going to look for a job."

"A model!" he said.

"No," said Phoebe, irritated by him. "I never thought of such a thing."

"But what else?"

"I'd say anything else."

"You wouldn't like to be a model? To wear beautiful dresses, fur coats?"

"No. I should not."

"Then what?"

"I'm going to try for a receptionist's job."

He stopped short in his walking. "You have a job!" he said. "I know exactly the thing for you. There's a friend of mine who has an art gallery, and he's looking for someone like you. *Exactly* like you. Beautiful, distinguished, exciting. It's settled."

"No, it isn't," said Phoebe. "In the first place your friend may want someone with some experience in—"

"He'll want you. Just let him see you!"

"And maybe I wouldn't like the job," she said, "Or your friend."

"You couldn't help liking him," he began. Then there was a knock at the door, and he let in the waiter.

Again René signed the check and gave the tip and the waiter went away.

"Will you excuse me for two minutes?" René asked. "I left something in my room." He came to her side and poured her a cup of coffee. "Please don't wait," he said. "I'll be back almost at once."

As soon as the door closed upon him, she took a roll and buttered it and began to eat it. She had started on a second roll when he returned.

"Sorry," he said. "Now!" He sat down.

"I love to eat," he said. "Do you?"

"I hope not."

"I know! You eat to live. But I also live to live, don't you?"

"It entirely depends on what kind of life—"

"I don't know . . ." he said. "I was a prisoner in Germany, you know. We were



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in one of the bad camps. We were hungry almost always. We had nothing to smoke. Nothing to do. There was a lot of sickness. There were other very bad things . . . But we wanted to stay alive, even if it had to be like that for ten years."

"Were you in the war?"  
"Me? I was a captain!" he said boastfully.

"In the American Army?"

"What else?"

He served her with two eggs and three slices of crisp bacon.

"You know," he said, "Pauline doesn't really like being alive. She's better now, because Maurice has helped her. He's very patient. But she and Gilbert are afraid of life. Well, you can't blame them, can you?"

"I don't know," she said.

She would have to learn to hear Gilbert's name without this sense of shock.

"You've met him," René went on. "But maybe you didn't see enough of him to see what he's like. He can't trust anyone to love him, or even to like him. The old lady did that to them."

"She doesn't seem—very affectionate," said Phoebe.

"Oh, she's miserable," he said. "Poor old devil! Never has a happy moment. She thinks everyone is after her money."

"Maybe a good many people are."

"Well," he said. "She made Pauline and Gilbert afraid of a life without it."

"Anyone with any sense is afraid of life without any money," said Phoebe.

"Not me!" said René. "I could always earn a living. Anywhere. I know that. If you put me down in a strange country, where I didn't know a word of the language, I'd find some sort of work."

"That's nice," said Phoebe dryly.

"Look!" he said, leaning across the table, very much in earnest now. "I'm very healthy. I know how to get on with people. I know how to do a lot of things. For example, I can drive any sort of car. I can drive trucks. I can cook very well. I speak French and English perfectly. German and Italian fairly well. I'm a champion swimmer. I have a medal . . . Don't you believe me?"

"It's not that," said Phoebe. "It's—well, I never heard anyone boast so."

"But it's not boasting. It's true."

"That doesn't stop it from being boastful."

"You mean you don't think it's right to admit it if you can do something well?"

SHE FOUND it hard to answer that. His whole point of view was so entirely different from her own; she hardly knew how to explain to him her tradition of modesty, of reticence.

"Look!" he said again, "I only told you all that because I want to make you like me. I admire you so much. You're so proud. So cold. I like that. I like a girl who is very difficult to please. And you're so beautiful in the way I like best. Everything delicate, your wrists—"

"Thanks," Phoebe intervened.

"I forgot!" he said. "I'm sorry. I should have remembered what you told me yesterday. Praise to the face is open disgrace. I like that very much. Only, when you were a little girl, didn't your parents tell you even once in a while what a lovely, darling little thing you were?"

"No. They didn't," said Phoebe.

"It was different with me," he said thoughtfully. "My mother and father, my sister, my brother, myself, we were always admiring one another. If you think I'm boastful you should hear my mother . . . Will you have a cigarette?"

"No, thanks. I want to look for a job."

"I'll drive you to the art gallery."

"Thanks, but I'd rather go by myself. If you'll give me your friend's name. I

shall be very much obliged to you."

"Gaston Guernod. I think I have a card . . . Here we are! If you'll say I asked you to come . . ."

"Thank you," she said.

I don't want to get a job through him, she thought. I don't like him. She remembered what old Mrs. Villeroy had said yesterday, about her maid. One of René's women. That's what he's like, Phoebe thought. He "loves" to eat. I dare say he "loves" to make love. I wish I hadn't let him get this second breakfast for me.

No, I don't, she thought. I'm glad I let him! I needed it. It's done me good.

"WHY DON'T you try the department stores?" said the woman in the fourth agency. "They're always looking for people, and they'll train you."

It was half past twelve then, and the hunger Phoebe scorned and dreaded was coming back. She walked east to one of the mammoth stores and was directed to the personnel department. A modish and pretty girl interviewed her.

"We could certainly use you," she said. "And it's really a marvelous career—if you're the right type. Come in on Monday, and we'll start you. Twenty for the first week, after that twenty-five if you make good. But"—she paused, looking at Phoebe with a faint smile—"if I were you, I'd tone down the make-up a little. It is a bit obvious, don't you think?"

"Thanks," said Phoebe.

She stopped at a cafeteria, and got a cup of coffee and a doughnut. Then she spent another nickel to go uptown to Les Galeries Guernod. I knew it! she told herself. I look cheap. If this gallery man is rude and hateful, I'll start at the store on Monday. That'll be twenty dollars and another twenty from Mrs. Villeroy . . . Only there's the rest of this week . . .

I'll get through the rest of this week all right. Somehow. By the end of next week, I'll have forty dollars. I'll have to keep some of it—seven dollars, maybe. For meals and carfare, and I'll send Mother the rest. And I'll have to save up seventy-five dollars for next month's rent and seventy-five to get back Francine's things. If I start getting twenty-five from the store, then, with Mrs. Villeroy, that'll be a hundred and eighty a month . . .

It's not enough. I'll have to stop living at the St. Pol. I'll have to commute and that will cost money. How can I ever get the money for Francine's things?

A cold sweat came out on her forehead, a paralyzing fear seized her. O God! If I should die, there'd be Mother and Sabina without a penny. What would happen to them? Mother won't beg, but what could she do? How could she work to support Sabina and look after her too? She'd have to put Sabina in a home.

I hate Gilbert. I hate Francine and old Mrs. Villeroy and Pauline. And René. All of them. I don't care what I do to any of them. I hate myself because I can't look after my own child.

The Galeries Guernod were one floor above the street, and strangely impressive. Seven or eight people were moving slowly over the fawn-colored carpet, looking at the pictures on the walls, speaking in low voices. A man came up to her, a portly, middle-aged man with a neat gray goatee.

"Madame?" he asked.

"I'd like to see Mr. Guernod."

"At your service, madame," he said, with a bow.

"Mr. Kithanis told me to come."

"Ah!" he said, his little dark eyes brightening. "This way, mademoiselle."

He led the way along the corridor to a handsome office with a bare, polished desk, three white leather armchairs, oyster-gray walls and gray carpet.

"Be seated, mademoiselle," he said. "Now! This is a job not at all difficult. You will circulate among the patrons; you will distribute catalogues; you will answer questions. You will keep in order the files of the artists; you will send out notices and invitations. You type, mademoiselle?"

"I'm sorry, no."

"Learn!" he said. "It is nothing, nothing at all. I myself have learned in one day."

"It will sometimes be necessary to come here on Saturday and Sunday," he said. "When this is the case we shall arrange two other days for you to stay at home. Begin, if you please, on Monday at ten o'clock. The salary will be forty-five dollars a week."

"Forty-five!" she cried. "But that's too much!"

"Mademoiselle," he said with a trace of severity, "one does not say such things in business."

He relented; he smiled at her. "There is only one danger," he said. "It is possible that mademoiselle will outshine the works I show here. The patrons will come, perhaps, not to see the pictures, but to see the beautiful Miss Standede. Then, Monday, mademoiselle."

He went with her to the elevator. I never told him my name, she thought, but he knew it. He didn't ask me anything. René must have called him up.

René got me this job, she thought. And this salary.

She got a malted milk before she went to old Mrs. Villeroy. I've got to keep well, she thought.

THE ROOM was darker than ever, with the door into the sitting room shut. It was intolerably stuffy, filled with the mingled smell of medicine and perfume. "Sit down!" said the old lady.

As Phoebe moved forward in the dark, she stumbled over a hassock and nearly fell. She dropped her pocketbook. Her toe touched it, and she picked it up.

"Put it down! Put it on the table!" said the old lady. "Or you'll be dropping it all the time, and that's annoying. I'm in bed. I'm not so well this evening."

"I'm sorry."

"There's no particular reason why you should be," said the old lady. "I had a new doctor in today, and he was all full of new ideas. Vitamin deficiency." She gave her short laugh. "Pills and injections and twenty-five dollars a visit."

Phoebe took off her coat and hung it over the back of the chair. "I've heard of remarkable cures by vitamins," she said.

"I've heard of remarkable cures from eating dried lizards, and tiger's whiskers," said the old lady.

There was a silence.

"My nephew came in today," she went on. "He wanted to surprise me."

Gilbert? Phoebe said to herself. Gilbert here? Oh, no . . . Perhaps she has other nephews. Not Gilbert.

"He came before the doctor put these drops in my eyes," said the old lady, "so that I was able to have a fairly good look at him. I'd hoped that three years in the Navy would improve him, but it hasn't. He has the same miserable, woebegone look—like a dog that's lost its master. He and Pauline have always been like that. When they came to me after their mother died, they wouldn't do anything but mope."

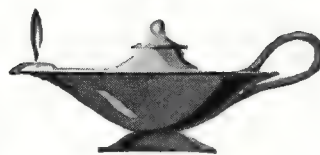
"Perhaps they missed her," said Phoebe.

"That's no excuse for moping. No . . . It's their nature, that's all. Their mother was such a mawkish woman, so sentimental about her children, all the time singing to them. She was training to be a concert singer before she married. She made perfect little dolls out of them. She'd sit down at the piano, in the dusk



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and they'd sit hand in hand on a sofa, and listen to her singing, with such a look in their big black eyes... Morbid."

Gilbert's here, Phoebe thought. He'll want to see me. But I don't want to see him, ever again. I can't forgive him, ever. I don't want Sabina to see him, or even to know about him. She can grow up thinking her father was killed. A hero...

A bigamist. A criminal. He's done her the greatest injury that could be done. That beautiful, proud baby, I hate him.

"You're not much of a conversationalist, are you?" said the old lady. "Well, if you can't talk, I suppose you might as well read. You'll have to sit close to the door tonight, because I can only have it open a crack."

Phoebe rose to cross the room.

"I'm afraid you won't find any chocolates there tonight," said the old lady. "I told Maurice to leave the box in here."

How could René say he was sorry for her? Who could be sorry for anyone so spiteful and cruel? Phoebe drew a chair up to the door and opened it a very little.

"Can you hear this way, Mrs. Villeroy?" she asked.

"Well enough," said the old lady.

PHOEBE OPENED the book, and began. Now and then she was obliged to stop for a moment, but the old lady said nothing. On and on, and Phoebe was so indifferent to what she read that it was a surprise to come to the end of the book.

"Shall I start something else, Mrs. Villeroy?" she asked.

There was no answer. She waited, but there was no sound. She's asleep, Phoebe thought, and at once was caught in her own thoughts. Gilbert's here... Is it my duty to get what I can from him for Sabina?

No. I'll look after her myself. Mother and I. She mustn't have anything to do with Gilbert, ever. She mustn't know there is such a person. God, help me to manage so that she'll never know she's—an illegitimate child.

I'll have to tell Mother. It'll be dreadful for her, but it will help me so...

She knew how it would be. She would tell her mother quietly, and Mrs. Standish would listen quietly. She would say nothing against Gilbert; that was not her way. She held to the homely old adage of her tradition. There's no use crying over spilt milk, my dear. We must just think what we can do.

For the first time since Francine had told her about Gilbert, Phoebe began to cry. I wish I could be with Mother now, she thought. Not here... Not here—with Gilbert's people. I want to go home—to Sabina and Mother...

The sound of voices in the corridor made her dry her eyes in a panic. She rose as Maurice opened the door.

"Good evening," he said with a smile that made his dark face attractive.

"Oh!" Pauline said, looking at Phoebe. It was a look of astonishment; but she recovered herself quickly. "Good evening," she said.

It's the clothes, Phoebe thought. She knows they're Francine's. All right, Francine said I could wear them.

She had a glimpse of René standing beside Pauline. She gave a vague smile to all of them. "Good night," she said and went into the dark room, closing the door after her. She felt for the chair where she had left her jacket. She groped for her purse on the table. She opened the door cautiously and went out.

As she was unlocking her own door, she heard the telephone ring inside. She

ran to answer it, and an unfamiliar voice, hoarse and rasping, spoke.

"Phoebe?"

"Yes?"

"I's me, dear. Mother."

"Have you got a cold, Mother? What's the matter?"

"Just a little accident, really rather absurd. I've got a fishbone in my throat."

"Get the doctor, Mother."

"I did, Phoebe, I'm sorry to upset your plans, dear, but can you possibly come home on Saturday? Just for the night?"

"Why?" Phoebe asked, with as much composure as her mother.

"Doctor Grimes wants me to go to the hospital. He couldn't get the stupid bone out here. I'll only have to be there overnight, but I can't take Sabina with me."

And I have so very little cash, Phoebe thought.

"So that if you can come, Phoebe."

"Did the doctor say it was all right for you to wait that long, Mother?"

"Oh, yes!" Mrs. Standish answered, and in her hoarse unnatural voice, the cheerful inflection was still there.

"Mother, is it painful?"

"Oh, the doctor's given me something..."

Now Phoebe knew fear—the paralyzing helplessness of being without money.

"Of course I'll come, Mother," she said. "Mother, how much have we got in the bank now?"

There was a slight pause.

"Sixteen dollars," said Mrs. Standish. "I paid the grocer yesterday, and the electric bill and the milk bill."

"You won't have to draw on that, will you, Mother?"

"I'm afraid I shall, dear. I'll have to get to the hospital and they may want me to pay something there in advance."

"Of course," Phoebe said. "I'll be out on Saturday, Mother, early in the afternoon. Mother, I'm so sorry."

"I'm sorry, dear, to bother you."

"Mother, take care of yourself!"

"Oh, I shall! Good night, my dear."

The fare's a dollar-ninety, round trip, Phoebe thought. Five cents for the subway to Penn Station and five cents to get back here. I'll have to have something to eat tomorrow. Ten cents... Maybe Mother will need more money... Maybe Sabina will need something... Mother's in pain; I'm sure of it. It's more serious than she'd let me know.

I don't care about anything but money. Not anything else in the world. I can't go out there with just a few cents in my purse. Suppose something goes wrong? I won't do it. I'm going to get more money—from somewhere.

SHE WENT into the bedroom where the little lamp was lighted, the bed turned down, the nightdress laid out. She went back into the sitting room. She caught a glimpse of herself in a mirror; she looked tawdry and horrible.

All right, I'll be horrible! she told herself. I'll ask René to lend me ten dollars. No, twenty-five. No, fifty.

He would give her whatever she asked for, she was sure of that. She was sure that he would come to breakfast with her the next morning. He was drawn to her; she admitted that now to herself. He got me that job, she thought. He said I was beautiful. He said I was exciting.

I'll get what I can from him. What I need. I don't care what he thinks, or what he expects. Gilbert has disgraced and shamed me and Sabina. He's left me alone to fight for Sabina. I will fight anyway I can. I don't care what I do to René.

**In the concluding installment: Phoebe, driven by panic to further desperate acts, finds unknown courage within herself and help from unexpected quarters**



# WHERE TO BUY THE *male-tested* fashions

shown on pages 12 and 13



**B** A Loose-fitting great coat that buttons only at the neck, with deep pockets into which your hands will gravitate and a detachable hood lined in a contrasting color—Vera Maxwell's dramatic casual coat of Forstmann shetland. Coat about \$90. Hood about \$15.

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**D** A fitted coat of Roysran tweed that's all dressed up to go places, trimmed with delightful gum-drop buttons. By Stoltz-Block. About \$60.

## Male-Tested Fashions

(Continued from page 13)

put to us. We can answer this by citing our experience with this month's panel. We showed our most recent male-testers one group of travel coats. Each judge made his choice and, while the majority rule was explained at the start of the show, Desi Arnaz was so indignant that his choice was discarded that he demanded the coat be brought back for further consideration. This was done, and he spent several minutes pointing out to his confreres the advantage of his choice over theirs. He exclaimed loudly and forcibly but to no avail. The judges stood firm—all definite, majority and minority. A belted officer's-type coat with full bellows sleeves and silver buttons had the distinction of winning unanimous approval—incidentally, this choice marked the only time during the showing that Bert Wheeler agreed with the majority. Three of the judges—Guy Madison, Eddie Foy, Jr., and William Castle—set a record by picking the winner in each group.

Your coat is a very vital part of your wardrobe, and it represents one of your major clothing investments. Silhouette, color, fabric and the perfect fit are most important in a coat that must be worn over both slim dresses and bulkier suits. Too, in traveling, you have to consider the space in your luggage—and there is always less than you hoped—or the even greater restriction of excess weight. Your coat, then, must take honors in versatility. It is up to you, with the help of our judges, to select the one that will serve you best.

For despite the length or direction of your trip these coats are travel-worthy. They'll be worn to football games, on neighborhood errands, for country week ends, from coast-to-coast or continent-to-continent. In the adjoining column you will find the coats in photographic detail and the places where you can buy them.

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and hostess gowns*

selected by

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★ **TED LEWIS**  
★ **CHICO MARX**

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# He rides 40 foot waves at 40 miles an hour

**1** "Carlos Dogny of Lima, Peru first tried surf-riding in Honolulu," writes Harmon Harris, a Boston friend of Canadian Club. "He searched South America's west coast for a suitably 'tame' surf. Finally he gave up. But only 4 blocks from his home in Lima, the terrific surf kept tempting him to try and master it. Soon he was an expert, teaching others the most thrill-packed water sport in America."



**2** "Unpredictable as a broncho, Lima's surf rears up to 40 feet, races at 40 miles an hour, breaks abruptly as an avalanche. The action's so fast my camera couldn't catch Dogny until he sped clear of the mountainous foam, close inshore."



**3** "Making his way out to sea, Dogny had things easy... at first. Then I almost yelled for the lifeguards as the huge breakers repeatedly wrenched his surf-board up at right angles and engulfed him."



**4** "Dogny designed special boards for riding these huge breakers. Heavier than most Hawaiian boards, but hollow, they have a strong metal loop in back. The rider can cling to the loop when thrown off... and hope for the best."



**5** "Later, we enjoyed Canadian Club highballs on the veranda of a club which Dogny built and named 'Waikiki.' Behind me loomed an impressive twin of Waikiki's famed Diamond Head. I promised Dogny to try my hand at his favorite sport... some other day! We drank to it, and to this South American vacation spot where the surf can be ridden the year round. Then I boarded a Panagra plane bound for home."

**6** Even today travelers tell of being offered Canadian Club all over the earth... often from a cherished prewar supply. Why this worldwide popularity? Canadian Club is light as scotch, rich as rye, satisfying as bourbon—yet no other whisky tastes like Canadian Club. You can stay with it all evening—in cocktails before dinner, tall ones after. That's what made it the largest-selling imported whisky in the United States.

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